

VIEW OF LONG ISLAND, LITTLE BRAS D'OR.

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* Intercolonial *

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ALONG · THE · SHORES

OF THE

LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

AND THROUGH THE

PROVINCES BY THE SEA.



MONTREAL:
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1891

DEPARTMENT • OF • RAILWAYS, • CANADA.

COLLINGWOOD SCHREIBER, C. E.,

Chief Engineer and General Manager Canadian Government Railways, Ottawa.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.

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The Intercolonial Railway is the DIRECT ROUTE to the famous
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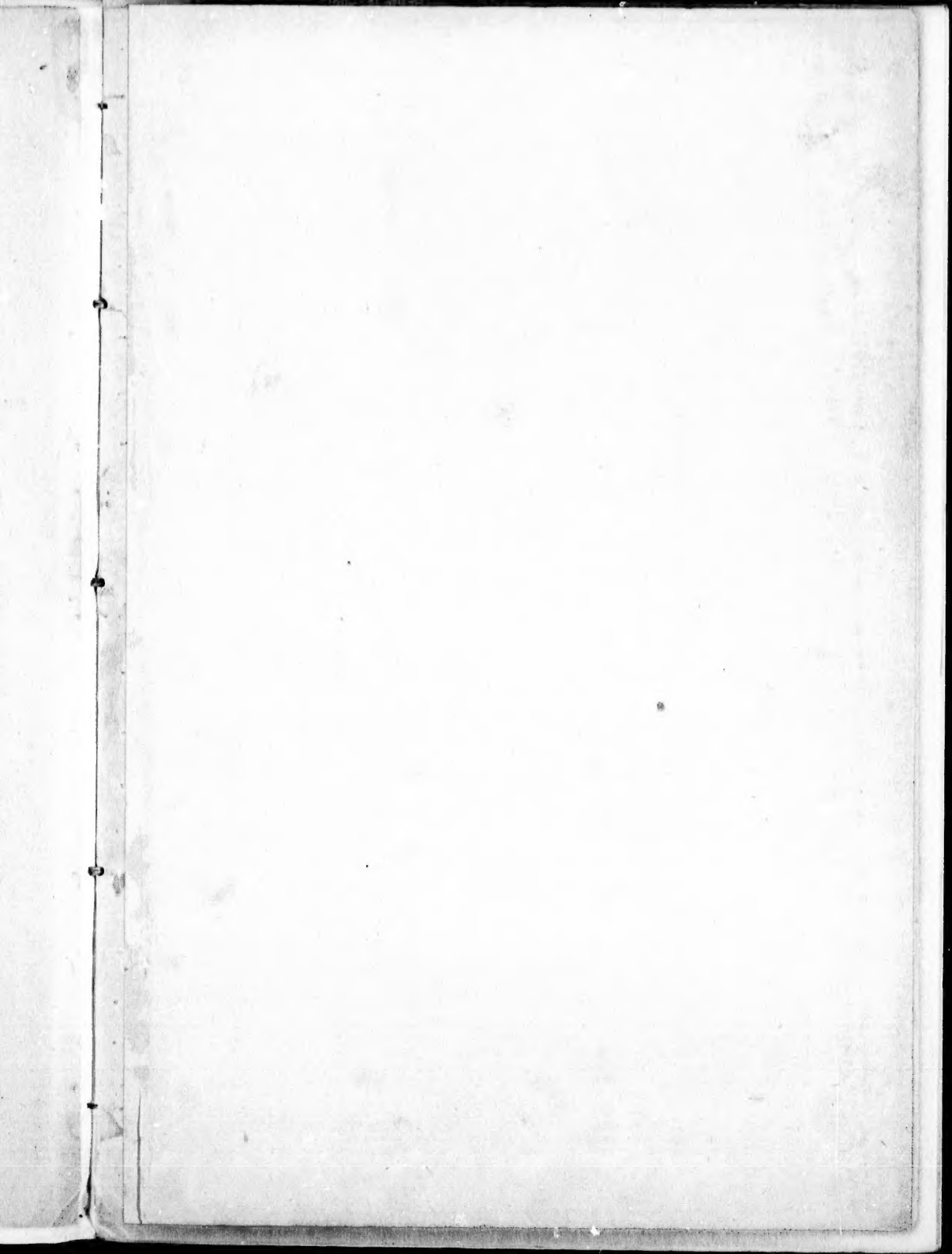
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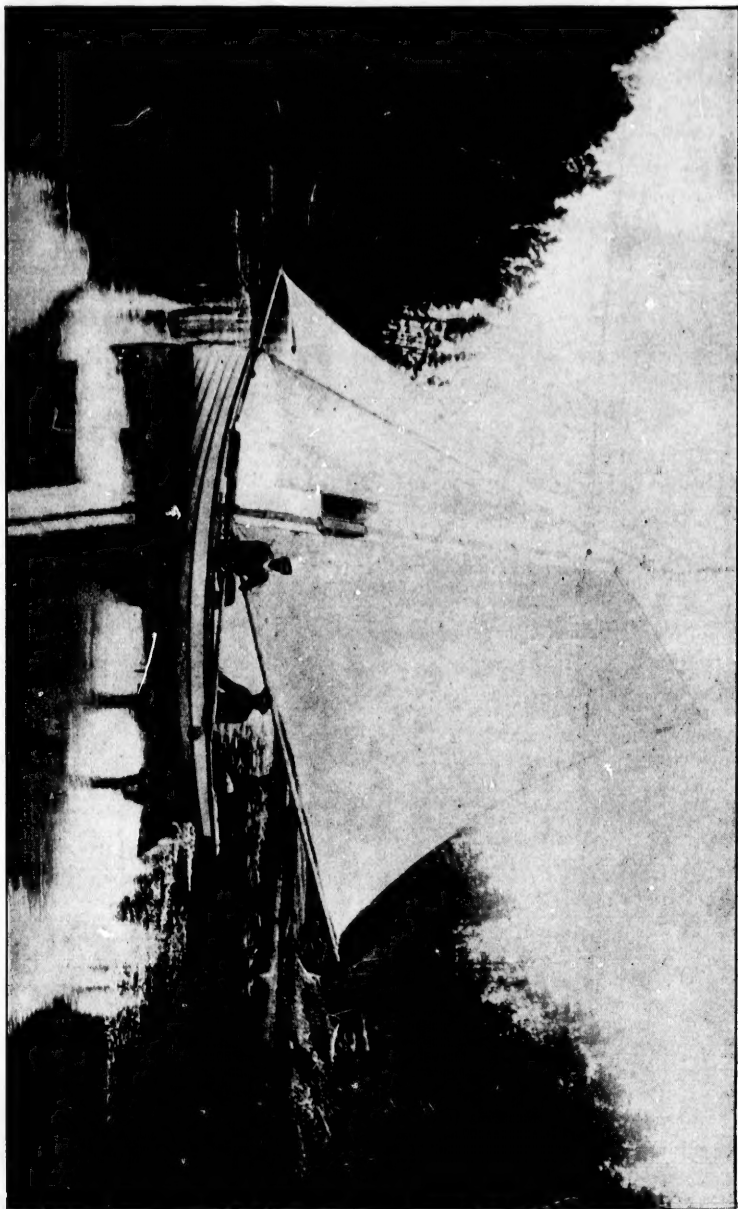
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Good for passage between first of June and last of October,

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United States.





YACHT SAILING NEAR SYDNEY, C.B.

THIS IS A PREFACE.



HAVE been told that there are well authenticated instances of people who read all that was worth reading in the first edition of this book, because they liked the preface. While this is less remarkable than if they had read the preface because they liked the book, it is pleasing to any getter up of guides to know that anybody but himself and the proof reader will peruse his work, just as if it were a Book of Jokes, or one of Zola's realistic narratives of life among the lowly. In the consciousness of this, he can rise superior to the author of the biggest dictionary on earth. With this intent there is a preface to this edition, though there is nothing to be explained, and no earthly need of an introduction of any kind.

I have no idea how many editions of the Intercolonial Guide have been sent out, but the rapidity with which they have been exhausted, proves that a book, well printed and nicely illustrated, will not fail to have a large circulation, if it is distributed free of charge, and the distributor is as active as he ought to be. A knowledge of this should bring much comfort to young and struggling authors.

This is the second revision of the original story. It was all true enough in the first instance, but this is a great and growing country, and every year brings changes. Even if this were not so, it would be impolitic to tell so much that nothing could be added. Men who write guide books must live with an eye to the future.

While the present edition contains much that was in the others, either word for word, or disguised with more or less ingenuity, a large amount of really fresh matter has been scattered through the pages in such a way that, to be sure of finding it all, the whole book must be read. It may also interest the compilers of certain other guides to know that some typographical errors, which they have been copying without credit, have been corrected so as to make the matter more worthy of appropriation than in the past.

Apart from any fresh errors that may occur this time, the following pages do not tell half the truth. That is because there is not room for it. No book can say, in reasonably brief compass, all that ought to be said of

PREFACE.

this country and its attractions. If it successfully hints at what may be enjoyed, the traveller can have plenty of fun in finding out the rest for himself.

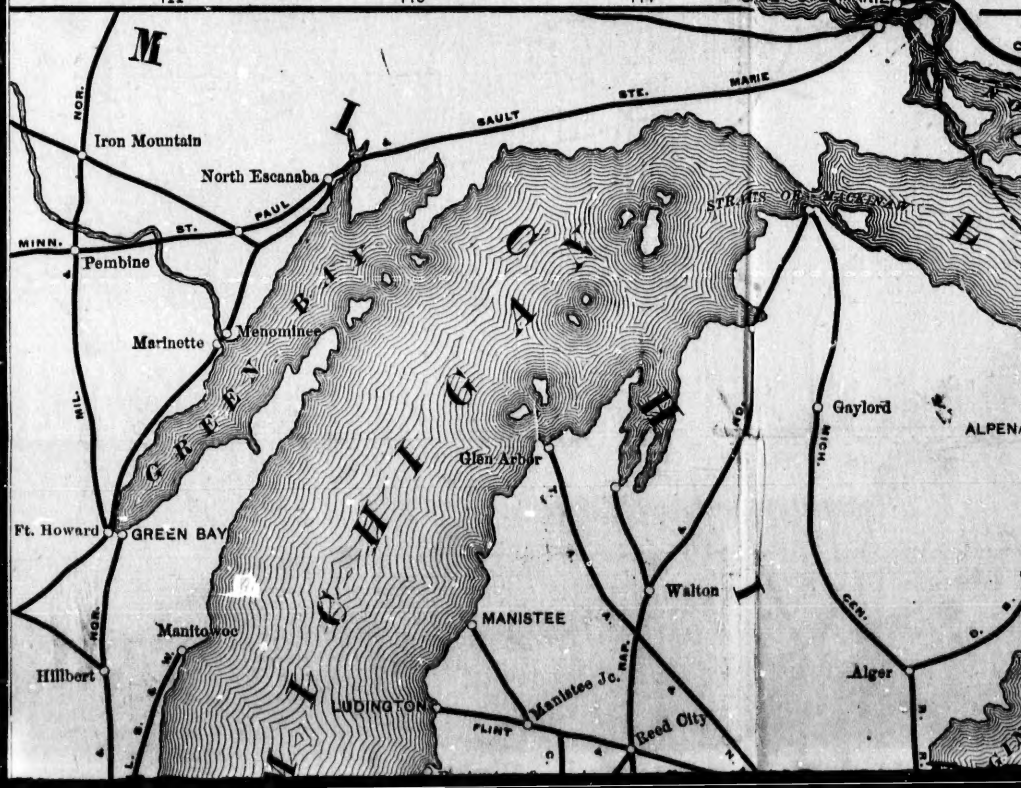
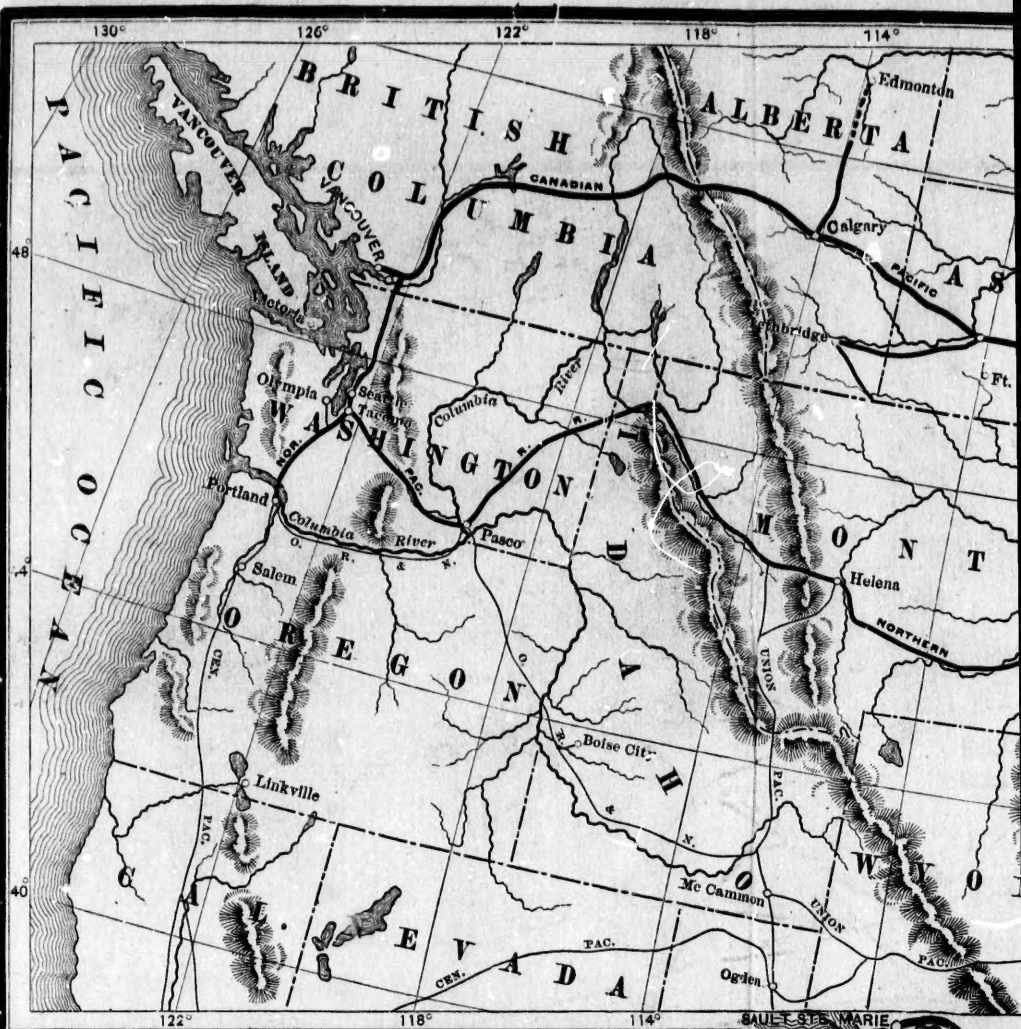
As far as space would allow, I have tried to be truthful, and have, in some instances, put the figures in fish stories considerably below those furnished by the men who said they weighed and counted the fish. While their statements were probably true, a stranger might be disposed to doubt them, and so have a distrust in regard to other allegations which it is important he should believe, whether they are true or not. A few dozen, or even a few hundred fish, should not be allowed to interfere with the more important interests of a great national highway.

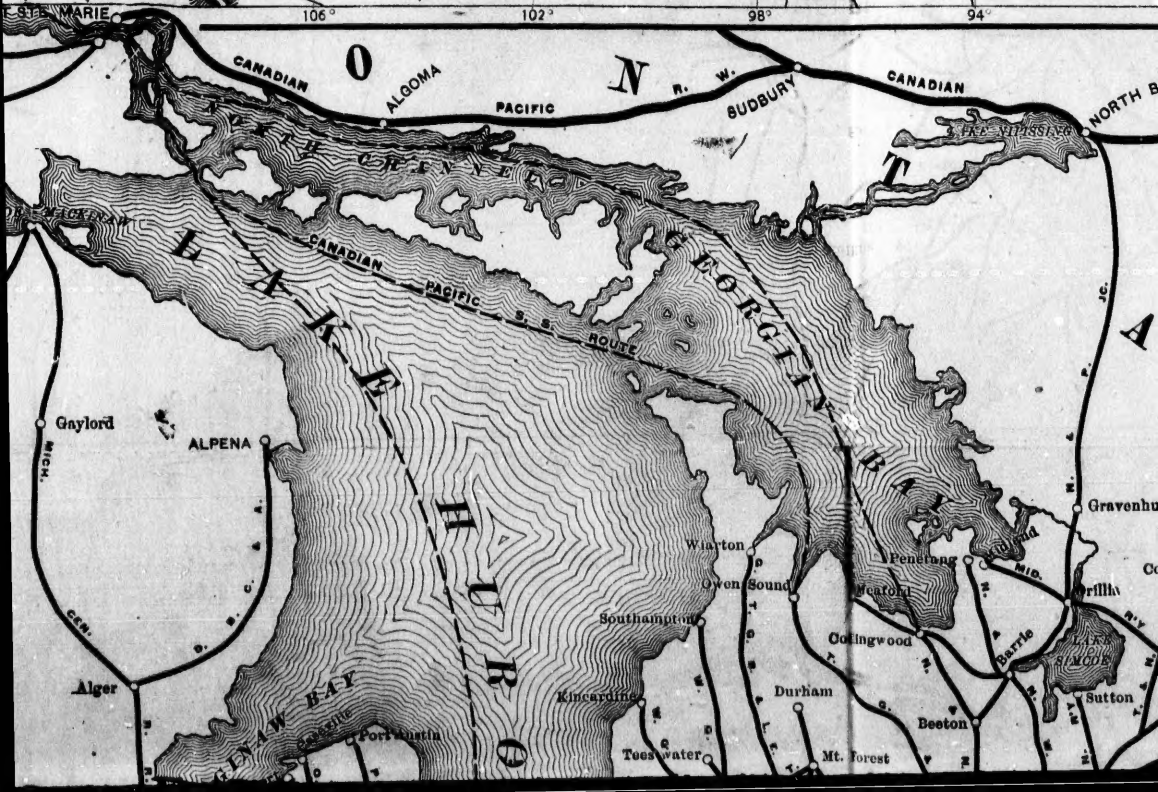
If there is anything else about which the reader is in doubt, further explanations may be had by addressing

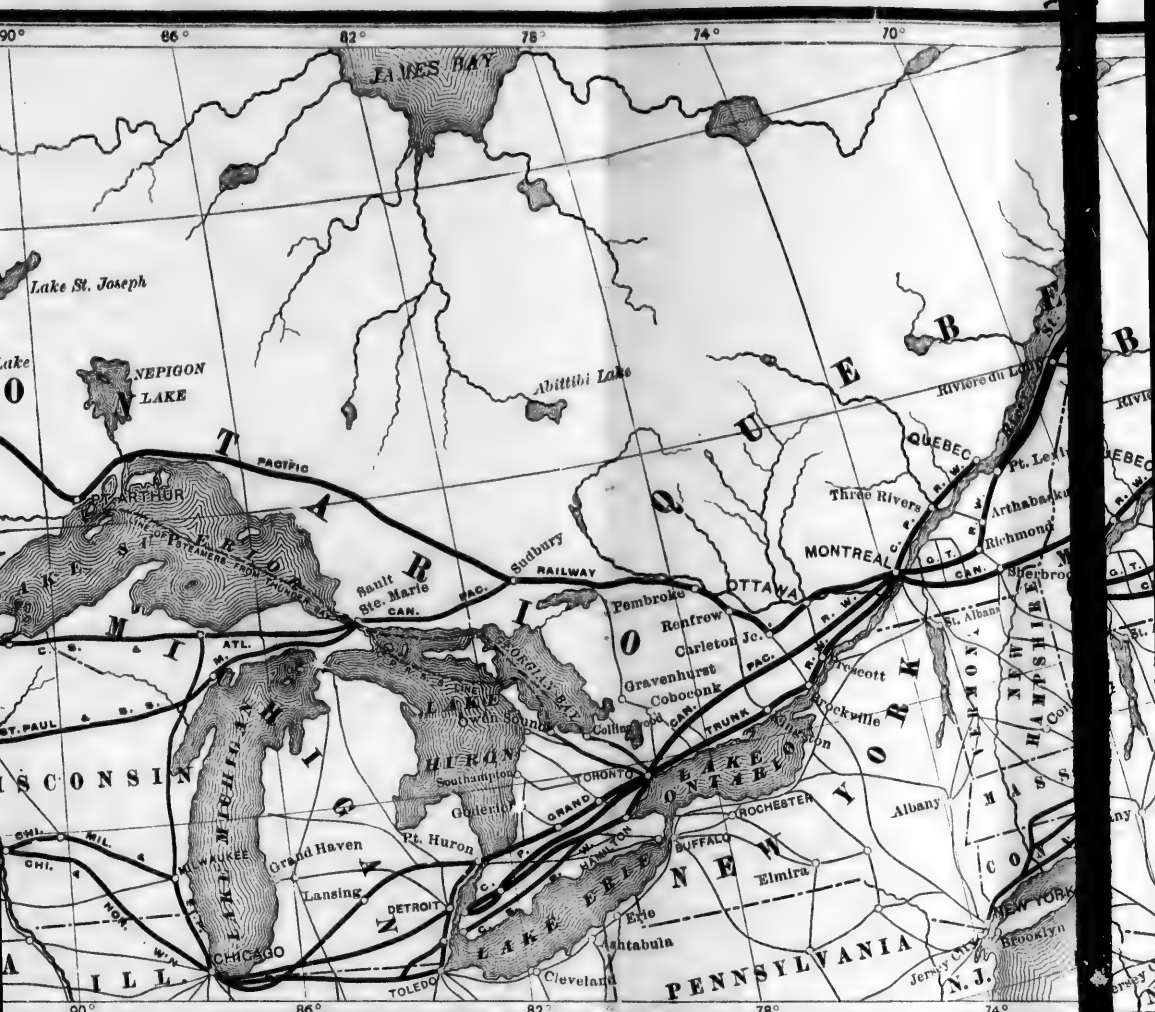
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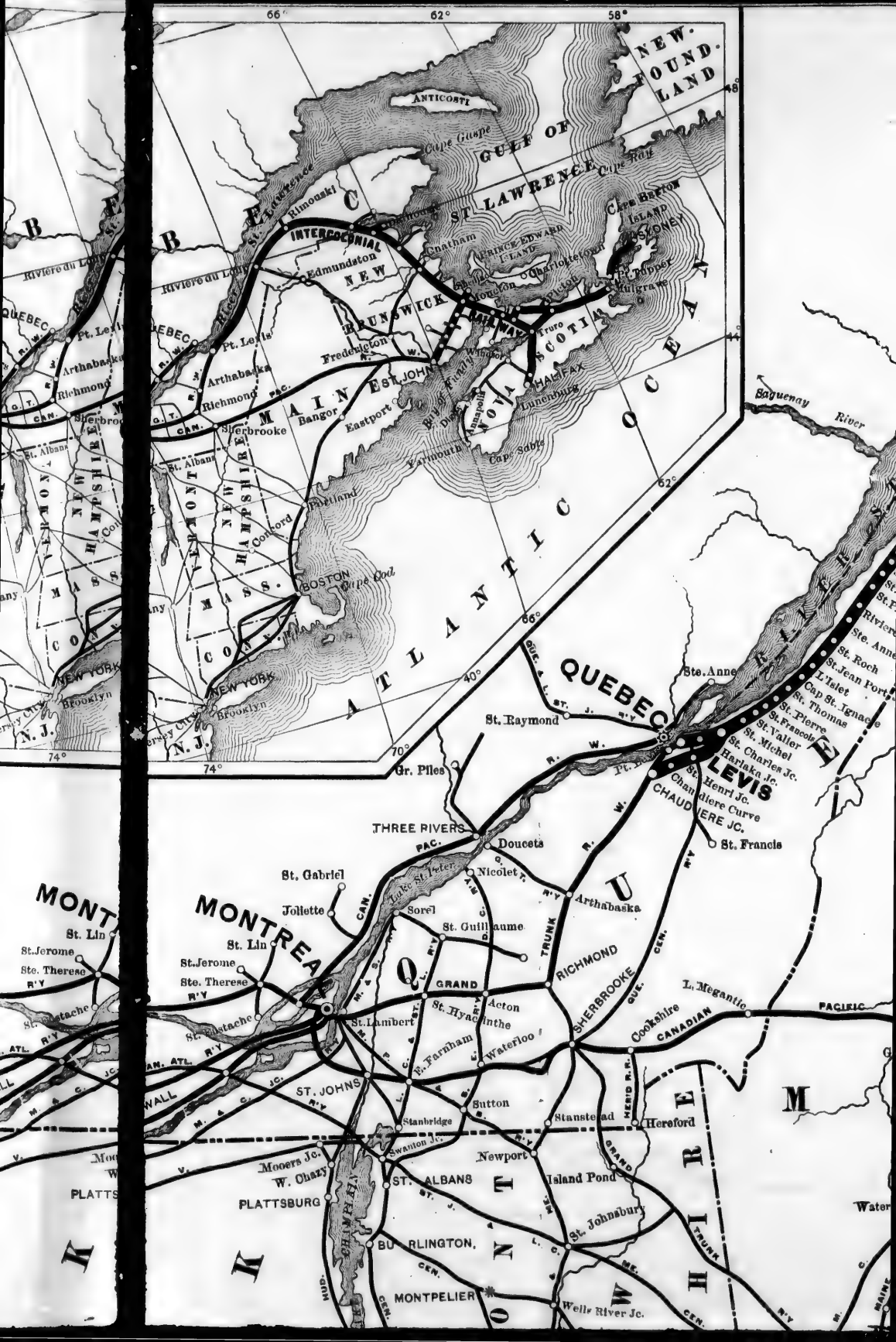
ST. JOHN, N.B., May, 1891.

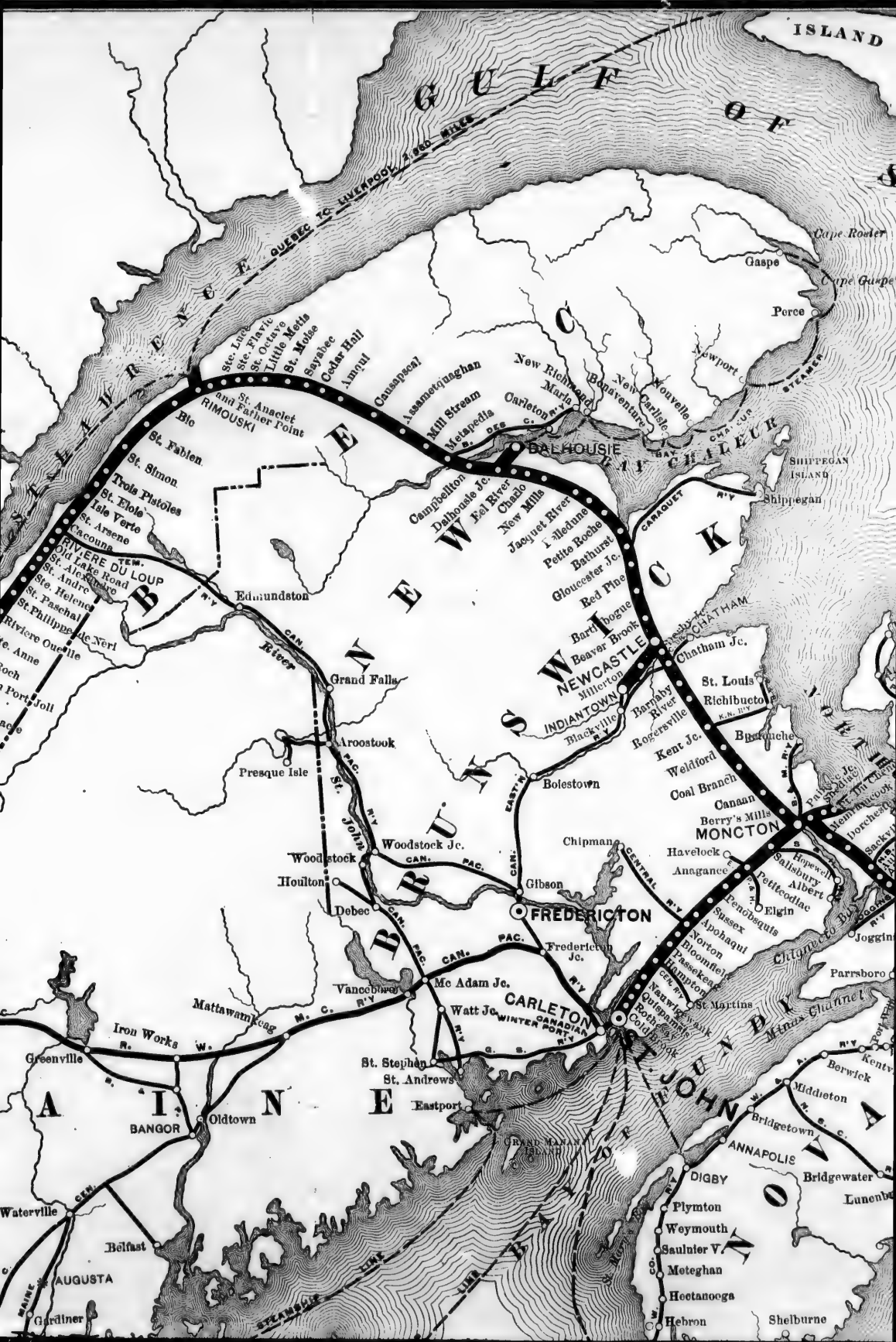


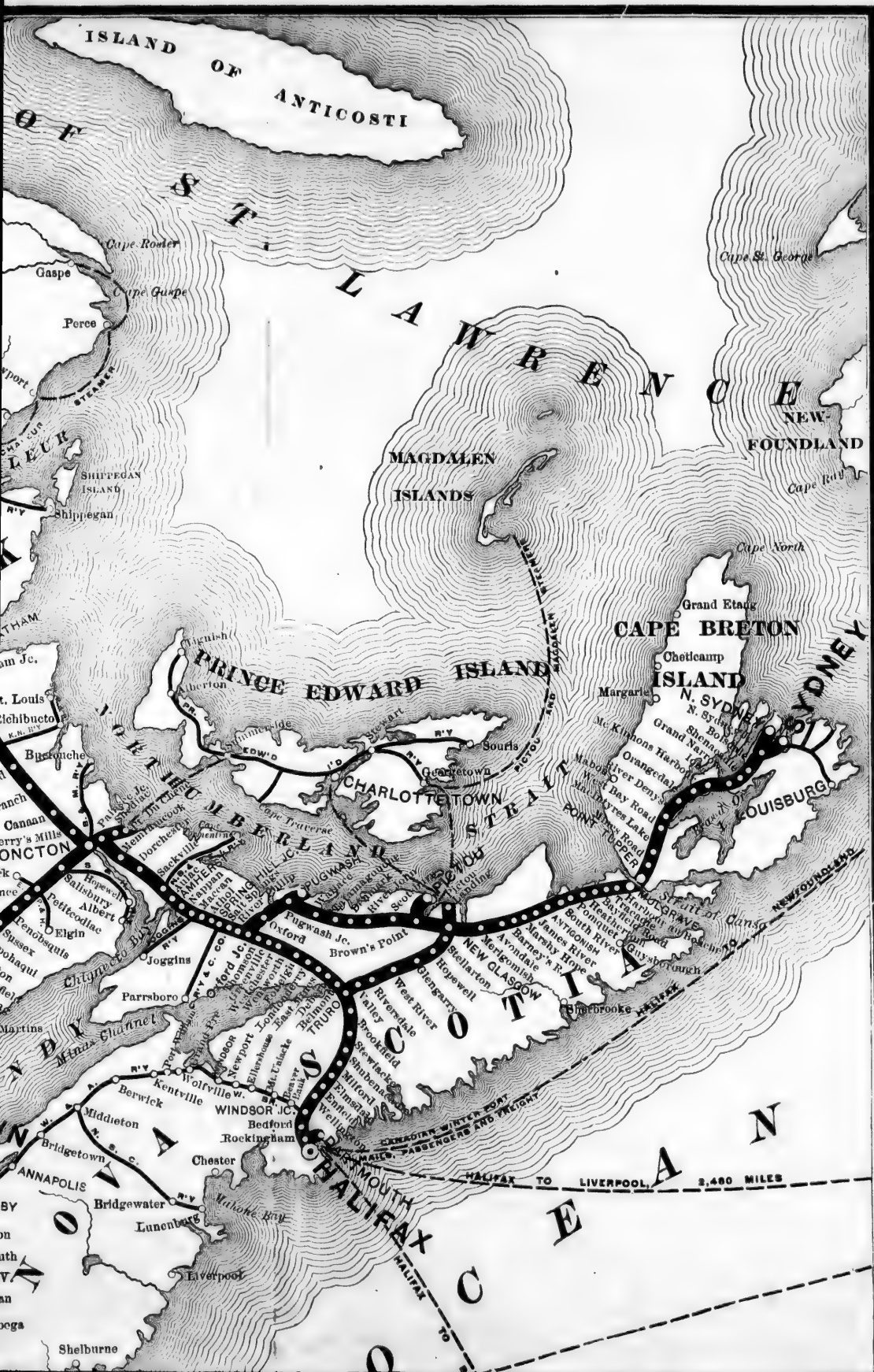


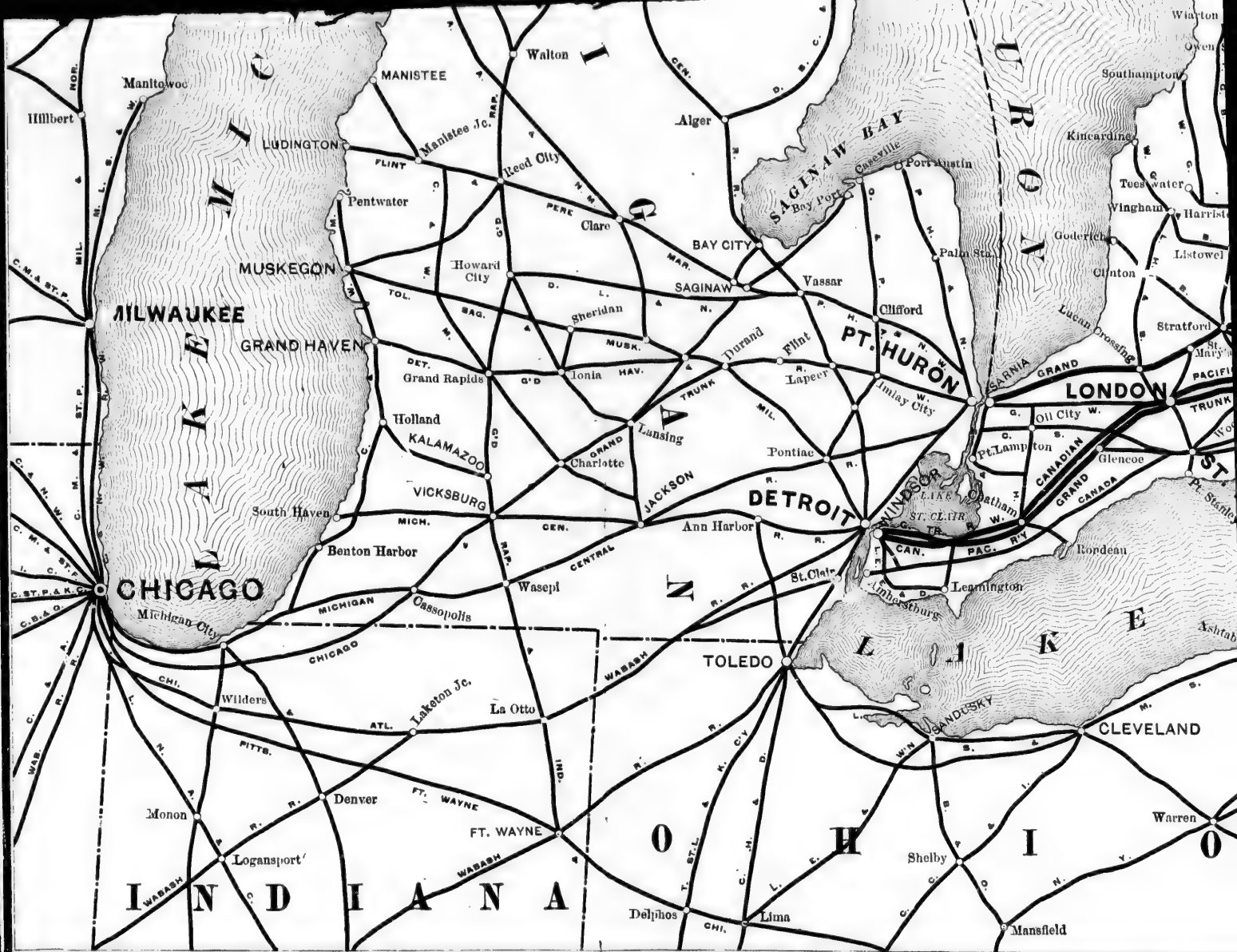


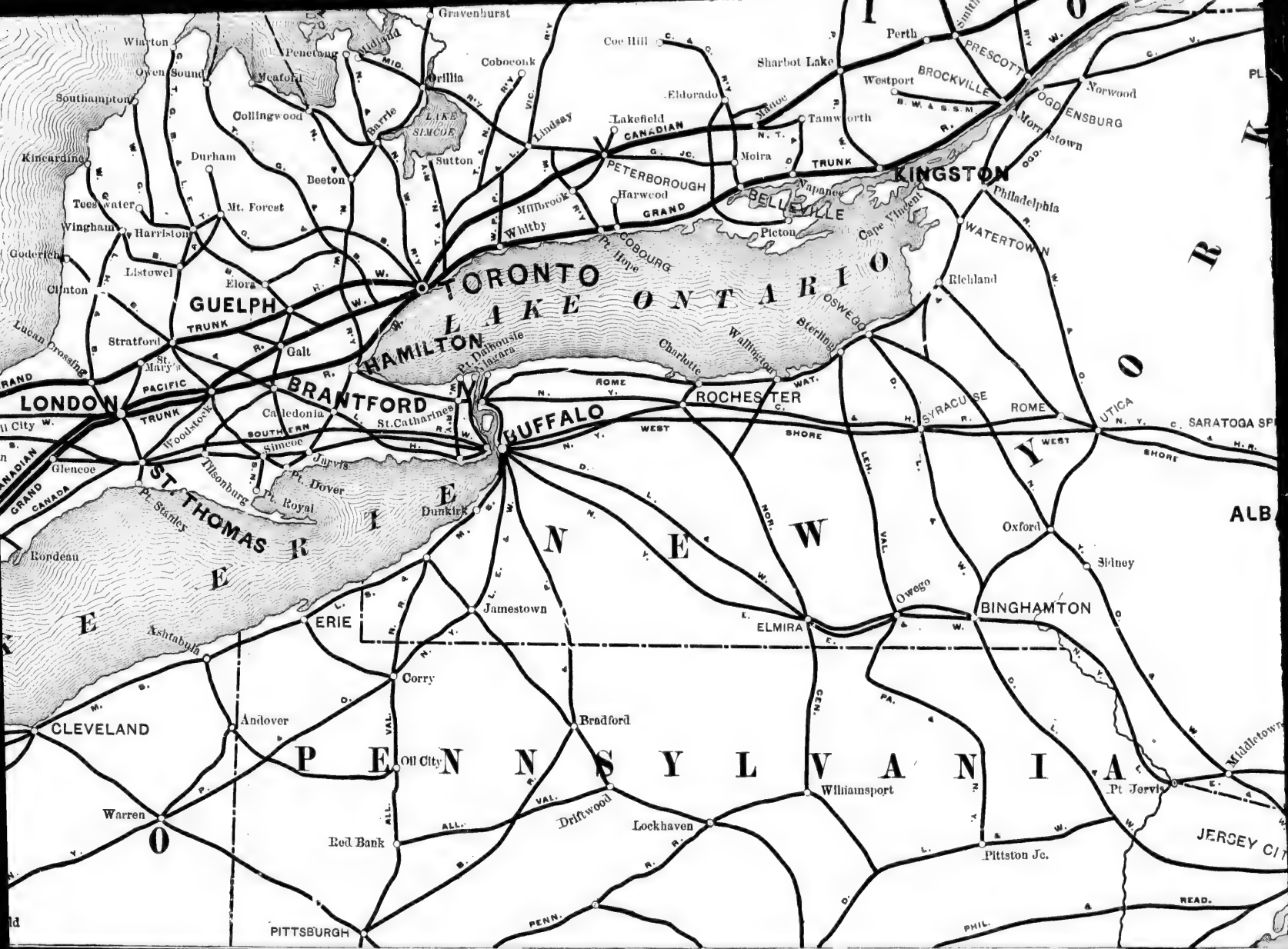


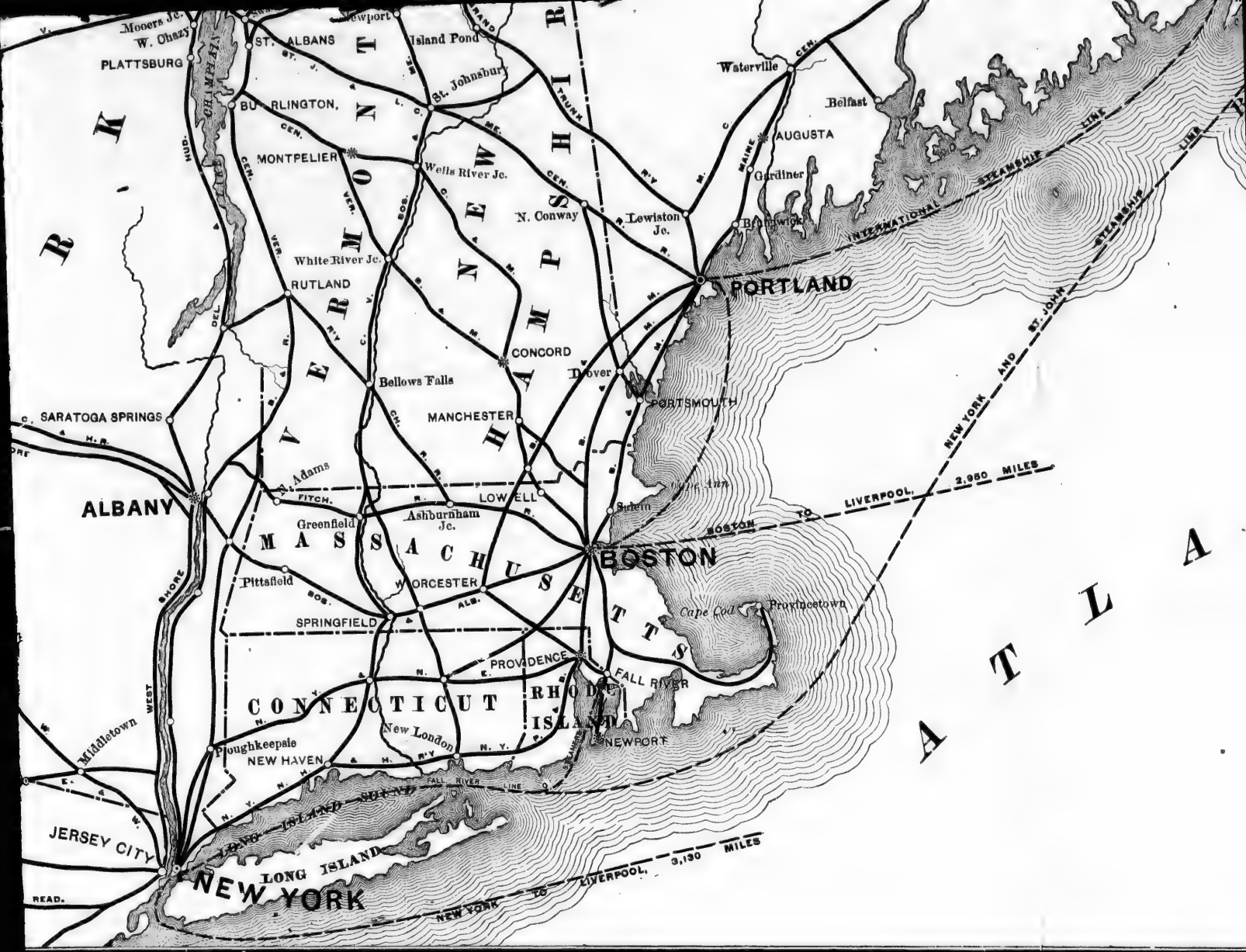














MAP of the
Intercolonial Railway
OF
CANADA
and its Connections.



SYDNEY, C. B.

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A RAMBLE AND A REST.

LESS than a generation ago the Maritime Provinces of Canada were as far removed from the ordinary course of tourist travel as is the Island of Newfoundland to-day. Within a score of years, even, their beauties were unknown save to those who were willing to sacrifice their comfort, journey without the aid of railways and rough it for hundreds of miles in what was then, as much of it is now, a land of the forest and stream. The railway era had begun, but there was little more than a beginning. Here and there was a piece of road connecting two points, which were then, and seemed destined to be, unimportant and slow of growth. Wide gaps separated the principal cities, and a wider gap separated the provinces by the sea from the rest of the great Dominion. The most convenient way of reaching this part of the world from Quebec, or any point west of it, was by a round-about railway journey through the United States, and thence by a sea voyage to St. John or Halifax. The tourist who wrote a book came occasionally and found much to interest him. Then he went home and told the world what a quaint and curious country he had found by the shores Down East. Under the most favorable circumstances he had seen very little of it, but he knew more about it than most of his readers knew, and his story, a burlesque though it might be, was an authority with the rest of the world. Since then the times have changed.

In the meantime, busy hands were at work in the Provinces. The gaps were closing. The construction of the Intercolonial Railway had been one of the terms of Confederation, and year by year the work was pushed forward until there appeared one of the most substantially constructed and best equipped lines in the world. To-day there are about 1,200 miles of Government Railway connecting the city of Quebec with the Maritime Provinces, while the numerous connections, under the control of private companies, aid in giving access to some of the most attractive places for summer travel to be found on the continent of America.

In former years, before the American tourist had been awakened to the possibilities of this country, the usual goal of summer journeyings was the city of Quebec. Reaching that place the steps were retraced, and with good reason, for beyond it, to the south and east, the map showed nothing to tempt the pleasure seeker further. On the map of to-day may be traced

a line which stretches along the Lower St. Lawrence, through the famed Metapedia Valley, skirting the equally famous Baie des Chaleurs, and on through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to the city of Halifax. Arms reach out here and there, reaching to St. John on the west, and Sydney, Cape Breton, on the east, while still another branch traverses the Garden of the Gulf, known as Prince Edward Island. This is the Intercolonial Railway. Built from a commercial point of view, the wonderful opportunities for the health and pleasure seeker were never dreamed of in the early days. Now it has become the great avenue of travel for those who seek rest and recreation in a glorious summer land.

Not that there is ever a crowd and a crush, such as the true pleasure seeker aims to avoid. In the area of territory reached by this railway there are so many places which attract that the lover of the quiet in nature can always find his peaceful haven. It is a country of refreshment and rest for those who desire such, as well as a paradise for the fisherman and sportsman. One can enjoy the solitude of nature, free from the intrusion of the crowd, and yet enjoy the privileges of the daily mails and the telegraph. And withal it is a part of the earth in which one may enjoy a maximum amount of pleasure with a minimum of outlay.

To the world-weary tourist, who has been used to the confusion of the conventional summer resort, there may come a vision of this country,—a country which lies by the sea and is fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean. In this land are green hills, shady groves and fertile valleys. From the distant mountains the crystal brooks come leaping with the music of gladness, and join with noble rivers in whose clear waters dwell lordly salmon and scarce less lordly trout. Near at hand are forests, as yet so little disturbed that the moose, caribou and bear, now and again visit the farmyards of the adjacent settlements, and gaze in bewildered surprise at the man whose hand is raised to slay them. Along the shore, for hundreds of miles, lie land-locked harbors, where even the frail bark canoe may float in safety, yet upon the waters of the ocean, and upon the smooth sand beaches of which a child may venture into the buoyant salt water and fear not. In this country is scenery at times of sweet pastoral simplicity; at times of sublime grandeur. It is a land where civilization has made its way, and yet not marred the beauty of Nature. It is a country where the traveller will find much that is novel, much that will charm, and much that will ever remain to him as a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime.

It is wholly a matter of choice as to what point is chosen by the traveller for his entrance into this region which has so much in store for him. All roads lead to it; but, if coming from the west, after having seen the great cities, and the vast resources of the Upper Provinces, he will begin at the beginning and start at

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

It is a restful place, and a fitting point from which to enter upon a land which offers rest. It is unique among the cities of the continent. Could one forget his past and live only in the thought of his surroundings, he might imagine himself dropped down in some corner of Europe. To him who has come from the busy cities to the south and west, everything is strange and new. Other places anticipate the future; Quebec clings fondly to the past. It is well that it should be so, for, in this practical and prosaic age, but few cities retain the halo of romance that surrounded them in their early years. New York may afford to grow wealthy and forget New Amsterdam, but the Quebec of to-day is much the Quebec of the centuries that are dead and gone.

The man who has read the story of Quebec, and is prone to attach a sentiment to the ancient and historic city, should have his first view from the water or the opposite shore. There he will see the stronghold as it has been pictured to him and as he has dreamed of it. The cliffs, the citadel, the spires, the tin roofs glistening in the sunlight,—all seem very real to him, and he longs to enter the city so rich in the legends of the past.

If he wanders through the lower town, it may be that the first thing to attract his eye will be a church, bearing on its front the date of 1688. It was begun in that year, and when, two years later, the people ascribed to Heaven the scattering of England's fleet, under Sir William Phipps, they instituted the fete of Notre Dame des Victoires, which title, upon the occasion of a later victory, was bestowed upon the church. It is one of the monuments of the city, but by no means the oldest, nor is it the less interesting from the fact that it was reduced nigh to ruin in the fierce cannonading that preceded the planting of the flag of England on the citadel. Then, having seen this, let the visitor glance at the thrifty French farmers and their households, as they present a bright and animated picture of the present, in the open square near at hand. There is more to be seen in the lower town, but let us hasten up that curious passage known as Breakneck Stairs, take a turn to the left, and we are on what is, historically, holy ground.

There is so much to be seen that only the local guides can point it out, and even they are often sadly lacking. Everywhere are monuments of a strange and eventful history. Yonder is the Basilica, or French cathedral, begun in 1647, when gay Louis XIV was king, and the star of France shed a bright light over the eastern and western worlds. The edifice was consecrated in 1666, and, with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest on the continent. There are treasures within its walls, apart from the golden vestments and rich ornaments, some of which have been the gifts of kings. There are here rare paintings, some of them dating back to the time when French art received a new impetus under the protection of Henry IV; and there, too, is Our Saviour on the Cross, by VanDyck. In the troublous times of France, when neither art nor religion were held

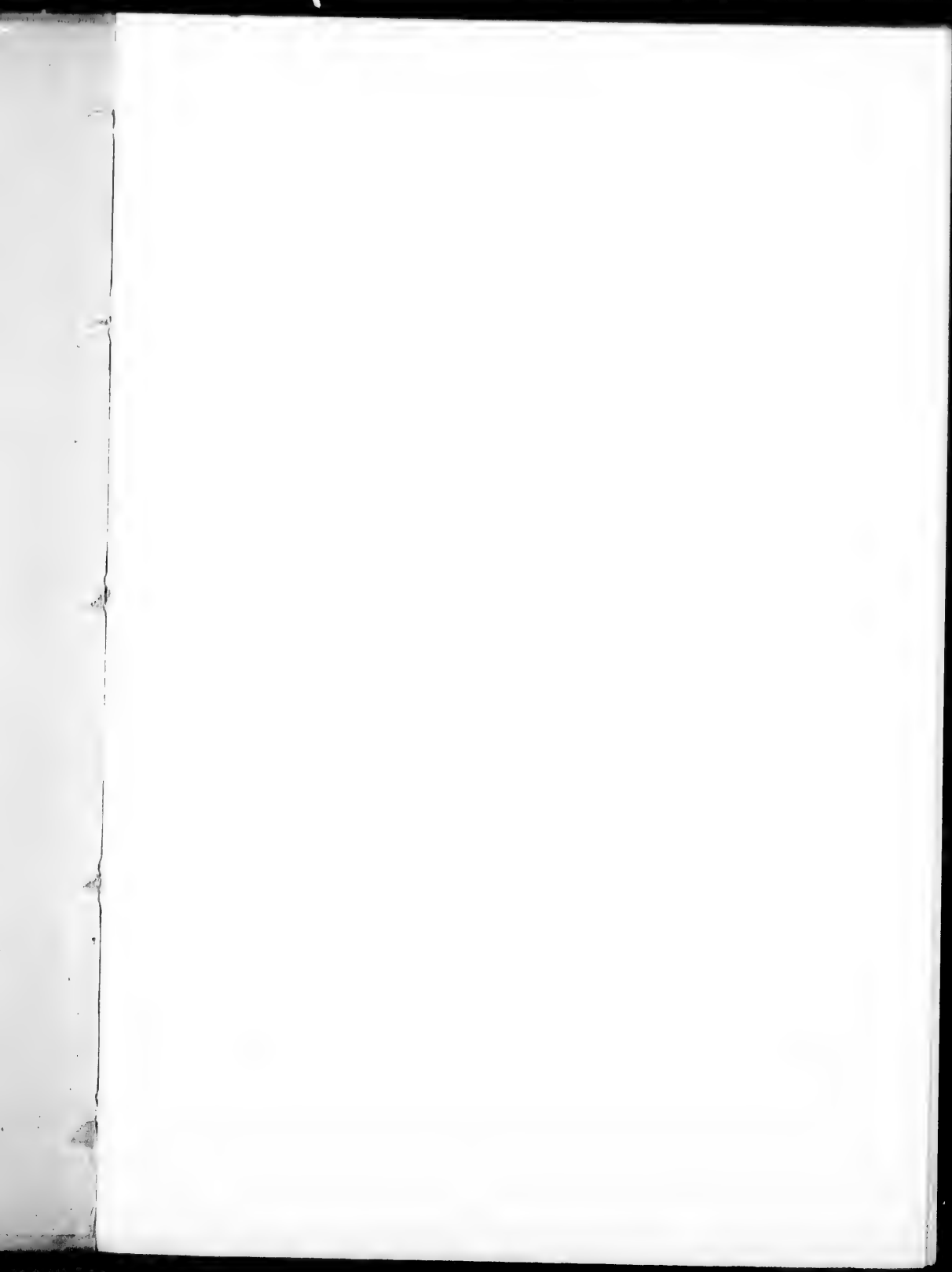
sacred, faithful hands guarded these pictures and placed them beyond the reach of the vandal mob. Later, they were brought to the new world and placed within the old cathedral, and there it is fitting they should ever remain.

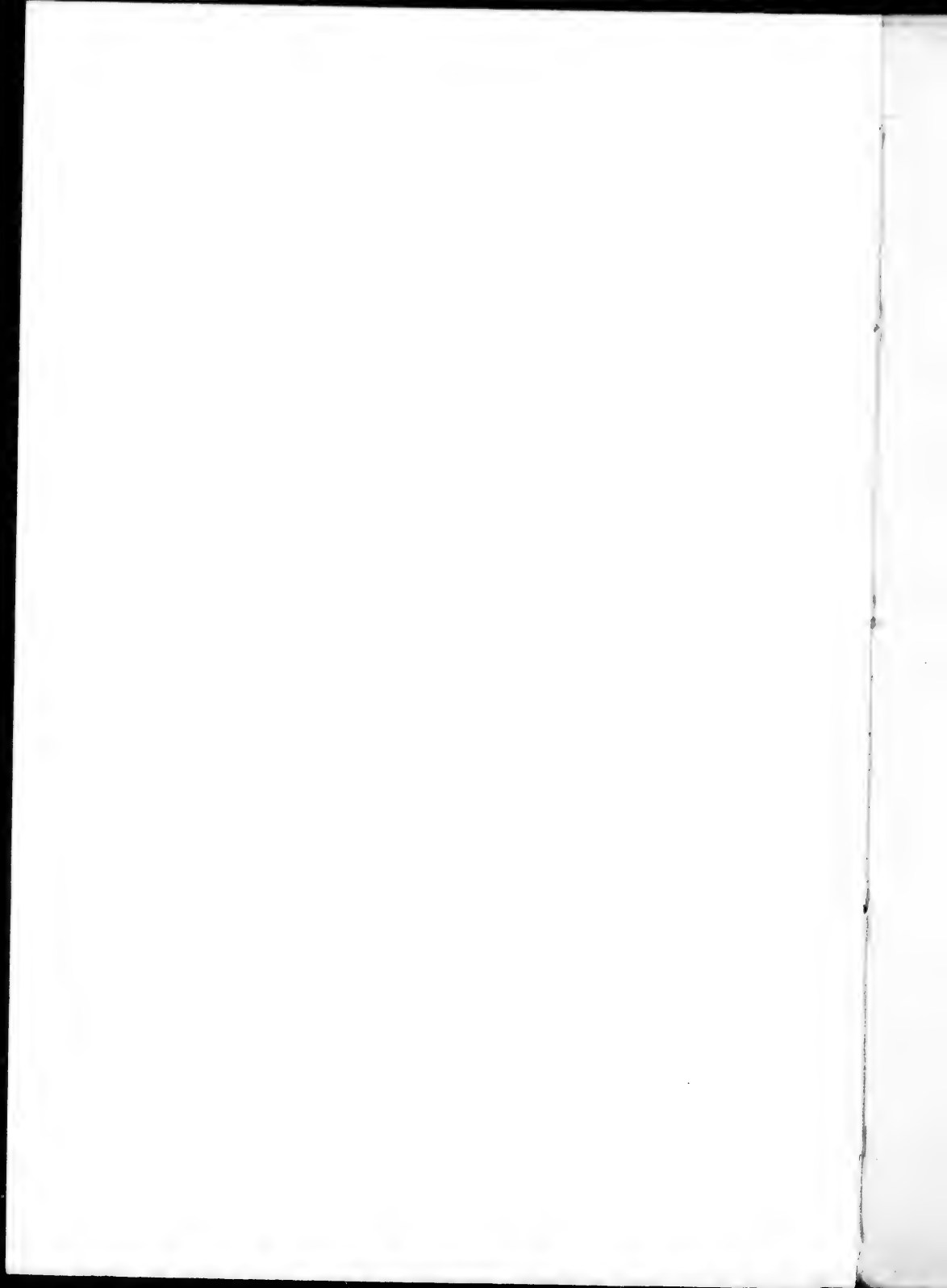
Let us emerge from the venerable pile into the busy street, where the bustle of the nineteenth century jars upon the ear. Just across the way is the site of the Jesuit college, founded in 1635, whence came forth the discoverer of the Mississippi River, and others whose names can never be forgotten. Among them were those brave, unselfish men, the Jesuit missionaries who bore the cross into the trackless forest, to die amid torture, praying Heaven for its forgiveness of their savage foes.

Of a truth we tread historic ground. We are within the walls of one of the most notable cities of America—one of the most famous places in the world. There are cities which are more fair to look upon; there are some which the mere pleasure seeker esteems more highly; and there are many which have distanced it in the march of progress. There is but one Quebec,—old, quaint and romantic,—the theatre which has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

The story of Quebec is recorded in history, but no historian can do justice to the theme. From the day when the fleet of the intrepid Cartier cast anchor on these shores down to the hour when the last gun was fired in anger from yon batteries, the story is a romance which fiction cannot surpass. What scenes of hope and fear, of deep patience, undaunted courage, and unflagging zeal, have these old rocks witnessed. What dreams of ambition, what bold projects for the glory of God and the honor of France, have here been cherished. Hither, from across the sea, came heroes. Some sought fame, and found nameless graves; some grasped for wealth, and miserably perished; while some, animated solely by a zeal for the cross, won martyrs' crowns in the distant wilderness. For a century and a half the banner of France waved on this rocky height. Priest, soldier and citizen had followed the "star of empire" to the western world and found themselves in another France, of which Quebec was to be the Paris, and within the vast territories of which should arise a mighty nation. Here was the seat of the power of France in America; within these walls were held the Councils of State; and from these rocks went forth the edicts for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people.

For nearly a century and a quarter the English flag has floated over the citadel, but the language, customs and religion of France remain. The Vandalism of modern improvement has not spoiled the features of Quebec. Some of the old historic buildings are gone, but many remain. We may still view the solid masonry of two centuries ago. We may stand where the people of the Ancient Capital stood to praise God for deliverance from the invaders; we may linger amid the shadows of the old cathedral, among rare old paintings by master hands, and think of the days when these walls echoed the *Te Deum* for the victories of France. We may roam through queer, crooked





streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries.

Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well nigh impregnable Louisbourg ; but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here lives Europe in America ; here the past and the present meet together ; here the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.

Everyone visits the citadel, and is impressed with the wonderful natural advantages of the position. Had Montcalm remained within these walls, the courage of Wolfe would have been displayed in vain. As it was, fifteen minutes changed the destiny of New France, and made two names inseparable and immortal. Ascend a bastion and the panorama of the St. Lawrence and its shores is simply superb. Here one could sit for hours

" And come and come again,
That he might call it up when far away."

To see the places usually visited outside of Quebec, one may employ a carter to advantage. There are plenty of them, and some of the local guide books give them a high character for honesty, but the safe course is to make an agreement as to price before starting, which agreement is arrived at by a species of Dutch auction, commencing at the figures named by the carter and bidding down until a fair price is reached. The more carters there are present the more interest is attached to the proceedings, and the better chance there is of a good bargain. The men, as a rule, are cheerful and obliging, so much so, that when you trust to them as guides, they will tell you more than the historian and geographer ever dreamed of in their philosophy. A book written by a foreigner on the basis of a carter's narrations would be a very readable volume.

Outside of the city you will drive to the Plains of Abraham, and picture out the scene of that eventful morning in September, a century and a quarter ago. The inscription on one side of Wolfe's monument is as graphic and expressive as any sentence in the English language : " Here died Wolfe victorious !" It speaks volumes in the compass of a breath ; it is sublime in its brevity,

Let those who love a scene of tranquil beauty go at the close of a day in summer to the Dufferin Terrace and linger during the long twilight of the evening. The heat and glare have passed away, and a gentle breeze comes from the river. The last rays of the setting sun are gilding the hill on the shores beyond, while the line of the distant mountains is blending with the sky. For miles and miles the eye follows the river as it flows in silent grandeur to the sea. Distant sails seem like the white wings of sea birds, while " day in melting purple dying," lulls the mind into a dreamy calmness.

The shadows deepen. The lights of Levis begin to cluster; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are amid scenes fraught with strange memories. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where, for two hundred years, the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning, long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Everywhere around us have the horrors of the war been felt; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbor sound musically through the quiet air; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the citadel; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the Ancient Capital.

Poets have sung of Quebec, but it is a poem of itself which no language can express; its memories linger in the mind like the sweet remembrance of harmonious music heard in the years long passed away.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

It has cost the British Government millions of dollars to construct the system of fortifications that crown the heights of Levis, on the opposite side of the river from Quebec. The chances are that the guns will never be fired in anger, and that ocean steamers, rather than cannon, will continue to yield the smoke which casts the shadows on the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence.

The journey over the Intercolonial Railway begins at Levis, and for the next two hundred miles or so the traveller passes through a purely French-Canadian country. One after another the typical villages come in view, with their low-lying buildings and quaint cottages, built to withstand the keenest cold of winter. In the midst of these looms up the church, usually a substantial edifice of stone, while here and there a large wayside cross, on some distant hill, stands out in bold relief against the sky. A quiet people are these *habitants* of the Lower St. Lawrence, simple in their tastes, primitive in their ways and having an abiding devotion to their mother tongue and mother church. The opening up of the country has changed them a little, in the larger villages, but as a whole they are much as they have been for the last two hundred years. Their ways are nearly as the ways of their fathers. The railway and telegraph of the nineteenth century run through a country in which hundreds of people are to all intents and purposes in the seventeenth century. Not to their disrespect be this said, but as showing the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, manners and customs. They are as conservative as any people on earth. Where innovations are thrust upon them by the march of progress they adapt themselves to the changes; but where they are left to themselves they are happy in the enjoyment of the life their fathers led, and are vexed by no restless ambition to be other than they

have been. Their wants are few and easily supplied ; they live peaceful and moral lives ; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are optimists without knowing it. Inured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons. French in all their thoughts, words and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown and contented under British rule. The ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact ; and their language and religion are landmarks which will never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the *habitants* understand the language of the intruders, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue must yield to the French. There are many Englishmen in this country whose children do not understand a word of their father's native tongue ; but there are no Frenchmen whose children are ignorant of the language of France.

Where the advent of the tourist has not robbed the native of his simplicity of character, he is likely to make a favorable impression on the stranger. He is the type of a peculiar people, many of whom are in very humble circumstances. Among the elders books are often sealed mysteries ; it is enough for them to know what their church teaches, and for them to obey it. Their condition of life is not such as conduces to refinement, but they have much of that true politeness which is dictated by sincerity, and they seek to fulfil the stranger's wishes as a matter of plain duty.

One of the most familiar sights, on the train, at the stations or trudging along the highway, is the sombre-garbed French priest. The village curé is a man whom it is a pleasure to meet. Well informed, affable, and a lover of the land in which he lives, there is nothing of the ascetic in his nature. His lot may not be cast amid the surroundings of which he once dreamed, but wherever he may be his life is one of devotion to the cause of his faith. He is of necessity a guide and counsellor in many things apart from his priestly functions, and his people are ever ready to heed him. He is a pastor whose life is devoted to his flock.

Passing a number of picturesque villages, the first summer resort of any note is Kamouraska, reached from St. Paschal station, which is 89 miles from Levis. Before reaching the latter point, one may stop at Ste. Anne, where there is a college, accommodating about 300 students, and where there is a convent of the Grey Nuns. If he is interested in local traditions, and has read Abbé Casgrain's story of *La Jongleuse*, he may visit Rivière Ouelle, which takes its name from the tragedy of which Madame Houel was the heroine, in the days when the Iroquois roamed these shores. There he may see the rocks on which, it is said, the tracks of snowshoes and the imprints of human hands and feet were visible in former years.

A drive of five miles from St. Paschal brings one to Kamouraska, a village beautifully situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence. It is located on a

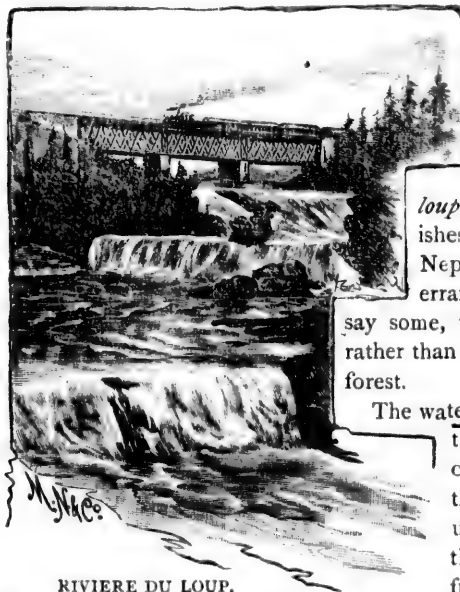
point which reaches seaward, and has a fine, well sheltered sand beach about half a mile in length. The visitors here are largely those who own or hire cottages by the season, and who seek for more quiet and rest than can be found at the larger watering places. Of recent years many strangers have found out the beauties of the place, and it is becoming more popular every season. It has great natural advantages, and the bathing is especially good. A number of picturesque islands in the vicinity afford additional pleasures to boating parties. Kamouraska has much to commend it to the tourist.

At many places along this shore, only a narrow strip of land separates the St. Lawrence from the head waters of the river St. John and its tributaries, in New Brunswick. These places, affording as they do ready means of communication, are called portages. Twenty miles below St. Paschal this distance between the waters is 26 miles, and hence the name of the village of Notre Dame du Portage. It is a quiet, retired spot, but its fine beach and excellent facilities for bathing make it a very enjoyable resort for the families who spend their summers there.

RIVIERE DU LOUP.

Nobody ever stopped at Rivière du Loup because the first impression of the village, as seen from the railway station, gave the idea of a popular summer resort. There is a railway look about the place, and with good reason, for it is an important point on the Intercolonial, and before that road was built it was the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk line. Here also are the general offices of the Temiscouata Railway, which runs into New Brunswick and connects with the systems that open up the western part of that province. Yet Rivière du Loup is a summer resort as well, and one of long established reputation. A long and somewhat hilly road leads from the station to what, though apparently a part of the village, is known as Fraserville, in honor of the family of Fraser, in whom the seigneurial rights have long been vested. Beyond this again is the St. Lawrence, with all its splendid privileges of bathing, boating, shooting, and fishing, in the proper seasons. Most of the dealing men of Canada, including its governors-general, have spent portions of their summers here, and they have all been pleased with the place. Apart from its own attractions, it is a very convenient centre from which one may go to various points, either by the water or back into the woods where fish and game abound, making this the headquarters for the deposit of luggage and the receipt of mail matter. While he remains here, however, there is much to attract him. The views are charming, the walks and drives varied and beautiful, the bathing facilities excellent, while the shooting and fishing in the immediate vicinity afford ample recreation. Fine views may be had from many points. Situated near the confluence of the Rivière du Loup and the St. Lawrence, and being on the shore of the latter, the place abounds in picturesque scenery of all kinds. Near the railway, the smaller river has a descent of more than 200 feet, by a succession of falls which make their way

through a gorge over which high and precipitous rocks stand sentinel. In the vicinity, "hills peep o'er hills," clothed in all the varying hues of green, while toward the St. Lawrence the open country, sprinkled with well finished houses, makes a pleasing contrast to the rugged aspect of the land which lies in the rear. Upon the shore a glorious prospect is open to the view. Here the estuary widens in its journey to the sea, and the mountains on the northern shore, a score of miles distant, stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Upon the waters just far enough away to "lend enchantment to the view," are the white-winged argosies of commerce, bearing the flags of every maritime nation. At times a long, low shape on the waves and a dark, slender cloud floating lazily away mark the path of the ocean steamship. Nearer the shore are smaller craft of all sizes and shapes—manned by fishers,



RIVIERE DU LOUP.

and each carcass yields something over a hundred gallons of oil. This oil, when refined, is worth about a dollar a gallon, and as there is no scarcity of the creatures, the fishery might be made a very valuable one. The halibut and sturgeon come next in order of size, after them the salmon, and then all the small fish common to this latitude.

Returning to the shore, if the day is bright and warm, the long line of smooth beach, abounding in cosy nooks and corners, invites a bath. The adjective "warm" is the correct one for this part of the continent in the summer, it being a relative term which denotes an absence of cold without an excess of heat. It is never hot here. The days when coats, collars, and cuffs become a burden and humanity wilts in the shade are unknown on

traders, and seekers after pleasure. If one longs to join them, a boat is at hand and soon is dancing on the gentle billows, while the sea birds skim the waters in their circling flights, and the solemn-eyed *loup-marin* rises near at hand, vanishes and rises again, as if sent by Neptune to demand the stranger's errand. It was from these creatures, say some, that the river derived its name, rather than from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest.

The waters abound in all kind of creatures, great and small. The chief of these is the white whale, the *Beluga Borealis*, which is usually, but erroneously, termed the white porpoise. Its length is from fourteen to twenty-two feet,

these shores. The rays of the midsummer sun are tempered by gentle breezes, which invigorate the system, and a gambol amid the waters causes a degree of exhilaration which once enjoyed is not soon forgotten.

ACROSS THE BROAD RIVER.

Steamers calling at Riviere du Loup furnish opportunities for visiting the more notable watering places on the northern shore. Mention may be made of Murray Bay and Tadoussac, but by far the most wonderful sight for the tourist is the famed Saguenay River. It is one of the most remarkable of nature's works in a continent where natural wonders abound. Bayard Taylor has described it as "a natural chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." This terse description is a word photograph, but he who would grasp the details of a strange picture must see the Saguenay itself. Its waters, black and silent, have vast depths. The river is said to be deeper, by 600 feet, than the mighty St. Lawrence into which it empties. There are people of the country who believe its depths cannot be fathomed, and they tell of thousands of feet of line which have been paid out in the vain attempt to find bottom in certain places. Let one imagine such a river flowing between walls of rock, which tower in places to a height of nigh 2,000 feet, and he will realize the significance of such names as Cape Trinity, Cape Eternity and Eternity Bay. In the majesty and gloom of such surroundings, the reflective mind must ever feel the most profound reverence and awe.

At the mouth of the Saguenay is Tadoussac, a wonderful old settlement, with enough eventful history of its own to supply material for a volume, were the records but available. It is undoubtedly the oldest European settlement in Canada, and perhaps in America. Before Champlain began to build Quebec, it existed. Nay, before Jacques Cartier left St. Malo to find out Canada, near four centuries ago, Tadoussac was the resort of the Basque fishermen, whose fathers had resorted thither before them. One writer, W. H. H. Murray, has evolved the theory that not only were the Basques here before Columbus was born, but that their ancestors, the sea-roving Iberians, visited this harbor even before Christ was sent to man or Rome was founded.

So it is with profound reverence that one looks upon this spot, which is historically older than the country of which it is a part. It was the ancient metropolis of Canada, the chief trading station before one of the cities of to-day had sprung into existence. Here was erected the first stone house, and here, too, was the first church. The present structure, a modern affair dating back scarcely 150 years, is built upon the site of the first place of worship, and it is said that the Angelus is rung out to-day with the bell by which it was sounded well nigh four hundred years ago.

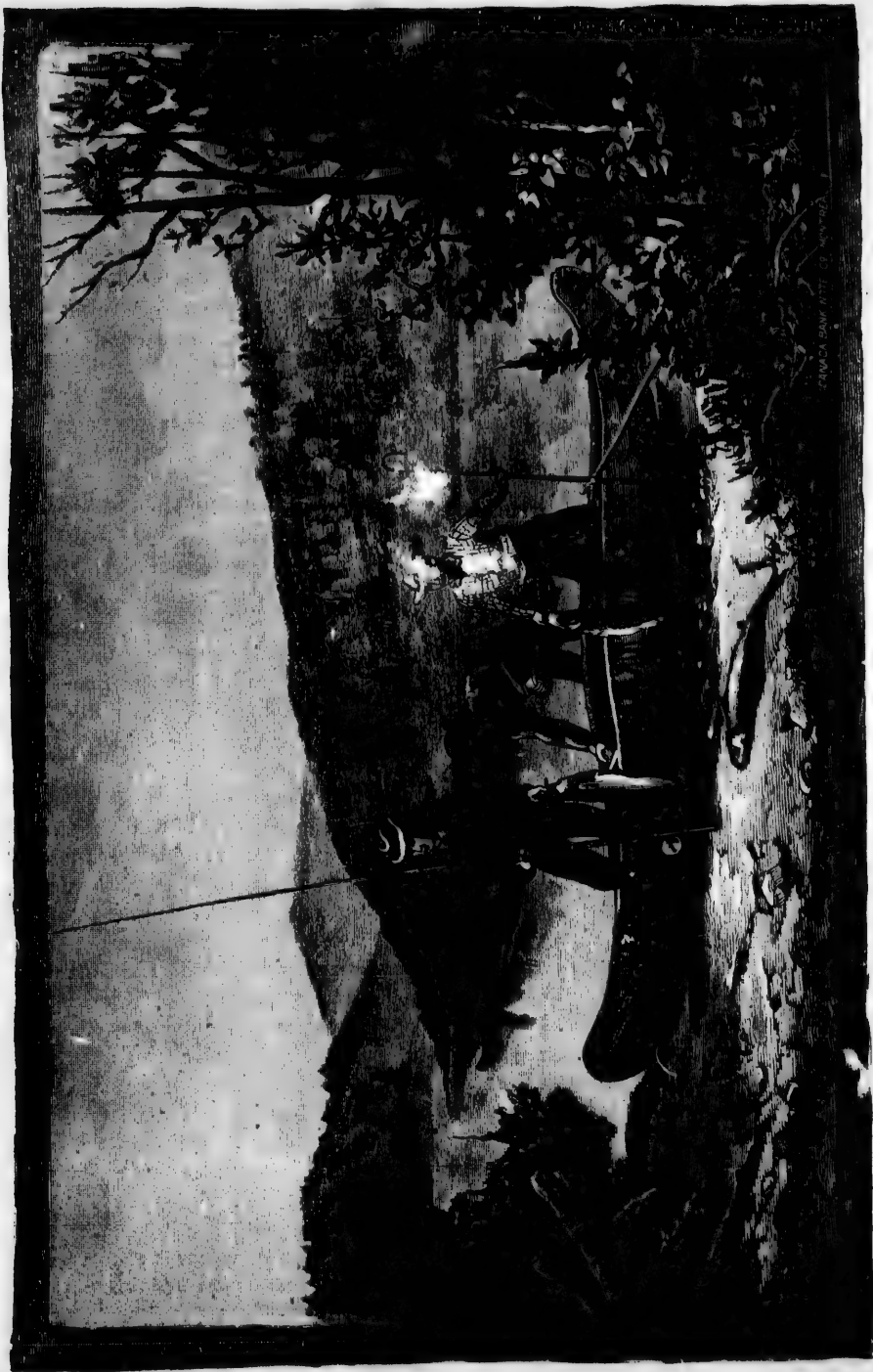
It is of this bell that a strange story is told—a story not made mythical by its antiquity, but coming so near our own times as to be told by those now living who heard it from those who were living then. It has appeared in

various forms, but so far as is known, not in such a way as to be accessible to the ordinary traveller. For this reason, and because it is worthy of preservation, an outline is given here.

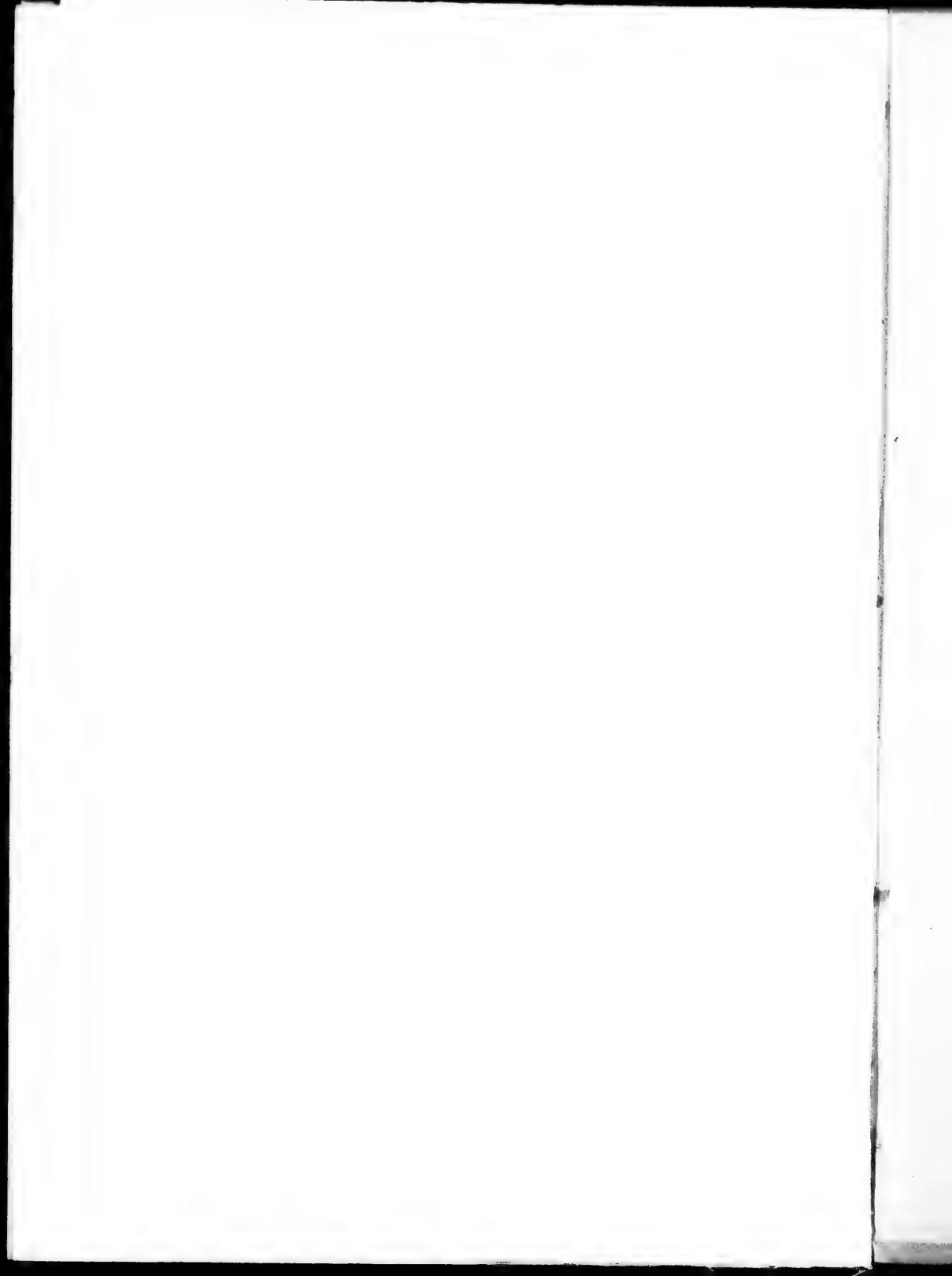
In all that pertains to the history of Canada from the advent of Cartier until the cession to England, religion is everywhere interwoven. The courage zeal and self devotion of the Jesuit missionaries will be remembered while the world endures. They never wearied or looked back, and long after the confiscation of their property and the suppression of their order they continued their labors among the savages. The last of the Jesuits in Canada is believed to have been Père Coquart, whose grave is at Chicoutimi, nearly a hundred miles up the Saguenay. With him in his labor of preaching the Gospel was Père Jean Baptiste Labrosse, a goodly—nay, from all that is told, a saintly man, whose tomb is at Tadoussac. For nearly thirty years the gentle Père Labrosse wrought to bring the Indians to a knowledge of the cross, and in 1782 he had reached the allotted age of three score and ten, yet, as with Moses, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." On the 10th of April in that year he spent the evening with his friends at Tadoussac, but at nine o'clock he arose from their midst, with a look of strange peace on his face, and bade all farewell until eternity. He would die at midnight, he said, and when his spirit left the flesh the church bell would toll to tell his people that he was gone from among them. He departed. At midnight the bell tolled, the people hastened to the church, and there before the altar, as if in a peaceful sleep, Père Labrosse lay dead. At the same hour that night, in every settlement where the departed missionary had preached, from the head waters of the Saguenay to the Baie des Chaleurs, the bells of the churches, tolled by invisible hands, bore to his converts the tidings of his entering into rest.

When morning came a dense darkness overhung the Saguenay. On the St. Lawrence a fearful storm was raging, and the huge masses of drifting ice threatened destruction to any craft, even within the well sheltered harbor. Yet Père Labrosse had directed that a boat be sent to Ile aux Coudres, sixty miles distant, that Père Compain might come to Tadoussac and inter his remains with the forms of the church. Four men, firm of faith, launched a canoe, and as it advanced the ice floes parted, leaving smooth water for its passage. So it was until Ile aux Coudres was reached, and there, on the shore, stood Père Compain, who told them of their errand before they could announce it. The bell of his church had tolled at midnight, a voice had spoken, telling of the death of Père Labrosse and of the mission of the four men who would come to the island. Such is the story of the good Jean Baptiste Labrosse and the bell which rings to day in the little church which stands near the shore in the harbor of Tadoussac.

From the Saguenay back to Rivière du Loup is a pleasant trip of a summer day. The air is so clear that the view of both shores is at all times such as to charm the eye. On the north side are the Laurentian Mountains, which reach from Labrador to the remote regions of Lake Superior, and



SALMON FISHING ON THE METAPEDIA, P. Q.



along these shores attain their greatest height, rising to 2,000 feet at Cape Tourmente. With certain conditions of the atmosphere, singular mirages are sometimes seen as the south shore is approached, and one in particular, among the islands of Rivière du Loup and Kamouraska, is worthy of special note. All the lower St. Lawrence is full of beauty, as well as rich in historical reminiscences and traditions.

FORESTS AND STREAMS

Taking Rivière du Loup as a centre, the sportsman has a field only limited by his time and inclination to shoot and fish. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts, and though Indians and their white brothers have made sore havoc among the creatures of the woods, in the past, enough remain to employ the hunter for generations to come. In one respect, however, an unbridled license to kill in former years, has had its effect. The moose, king of the North American forests, was once to be found in every part of the country. It retreated gradually before the advance of civilization, but less than a generation ago vast herds of these creatures were to be found in the Metapedia valley, where they were an easy prey to the pelt hunters. Pursued in season and out of season, run down by all means fair and foul, they were still abundant when the British troops came to Canada at the time of the "Trent affair," in the latter part of the winter of 1862. Mocassins were needed for the soldiers, and to procure them the Indians sought the Metapedia and entered on the work of slaughter. Hundreds of the noble animals were slain, stripped of their hides and left to rot in the woods. For months afterwards the air was tainted with the odor. It is not strange that the moose forsook the valley. They are still to be found in more distant haunts, and under the game laws of recent years they can no longer be openly and needlessly slaughtered as of yore. For some years the shooting of the female moose was wholly prohibited in the Province of Quebec, and the close season now is from the first of February to the first of September. The same season applies to the hunting of deer.

The caribou, game fit for any sportsman, are still to be found in large numbers. The season for them in this province, extends from the first of September to the first of March; and they are to be found almost anywhere between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, within a short distance of the railway track. In some places this distance would be two, and in others ten miles. Skill, experience and good guides, are necessary to find them, but a sportsman who understands his business, and who goes to the right locality, need not be surprised if he bring down as many as twenty in a fortnight's hunt. To accomplish this, he must be prepared for his work and be ready to stand some fatigue. From Rivière du Loup he can set out in a variety of directions for grounds which are known to be good. One of these is in the direction of Temiscouata Lake, 38 miles distant, and now reached either by highway or rail. Here is a sportsman's paradise, amid scenery of the most beautiful

description, the forest abounding in game and the lakes and rivers teeming with fish. Here one may live for weeks, and never weary in his absence from the busy haunts of men.

All the forest to the south of this part of the railway affords good shooting. The sportsman can take his choice of going a long or short distance. The back country of Maine can be easily reached from St. Alexandre, or one may go twenty miles from Rivière du Loup and find the St. Francis River, and follow it to the St. John. From Elgin Road, or L'islet, the head waters of the Restigouche and Miramichi may be reached. All these are in the midst of happy hunting grounds.

Some of the best caribou hunting is to be had among the Shickshocks Mountains, in Gaspé. This is the land of the caribou. In the depths of the wilderness, amid mountains nearly 4,000 feet high, and surrounded by scenery of the most wild and rugged character, is an abundance of rare sport. This has been one of the resorts of Lord Dunraven, who has, indeed, hunted in all parts of the country, meeting with excellent success. On one expedition he started as many as forty-one caribou in three days. Of these he and his party killed fifteen. H. R. H. Prince Arthur, during his visit, in 1869, engaged in a successful hunting expedition in these forests. They have also been visited by Count Turenne and other well known sportsman.

Other game may be had for the seeking. Bears sometimes make their appearance when least looked for and often create lively episodes in the sportsman's journey. They can be found almost anywhere outside of the settlements, and when blueberries are in season every big barren has a bear for a visitor.

Partridges are very numerous. When a weak or lazy man goes after them he has to take some one with him to carry the load home. So plentiful are they near Rivière du Loup, that Wm. Fraser, Esq., the present Seigneur, shot as many as fifty-four in one day, killing fourteen of them without moving out of his tracks. To him who has carried a gun mile after mile for a whole day and been proud to exhibit one unfortunate bird as his trophy, this may appear like a tough story. Nevertheless it is true. The man who goes after partridges in this vicinity does not have to sneak home by a back road to avoid the chaff of his neighbors for his bad luck. He stalks along with pride in his face and a load on his back, and is only vexed that the spectacle is too common to excite wonder.

Around the shores, geese, brant and ducks of all kinds are found in immense flocks, the soft fresh water grass, so abundant along the rivers, furnishing an abundance of the food in which they delight. The black and grey duck, the curlew, the golden plover, and the English snipe, are very abundant during the months of September and October. Isle Verte and Kamouraska are favorite resorts for these birds, but there are many other places along these shores where hundreds may be shot with ease.

Much that has been said in regard to the hunting in this vicinity will apply

to the country along the next two or three hundred miles, or until long after the boundary of New Brunswick has been passed. *Rivière du Loup* has been singled out as a sample of what very many places are like as regards their surroundings, and to avoid a reiteration of facts in connection with other points.

So it is in regard to the fishing, which is of more immediate interest to the summer tourist. The enthusiastic hunter regards not the weather, and is willing to endure the cold and wet in his quest for game, but fish are to be had when nature is at her loveliest in this glorious summer land. This is a country of fish, and such fish ! One who is not a fisherman may eat them at every meal on his journey. He may have halibut, salmon, herring, and smelt, from the St. Lawrence, and salmon, tuladi, sea, brook and lake trout from the waters that are tributary to it. Salmon are found in nearly all the rivers, and the majority of the streams are leased by the Government to individuals. It is not difficult, however, for a stranger to obtain permission to fish. Trout are found in all the rivers and lakes and are free to all comers. The usual size of those in the lakes is from five to six pounds ; in the rivers they run from three to four pounds. All the trout of this region are very "gamey," and afford abundant sport. In the lakes is also found the tuladi, which seems identical with the togue of Northern Maine and New Brunswick. Specimens have been caught weighing as much as forty pounds each, or as large as a good sized salmon. The average weight of them in *Temiscouata Lake* is 27 pounds. The tuladi has been confounded with the lake salmon of Switzerland, and with others of the salmon family of Europe, but it does not appear to be identical with any of them. It is usually very fat, and very reserved—not to say lazy. It lurks and lies in the deep waters of the large lakes, as if given to contemplation rather than the gratification of appetite. For all that, it is a voracious creature and has a sly way of approaching the surface in the cool hours of the morning and evening. It does not rise to the fly, as a rule, but may be taken by trolling. It is good eating, though less delicate than either the trout or the salmon.

Nearly all the lakes are free to fishers, for all kinds of fish.

CANOE AND PADDLE.

The Intercolonial has one feature which few, if any, railways possess to the same extent. For a distance of several hundred miles it is intersected by rivers easily navigable for small boats or canoes. By these natural highways one may pursue his journey far into the interior, make a short portage from the head-waters of one to those of another and descend the latter to the lines of railway in New Brunswick. A glance at the map will show what ample opportunities there are for this kind of recreation. Leaving the railway and ascending one river, coming down another and up another, spending days among the lakes, fishing, shooting, enjoying life to the utmost, one is as much in the wilderness as if thousands of miles away. Yet all this time he

knows that, if necessary, a few hours will bring him to the railway, the mail and the telegraph—to communication with the busy world. He may leave the railway on the shores of the St. Lawrence and make a canoe voyage to the Baie des Chaleurs or the Bay of Fundy. When he arrives at his destination he will find his luggage and his letters awaiting him. The route may be varied and the voyage prolonged as may suit the voyageur's taste. Notably good fishing may be had at Lakes St. Francis and Temiscouata and on the Toleda River ; but on such a trip one can fish and hunt everywhere as he goes. In the Temiscouata region alone one may make a canoe voyage for at least eighty miles, and if he chooses can, by portaging, descend the great Miramichi to the ocean. Portages can be made so as to reach any of the three great rivers of New Brunswick, the Miramichi, Restigouche, or St. John. The whole country is open to any man who can sit in a canoe and ply a paddle.

CACOUNA.

Six miles below Rivière du Loup is Cacouna station. The name has a musical sound, but as seen from the cars there is little to attract the eye. The Cacouna of which the pleasure seeker is in search is three miles distant, and is reached by an easy drive over the smooth highway that descends to the shore. Then the great watering place of the Lower St. Lawrence invites the stranger to tarry and take his rest. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" he asks, and truly he may, for here is an hotel conducted by men who have made a study of the tourist's wants, and who are prepared to supply not only the comforts, but the luxuries of modern life. It is the St. Lawrence Hall, with ample accommodation for 400 people and a capacity for half as many more should occasion require. It is the resort of the best classes of visitors, and its increasing popularity may be inferred from the fact that the business of last season was the largest done for years. This is not a puff ; it is the truth.

The inspiration of those who have termed Cacouna "the Saratoga of Canada" is not a happy one. Saratoga has no salt water, no panorama like that of the Lower St. Lawrence, no fishing, shooting and bathing, and no cool and invigorating breezes such as prevail here in the hot days of summer. Cacouna, on the other hand, has no mixed mob of people whose chief passport to recognition is the *pecunia vulgaris* of commerce, no sharpers who live by fleecing their fellows, no exorbitant charges and no army of tip-seeking menials who look upon the traveller as their prey. Thus it will be seen that all comparison between the two places fails. Cacouna has an individuality, and can stand on its own merits. These are not a few.

While the pioneer of the watering places on this shore, it was for a long time the resort of only a favorite few who knew of its beauties. Years ago, before the railway was built, they came by steamer from Quebec and other cities, were taken ashore by carts through the shallow water and had to put

up with such accommodation as they could get. The first hotel, a one storey building of the old time style, is still to be seen. There were, however, some who had their summer cottages, and one of these was Mr. Haley, of Montreal, who continues to come each season to the house he occupied forty-five years ago. Of late years wealthy Canadians have expended large sums in the erection of cottages and the beautifying of grounds. Some of these, such as that of Hon. John Ross, of Quebec, represent expenditures of from \$25,000 to \$30,000, while a number of others cost \$10,000 and upwards. People like the place because it is as healthy as it is attractive. The natural drainage is perfect, and an abundance of living springs supply pure water. Some years ago, Drs. Campbell and Howard, of Montreal, sought for a watering place which they could recommend to their patients, and having analyzed the water, gave Cacouna a trial. The effect was so marked that the doctors lost no time in taking their own prescription, and numbering themselves among the dwellers on the shore.

With the mountains on one side and an arm of the sea on the other the air is very pure. It is so clear that one can scarcely believe the opposite shore is twenty-one miles away, but it is fully that in a straight line to the mouth of the Saguenay. So near do the distant hills seem that one might feel tempted to start for them with nothing more than a boat and pair of oars.

In all of this part of Canada, while winter comes early and lingers late, nature maintains a balance by the quickening power of the summer. Everything that is planted has a rapid and vigorous growth. This is noticeable at Cacouna, in instances where ornamental trees have been set out. English willows have been known to grow at the rate of two, and even three feet a year, and that in spite of the rocks among which they were planted. Peter Donnegan is responsible for the statement that such trees, planted by him on the grounds of Mr. Robert Hamilton, of Quebec, increased in seven years from a height of eighteen inches to that of more than twenty-five feet.

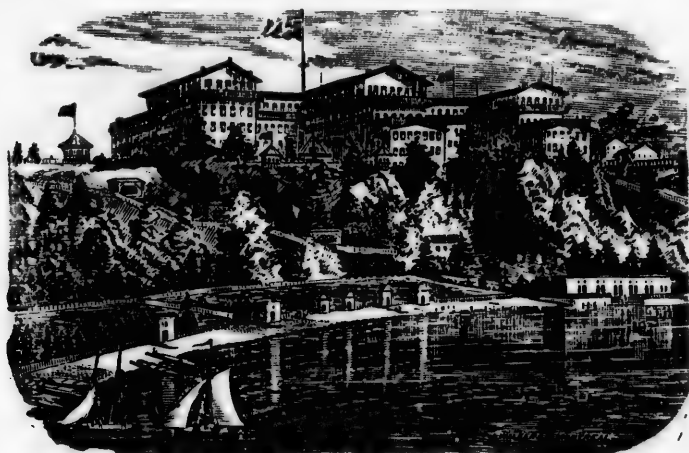
Peter Donnegan is an authority on all that relates to Cacouna. He has seen it grow and has helped to make it beautiful. "I put flowers in the place of thistles," is his boast, and he tells how great holes, eight feet deep and nine in diameter, were made in the rocks, that he might plant the trees which cast a grateful shade to-day. When he drove the carriage of the Princess Louise from Riviere du Loup station to the wharf, she employed the time by talking with him of the trees and wild flowers, and he was at no loss for words to enlarge upon his favorite theme.

The name Cacouna has a sound suggestive of the waves and the shore, but it has no such meaning. It signifies "the place where many Indians are buried." One would think that there should be a legend connected with this, but it is peculiarly aggravating to find that no one, not even the oracular Donnegan, has any idea of the origin of the name. No ancient Indian graves have ever been found here. The only place of burial which has any story

attached to it is on Cacouna Island, where the wild flowers grow undisturbed on the graves of fifteen shipwrecked sailors.

The St. Lawrence Hall is close to the shore, and overlooks a stretch of beach a mile long, where may be enjoyed the bathing which has given the village its fame. This big caravansary is the evolution of what was originally known as Kelly's Hotel, with indifferent accommodation for about forty people. Its position is well chosen, and in the height of the season it is a busy place indeed.

So is the position of the village, on the shore of a graceful bay, with a smooth beach of grey sand which stretches for a mile. All along are tasteful private residences for summer use, while numerous other houses give accommodation to boarders. Many of the farmers own two houses, one of which



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, CACOUNA.

they occupy, while the other is leased for the season. In this way some of them derive an income sufficient to support them in the lonely winter, when the stranger has gone, and the natives sit alongside of two-storey stoves and dream of the coming summer.

Good trout fishing is found in this vicinity. Trout Brook is the nearest point, three miles distant, but still better results can be obtained by a drive to the lakes, fifteen miles away, and which are reached by a good road.

The rates at St. Lawrence Hall are \$2 a day and \$10.50 a week and upwards. The Mansion House, another hotel, has accommodation for 150, and its rates are \$1.50 a day and from \$7 to \$8 a week.

Two miles from Cacouna is St. Arsene, the most convenient point from which to reach Lake St. Hebert, twelve miles distant. In this lake are plenty of speckled trout, with an average weight of from half a pound to one and a

half pounds, and which have a high reputation on account of their excellent flavor.

Trois Pistoles is one of the places where the through traveller refreshes himself with an appetizing meal at the railway dining room. The village is prettily situated, and there is good lake and river fishing in the vicinity. Lake St. Simon, eighteen miles from here, is a beautiful sheet of water, and merits special mention. The origin of the name of Trois Pistoles is more obscure than even that of Cacouna. It may have been derived from the circumstance that the first settler gave three pistoles for a piece of land, from somebody losing or finding that sum, or from a trade with the Indians in which that amount changed hands. The antiquarian can choose the tradition that seems most reasonable. There is no good authority for any of them.

BIC! BEAUTIFUL BIC!

A village on the low land by the shore, with mountains separating it from the country beyond, confronted the engineers when they sought to locate the line of the Intercolonial at a point fifty-five miles below Riviere du Loup. It was Bic, then as now well termed the Beautiful. To-day the railway winds around the mountain, one hundred and fifty feet above the post road, passing places where the rock was blasted to a depth of eighty feet that a bed might be made for the track. On the one side the steep declivity rises to a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the passing train; on the other is a panorama of bay, river and islets, which seem as the environment of an enchanted summer land. From this height is seen the St. Lawrence, twenty-five miles from shore to shore, and rapidly widening in its journey until it merges with the world of waters.

It was from these heights, on a fair day in June, long years ago, that anxious eyes watched a fleet of war-ships making its way up the St. Lawrence. Nearer it came until the watchers could discern that it carried the flag of France. There was joy in every heart. The long expected succor had arrived from beyond the sea, and swift messengers made ready to carry the glad tidings to Quebec. Suddenly, as they looked, the ensign of the leading vessel was run down and the red cross of England fluttered in the breeze. Having come thus far, stratagem was no longer needed. That vessel was the *Richmond* frigate, carrying General James Wolfe, and, with him, was an army, equipped for the conquest of Canada. The fleet cast anchor within sight of Bic Island. Among the watchers on the heights, was a priest, whose nerves had been strung to the utmost tension with joy at the sight of his country's flag. When the dread truth was so suddenly revealed to him, nature could bear no more, and he fell to the earth—dead!

Bic is one of the finest natural watering places on the Lower St. Lawrence. The mountains are around it, and it nestles at their feet amid a wealth of beautiful scenery. There is more than a mere stretch of shore. There is a harbor in which an ocean steamer may ride, a haven wherein vessels may

hide from the wrath of the storm-king. Romantic isles lie amid the waters, and crags of rugged beauty rear their heads around the bay. Pleasant beaches tempt the bather; placid waters invite the boatman; and beauty everywhere summons the idler from his resting place to drive or ramble in its midst. The harbor is charming to one who first beholds it and "time but the impression deeper makes." It never becomes monotonous, and each day one may find something new to admire among its inviting nooks.

Had it not been for the fleet that lay at anchor beyond the island on that midsummer day in 1759, Bic might have been a fortified town and its harbor a naval station. Such was one of the projects of France, and the harbor would have been a safe and convenient rendezvous for the fleets in these waters, for Bic is accessible at seasons when the ice bars the passage Quebec. It was here, in the bitterly cold winter weather of 1862, that England landed men and munitions of war for the defence of Canada. It does not seem, however, that Bic should have anything to do with war. Everything is suggestive of pleasure and peace. Strangers are not numerous, but lovers of beauty and seekers after rest have located summer residences in the village, and year by year enjoy the cooling breezes. Fishing is in abundance; and if there were no fish, the streams winding their way among the hills, through all kinds of picturesque dells, would well repay full many a toilsome tramp.

One of the islands near at hand is known as L'Ilet au Massacre, and associated with it is a tragic story of Indian war. The tale is an old one. Donnacona told it to Jacques Cartier, and it has appeared in a great variety of forms ever since. Briefly stated, the tradition is that a band of Micmacs, consisting of about two hundred men, women and children, heard of the approach of a large party of hostile Iroquois, and fled for concealment to the large cave which is to be seen on this island. The Iroquois discovered the place of retreat, and finding themselves unable to dislodge their hidden foes by ordinary means, resorted to a thoroughly savage expedient. Heaping dry wood in and around the mouth of the cave, they advanced behind shields of boughs, carrying torches of bark, and ignited the pile. The Micmacs were forced to leap through the flames, and as fast as they appeared were slaughtered. All who were in the cave were killed, and their bones lay bleaching on the island for many a year thereafter. They were swiftly and terribly avenged. Mr. Taché, in his *Trois Légendes de Mon Pays*, says that five of the Micmacs were sent from the island at the first alarm, a part to demand assistance from the friendly Malicites at Madawaska, and the others to act as scouts. Twenty-five Malicite warriors responded to the summons, but too late to prevent the massacre. They then, aided by their five allies, secretly followed the track of the Iroquois, and unseen themselves, dealt death among the party as it proceeded. The scouts had previously removed the canoes and provisions which the Iroquois had left in the woods, and so they marched, dying by the hand of an unseen foe and threatened with famine ere they could reach their own country. At length they reached the open woods, near Trois Pistoles

River, feeble and discouraged. The band had shrunk to twenty-seven men. Finding traces of moose they began to hunt, and were led into an ambush by the foe, who burst upon them and killed all but six. These were made prisoners; one was tortured by the allies in the presence of the other five. The latter were then divided, and the Malicites carried their three to Madawaska. The Micmacs returned to Bic with their two, and tying them with their faces to the island, put them to death with their most ingenious torments. They then quitted Bic forever. Tradition has peopled the neighborhood with the ghosts of the slaughtered Micmacs, now dancing on the waters, now moaning among the crevices of the rocks, shrieking at times as with the agony of souls in pain.

Hattee Bay is another delightful spot, not far from Bic. The scenery, though not so impressive as that of the latter place, is very attractive. One of the features is a natural terrace, and the facilities for all kinds of exercise and recreation are abundant. A number of English families reside at this place, and it has many admiring visitors during the summer season.

RIMOUSKI AND THE HERMIT.

Many people know only of Rimouski as a place where the ocean steamers receive and land mails and passengers on the voyage to and from England. Anxious to depart or get home, they see little of the place beyond noting that it is a thriving town, and that the pier running out to deep water is of a most surprising length. It extends for nearly a mile, and is a most agreeable promenade in summer days, when a constant cool breeze is borne over the water.

The village of St Germain de Rimouski, which is its full title, is a place where the law and Gospel flourish, because it is the shiretown of the county and the seat of the bishop of the diocese. The cathedral, bishop's palace, seminary, convents and other buildings devoted to religious uses, are imposing structures of stone, erected at a large cost. The clergy are seen at every turn, and the French language is heard in every house. Save at the hotels and some public offices, the thousands of English who have passed through Rimouski have done very little to leave the sound of their tongue or the impress of their journey.

The Rimouski River is the first important salmon river below Quebec, and it is under lease. Strangers who are sportsman and gentlemen, have, however, often been permitted to fish in its waters, which extend to a lake close to the boundary of New Brunswick, and from which only a short portage is necessary to reach the rivers Quatawamkedgwick (commonly known as the Tomkedgwick) and the Restigouche, by means of which a canoe can reach the Baie des Chaleurs. The salmon of the Rimouski are not of the largest size, averaging less than twenty pounds, but there are plenty of them, as well as an abundance of trout. The latter fish are easily to be had by those who go after them, for there are about fifty lakes, large and small,

within the county. At Seven Lakes, 25 miles from the village, three men have caught forty dozen trout in three days. As for shooting, the woods are full of all kinds of game, from the caribou to the partridge.

The village offers many attractions to families who seek a quiet summer with all the enjoyments of the sea-side. There are excellent facilities for salt-water fishing, boating and bathing, the shore being protected from roughness of water by the island of St. Barnabé, which lies a short distance off.

This island, which has borne its name since early in the seventeenth century, is about two miles long, contains a small lake, is well wooded and is a favorite resort for picnics. It has its story, and a very touching one. There are several versions of it, but that given by Monseigneur Guay, in his *Chronique de Rimouski*, is probably the most authentic. So far as can be gleaned from all sources, this is the story of the hermit :

The fair land of Old France held no hearts more in unison than were those of Toussaint Cartier and his betrothed Louise when the new year of 1723 dawned. Just turned of manhood, handsome in person, versed in knowledge of books and agreeable in manners, he was the envy of the lads of his native village. He had long known the beautiful Louise, and they had learned to love each other with a love surpassing the power of words to tell. She was the daughter of a rich man of high degree, who had pledged her at an early age to the profligate son of his wealthy neighbor. Toussaint was poor, and his poverty became a crime in the sight of the lucre-loving father, but, as is ever the case, opposition served only to cement the stronger the affections of the devoted pair. They were secretly married and embarked for Quebec, to seek a home in the land of which so much had been told. The voyage was a prosperous one. The ship reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine and young Cartier took a boat to visit Ile St. Barnabé. While he was ashore a fearful tempest arose, and the vessel and all on board were engulfed before his eyes. The body of Louise was soon after washed ashore on the island, where Toussaint buried it and made a solemn vow to dwell there in solitude for the remainder of his days. This vow he faithfully observed, living a life of deep religious devotion, year after year, until his locks were silvered with age. All who knew him revered him, even the birds loved him and came to feed out of his hand ; but his heart was broken, and he watched year by year pass by, counting each as a step nearer to his reunion with the one of whose smile through life he had been so sadly deprived. Forty odd seasons passed, and at length one January morning he was found lying dead on the floor of his humble abode. The lovers were united at last. His remains were buried within the old church of Rimouski, and to this day his name is honored as that of an holy man.

Six miles below Rimouski is Father Point, so well-known as a telegraph and signal station in connection with ocean steamers, and to it there is a charming drive along the shore. Four miles above the town is village of



METIS RIVER BRIDGE.

Sacré Cœur, where there is a beautiful and well sheltered beach and admirable opportunities for boating and sea bathing.

Soon after leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is lost sight of, and the road makes its way toward the Metapedia Valley. Ste. Flavie, eighteen miles from Rimouski, is a place of some importance, and is the terminus of the well-known highway, the Kempt Road, built at a heavy expense and so long used for a mail route between the upper and lower provinces. Here we begin to take leave of the French pure and simple, and enter a country where English is spoken to a greater extent. In the midst of the woods is Little Metis Station, not a place over which one could grow enthusiastic, but nevertheless leading by a road of about six miles to the beautiful watering place of

LITTLE METIS.

Three score and ten years ago the Seigneur of Metis was a Mr. McNider, whose name has such a genuine Caledonian ring that no one will imagine that he was a Frenchman. Warmly attached to the place, and fully impressed with its beauties, there was yet one defect which grieved his heart. Nature had neither located Metis in Scotland nor sent the Scotch to Metis. This want he determined to supply, and the result was the arrival of several hundred men, women, and children, from Old Scotia. These were located in several parts of the Seignury, and aided by Mr. McNider until their farms became adequate to supply their wants. Since then they have prospered, and Metis is a flourishing farming district. What is more to the purpose of the tourist, it is one of the most pleasant places on the shore for those who are seeking to enjoy the summer months. Numbers have already found out its beauties, but there is room for many more. It is at Metis that Lord Mount Stephen, has his famous fishing lodge, the finest in Canada, at which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were guests during their visit in 1890. The building is designed with every regard to comfort and a striking feature of its interior is the finish of polished woods brought from the other extreme of the Dominion on the Pacific coast.

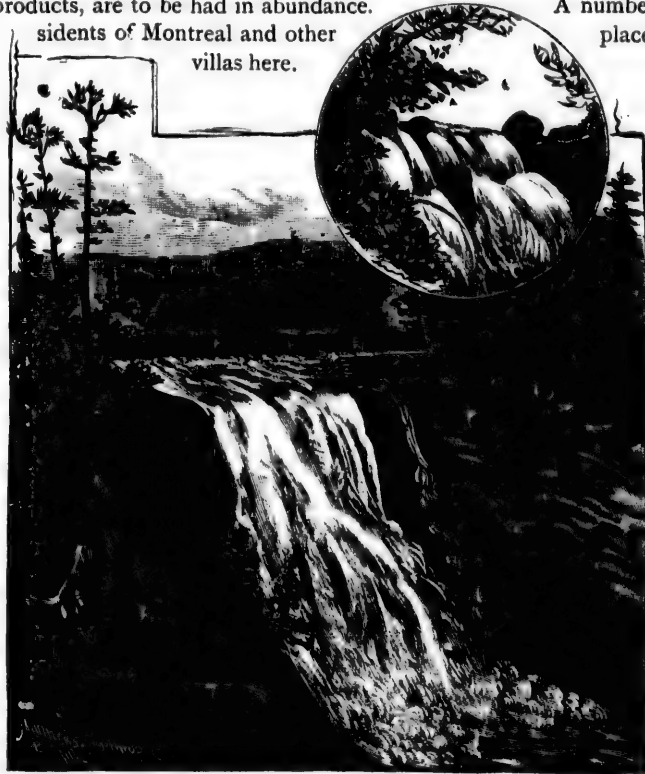
Little Metis is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, at a point where the estuary begins to widen out so that the opposite shore is a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as level as upon the ocean. This gives the place more of the air of a sea-side resort than many less favored watering places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach confirm the impression. The beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth, and safe for bathers. On some parts of it the surf beats with a sullen roar; yet numerous coves, sheltered from the swell, afford every security, as well as absolute privacy, to the bather. Boats, of all sizes, from a skiff to a schooner, are available to the visitor, and if one desires to run across to the other shore he will find safe and swift vessels crossing every day. If a party desire to have a good time and feel free and independent, they can charter a small schooner for about \$3 a day, secure a good sailing master, lay in a supply of pro-

visions, and go where they please. The St. Lawrence is between thirty and forty miles wide in this part, so there is plenty of room for excursionists at all times.

On shore, in addition to the bathing, the attractions are abundant. First of all there are good hotels, and the visitor has his choice. Board is very reasonable, averaging about a dollar a day. If one prefer a private boarding house, he can find good accommodation for about five dollars a week. Besides this, nearly every farmer has a spare house which can be hired for about \$60 for the season, including water and fuel. The weirs furnish a plentiful supply of fresh fish, while other provisions, including berries of all kinds and dairy products, are to be had in abundance.

sidents of Montreal and other
villas here.

A number of re-
places have



FALLS OF THE GRAND AND PETIT METIS RIVERS.

The Grand and Little Metis rivers are favorite haunts of the salmon, and trout are found wherever there is a lake or brook. The best places to secure the latter fish are at Metis Lakes, the nearest of which is about three miles from the centre of the village. Further back is a chain of lakes, all containing plenty of large trout, and all comparatively easy of access.

The country in the rear of Metis is a resort for herds of caribou. Geese, duck, and sea-fowl are found all along the shore, while partridge are met with in every part of the woods.

The scenery is varied and attractive. One may drive for miles along the shore and enjoy the panorama and the sea breeze until weary. Inland, are beautiful vales with nooks and brooks and charming bits of landscape. All the farmers have waggons to hire, and drives may be had at a small expense. One of these is to the falls, seven miles away. Here a heavy body of water pours over the rocks with a grandeur which must be seen to be appreciated. Both Grand and Petit Metis rivers have waterfalls, situated amid most enchanting scenes of the forest.

Further along the shore is the Matane, a small river, but with an abundance of salmon and trout. It was by this river, so long ago as the time of Champlain, that the Indians of the Baie des Chaleurs reached the St. Lawrence, by way of the Restigouche and Metapedia rivers, making a portage from Metapedia Lake. Matane is in favor as a summer resort, and like Metis is accessible both by rail and steamer. There was fishing here before the tourist came with his rod and flies, but it was purely commercial in its aspect. As long ago as 1688 Sieur Riverin established a fishery, and thrived until his wicked partner defrauded him. He found all the shore, for a distance of sixty miles, very abundant in codfish, while whales were common everywhere from Matane to Cap de Rosiers, a distance of nearly 250 miles. So plenty were they near Matane that at one period, for the space of three months, as many as fifty would be seen on the surface at one time, within less than two miles from the shore. So tame were they that men could approach near enough to hit them with oars. Sieur Riverin, filled with visions of wealth, formed a company to prosecute whaling, and succeeded in getting swindled.

Leaving the St. Lawrence, the course of the traveller is south to the Metapedia Valley. Passing Tartague the railway, which has kept clear of the mountain ranges by following the shore for two hundred miles, makes a bold push and crosses the hills at Malfait Lake. Here the traveller is nearly 750 feet above the sea, higher than he has been since he left Quebec, and higher than he can be on any other part of the line. Down the grade the cars go, until again on the level in the midst of a beautiful valley, where the hills rise on each side six and eight hundred feet for a distance of many miles. The French villages are no longer seen; the French names are no longer heard. In the place of the latter come the titles bestowed by the Indians who once peopled the land. Some of these words are musical, after you get used to them. No doubt they were musical to Algonquin ears when uttered by Algonquin tongues; but the true pronunciation of many of them is lost, and as the Indians had no written language, there is no rule as to how they should be spelled. Some of them are believed to have had poetical meanings, but there is a good deal more fancy than fact in many of the in;

terpretations. It is just as well, however, to attach some poetry to them, for thus they are in harmony with the surroundings. The Metapediac really should be the poet's paradise.

It is supposed to have been somewhere in this vicinity that the first and last of the Aboriginal Spring Poets ventured to warble. His effusion is believed to have consisted of a hundred and sixteen stanzas. He desired his chief's opinion as to their fitness for publication. The criticism was promptly given, for, when the poet had reached the end of the fifth stanza, he was gagged, tried and condemned to the stake, as a warning to spring poets for all time. The summary judgment had its effect on succeeding generations, and the Indian of to-day, even though warmed with Sabian wine, or North Shore gin, is rarely prone to drop into poetry. Tradition says that the verses, as recited, were :

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, Metapediac ! Upon thy shore
The Souriquois may sweet seclusion seek ;
Cadaraqui distracts his thoughts no more,
Nor seeks he gold from Souleamuagadeek.

Hail, Keshpugowitk, calm Causapscal,
Tartague, Tobegote and Sayabec,
Amqui Wagansis, Peske-Ammik—all
The scenes which Nature doth with glory deck.

At Assametquaghan and at Upsalquitch
The busy beaver builds his little dam ;
His sisters, cousins and his aunts grow rich
At Patapediac and Obstchquasquām.

I've wandered by the Qua-ta-wam-kedg-wick,
The Madawaska and the famed Looستook,
The Temiscouata, Kamouraska, Bic ;
I've climbed the hill of Villidadamook.

And everywhere do thoughts of spring arise,
Skudakumoochwakaddy speaks to Restigouche.
Hail, brother Mareschites and Abnakies !
Hail, balmy mouth of Amusswikizoois !

Gachepe, Kigicapigiok, Tracadiequash —

The exultant poet had not observed the gathering cloud on the chief's swarthy brow, and the hills echoed with his loud accentuation of the antepenultimate. An instant later he was rudely seized, and Skudakumoochwakaddy, the Spirit Land, received him ere the set of sun. This was the first and last appearance of the spring poet among the Red Men.

METAPEDIAC LAKE AND VALLEY.

Beyond Sayabec lies Lake Metapediac. It is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative mind, but this, enshrined among the mountains, must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, among which the canoe may glide amid scenes that wake the artist's soul to ecstasy. The shores are a fitting frame to so fair a picture. Here, too, will the sportsman never ply his craft in vain. These clear waters are the home of the salmon, and kings among the fishes await the angler's pleasure.

The outlet of the lake is the famed Metapediac River. It is usually spelled without the final "c," and some use an "a" instead of the first "e." It is a matter of taste, but it is highly probable no one of the three is like the true Indian word. Cascapediac, for instance, is a corruption of Kigicapigiac, and probably the original of Metapediac is something even worse. It is well not to be too particular, for this corruption of the native dialect is generally an improvement, so far as relates to the ease of pronunciation by the tongues of white men. The name is said to denote Musical Waters, and the title is well deserved. Through the green valley it winds in graceful curves, singing the music of the waters as it runs. In thirty miles of its course it has 222 rapids, great and small, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand. Here and there are the deeper pools in which lurk salmon of astounding size, for this is one of the salmon streams of which every fisherman has heard. For mile after mile the traveller watches the course of the river, so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising in every shape which mountains can assume. Some are almost perfect cones; others rise swiftly into precipices; and others have such gentle slopes that one feels that he would like to stroll leisurely upward to the summit, but the height, as a rule, is from six hundred to eight hundred feet. In some places in the Metapediac the river, the highway, and the railway, crowd each other for a passage, so narrow is the valley. All kinds of foliage, and all shades of Nature's colors are upon the hillsides; and in the autumn, when the grand transformation of hues takes place, the effect is magnificent beyond description. Grassy banks make easy the path of the angler, as the lordly fish dart from the pools to seize his hook. Beauty is everywhere; here all the charms of retirement can be found in a Northern paradise. Switzerland lives in miniature amid the mountains, while England and Scotland are around the lakes, streams and springy heather.

For year after year this glorious country was far removed from the path of travellers, save those whose necessities obliged them to traverse the military road to Ste. Flavie. The building of the railway has opened it to the

world, and thousands are now familiar with it where hundreds had heard of it in other years. It is a country which has attractions for all. Those who seek the beautiful in Nature may here find it, while those who are disciples of Nimrod or Walton will find the days only too short, and the weeks passing away all too swiftly.

GUN AND ROD IN THE METAPEDIAC.

Some moose are still to be traced in the vicinity of the Metapediac valley, but if one seeks for them he will do better by penetrating the wilds of the Gaspé peninsula. Caribou, however, are still to be found in abundance in all parts of the country, and the trapper will be at no loss to find the haunts of the beaver and many other fur-bearing animals. Partridge are to be had everywhere, close to the line of railway, and very often can be shot without leaving the track.

The Metapediac owes its chief fame to the salmon fishing, which is found everywhere for at least forty miles along the course of the stream, to say nothing of the other rivers by which it is joined. One of these is the Causapsal, and some rare fishing is enjoyed at the forks, where the Princess Louise once landed a forty-pound salmon. Further up, the Causapsal is rather rough along its banks, and merits its name, which means, in the English tongue, the Rocky River.

The Metapediac and its tributaries are not suffering for lack of appreciation. The fishing rights are largely owned by wealthy Americans, who spend their time and money without stint in the enjoyment of their alluring sport. The Restigouche Salmon Club, composed chiefly of prominent citizens of New York, has a splendid club house at the junction of the Metapediac and Restigouche rivers.

The best fishing in this vicinity is from the middle of June to the middle of July. Trout may be caught with ease all through the season, not only in the rivers but at such places as Amqui and Trout lakes. The Metapediac trout are as large as some fish which pass for salmon in other countries. Where forty and fifty pound salmon exist, seven pound trout are only in proportion, as they should be. At Assametquaghan (a place more beautiful than its name), at McKinnon Brook, and at Mill Stream, will be found particularly good fishing. A party of two men has gone out of an afternoon and remained until noon the next day, securing nearly 250 pounds of trout, each one averaging four pounds in weight, but many running as high as seven pounds.

The last of the Metapediac is seen at the village which bears the name of the river, at the junction with the Restigouche. It is a place of singular beauty, and the eye lingers lovingly on the beautiful panorama as it passes from the view and the train rushes onward to the boundary of New Brunswick. Here we catch sight of the River Restigouche, spanned by a beautiful railway bridge, over a thousand feet in length. A few miles beyond, the

train passes through the tunnel on Morrissey's Rock, on the side of Prospect Mountain. This is the only tunnel through which trains pass, though, hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller, are a number of others by which rivers have been diverted in the work of construction. There are, however, miles of snow-sheds, which answer the purposes of tunnels, so far as linked darkness, long drawn out, is concerned.

At the Head of the Tide a bright picture meets the eye. The river is thickly dotted with low-lying islands, rich with meadow land, their hues of green contrasting finely with the silver surface of the river. In truth, this part of the road is a succession of bright pictures—a panorama, wherein are shown some of Nature's fairest scenes. For seventy miles or so, the journey has been through the valley, but when the Restigouche is reached there is a change in the picture. In the fourteen miles that lie between the bridge and the village of Campbellton there is much to admire in the broad river, dotted with picturesque islands, and in the distant mountains, with their varied hues, outlined against the northern sky.

A PROVINCIAL POSSIBILITY.

Campbellton, the first stopping place in New Brunswick, is a village with great possibilities. It is conveniently situated, because it is a central point on the line of the Intercolonial, neither too far south for the people who are above it, nor too far north for those who are below. It is 303 miles from Quebec, 371 from Halifax, and 274 from St. John, and it lies amidst one of the finest regions for sport on the continent. The Restigouche and Metapediatic, with their tributaries, afford only a part of the splendid fishing to be had, while the land to the west and the north contains all manner of game to entice the sportsman to its forests. Besides, Campbellton looks into the fair and famous Baie des Chaleurs, which is of itself worth coming from afar to sail upon; and it is convenient as a cool, but not cold, summer resort, with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point where a broad and beautiful river unites with the waters of a bay which has no rival in Canada. Beautiful, because the mountains rise near and far, their cones pointing heavenward with a grandeur not to be described, while the varying shades are blended with a harmony which all may admire, but which can be appreciated only by the artist. When Campbellton has a St. Lawrence Hall, like that at Cacouna, it will be a place which no one can afford to miss.

One of the finest views to be had is from the top of the Sugar Loaf, a mountain about a mile and a half above the town. Do not be alarmed when the people tell you that the summit is nearly a thousand feet high. The highest measurement it ever got was by the reflecting circle of Sir Howard Douglas, which gave 844. Later and better authority makes it 730 feet. That is high enough to give you a magnificent view, and, as the mountain side is precipitous, you will be quite as tired as if you went up a thousand feet on any

ordinary mountain. After you get up, look to the north and the grand old mountains of Gaspé are before you ; to the south is a smiling country rich in vegetation ; while to the southward and eastward lie the Restigouche and the Baie des Chaleurs, with Dalhousie and the other flourishing places of the North. The scenery has been called superior to that of the Susquehanna. Whether it is or not can be best judged by those who have seen both places. Another good view is to be had from the top of Morrissey's Rock—in fact, there are fine views everywhere, and no toll-gates on the roads to them.

Across from Campbellton, on the northern side of the boundary, River Restigouche, is Cross Point, the old Oiginagich, or Coiled Snake Point, of the Micmacs, where Woodanki, or Indian Town, dates its beginning far back among the centuries. There is now an Indian reserve of 840 acres, inhabited by 120 families, with a population of about 500 natives, very few of whom do not show an admixture of white blood. Here is a Roman Catholic mission, which has been sustained for more than two hundred years. As long ago as 1675 Père Chrestien Le Clerc used to come from Percé at Christmastide and on Ste. Anne's day, and he was the first to educate the savages and teach them the Christian faith. After twelve years of arduous labor, he was succeeded by Père Peter Maillard, known as "the Apostle of the Micmacs," who came from one of the seminaries of Paris to make his home in the wilderness. For forty years he labored among this benighted people, and having mastered their language, translated nearly all the New Testament, as well as all the prayers and offices of the Church. Later, he was made prisoner by the English, sent to Boston and from there to France. Years afterwards the English Government called him to Halifax to use his influence in keeping peace between the Indians and the white settlers. He was given a stipend of \$1,000 a year and a chapel, the first in Halifax, was built for him. All was peace after his arrival, and during his remaining years he continued to labor as a missionary along the hundreds of miles of coast which lie between Halifax, Miramichi and Labrador.

Cross Point once sent an ambassador to England to persuade the Queen that his people were entitled to more than they were getting. His mission was not crowned with success, but, having tasted the delights of English city life, he remained abroad for many years, returning at last to his native village. His name was Peter Basket.

The Indian population at Cross Point changes little from year to year. An increase of forty or so is the record of half a century. Several years ago, Sam Suke, the then chief, took a very gloomy view of the situation, and declared that strong tea, wet feet and rum caused consumption among his people, and that the race was fast passing away. Some of the present generation appear very comfortable in the small frame houses which have taken the place of the camps, and during the summer many of them earn good wages by acting as guides, in which they are experts. The simple faith of the red man is sadly misplaced at times, however, when by his improvidence he finds

himself very poor when the summer is past and the prospect of hunger and cold faces him for the long and dreary winter.

Both boating and bathing may be enjoyed to any desired extent in the waters around Campbellton, and the fame of the Restigouche salmon and trout speaks as to the fishing. It was a Restigouche salmon that tipped the scale at fifty-four pounds, and numbers have been caught which were of the respectable weight of forty pounds each. Salmon fishing begins about the middle of May, and all the rivers abound with these great and glorious fish.

Fishing for the abnormally large trout already mentioned is had both in summer and winter. It is usual to begin fishing through the ice about the first of March. After the river is clear, early in May, plenty of five and seven pound trout can be caught in the tide with bait. From the middle of May until July they will take either fly or bait, but for good fly-fishing take the month of July. Here are some of the favorite haunts: Escuminac, 15 miles distant; Little Nouvelle, 22; little Cascapedia, about 45 or 50 by steamer; Parker Lake, 3; Head of Tide, 5; and Mission Lake, 3 miles from Cross Point on the opposite side of the river. Guides are easily obtained and are reliable men.

The rivers in question are on the north side of the Baie des Chaleurs, in the Province of Quebec, and further reference is made to them on another page. As regards the lakes in the immediate vicinity at Campbellton, the man who seeks for trout will never be disappointed. The favorite resorts are Parker Lake and inner Parker Lake, the former of which has a wide fame. It is not a large body of water, as lakes go in this country, but in its length of half a mile or so every square yard would appear to contain a trout weighing from half a pound to two pounds. It is of no avail, however, to go there with fancy tackle and a book of assorted flies, for save at occasional times in the month of June the fish will not be tempted to rise to the surface. The favorite bait is the agile grasshopper, and it never fails to do its work. One of the many instances of successful fishing here, within the writer's knowledge, is that of three men who in three hours filled a huge wooden bread tray and two large fishing baskets, and were then obliged to leave a quantity of trout because they had no way of carrying them home, even though the road to Campbellton was all down hill. Parker Lake is situated on the back of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the ascent to it is a trifle toilsome, but an hour or two around it will well repay even a climb on foot. Good camping ground is found here, as indeed is almost invariably the case with the lakes in this part of America. The lake is on private property, but a gentleman will not find it difficult to obtain a permit to satisfy himself as to its resources. Station Agent Barbarie, or any of the hotel-keepers, can give him all the information he desires as to the fishing in any part of this country.

In the autumn and spring the wild geese hover around the shores of the Restigouche in immense flocks, while all the many species of duck known to this latitude are on the wing by thousands. Nor do the wild fowl look up-

on the mouth of the Restigouche as a mere way station in their journey. They linger there, and where there is open water they are prone to linger long. The Baie des Chaleurs and the rivers that empty into it have been their favorite haunts since a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." A few years ago a man killed fourteen black duck at one shot, on the Little Muni river.

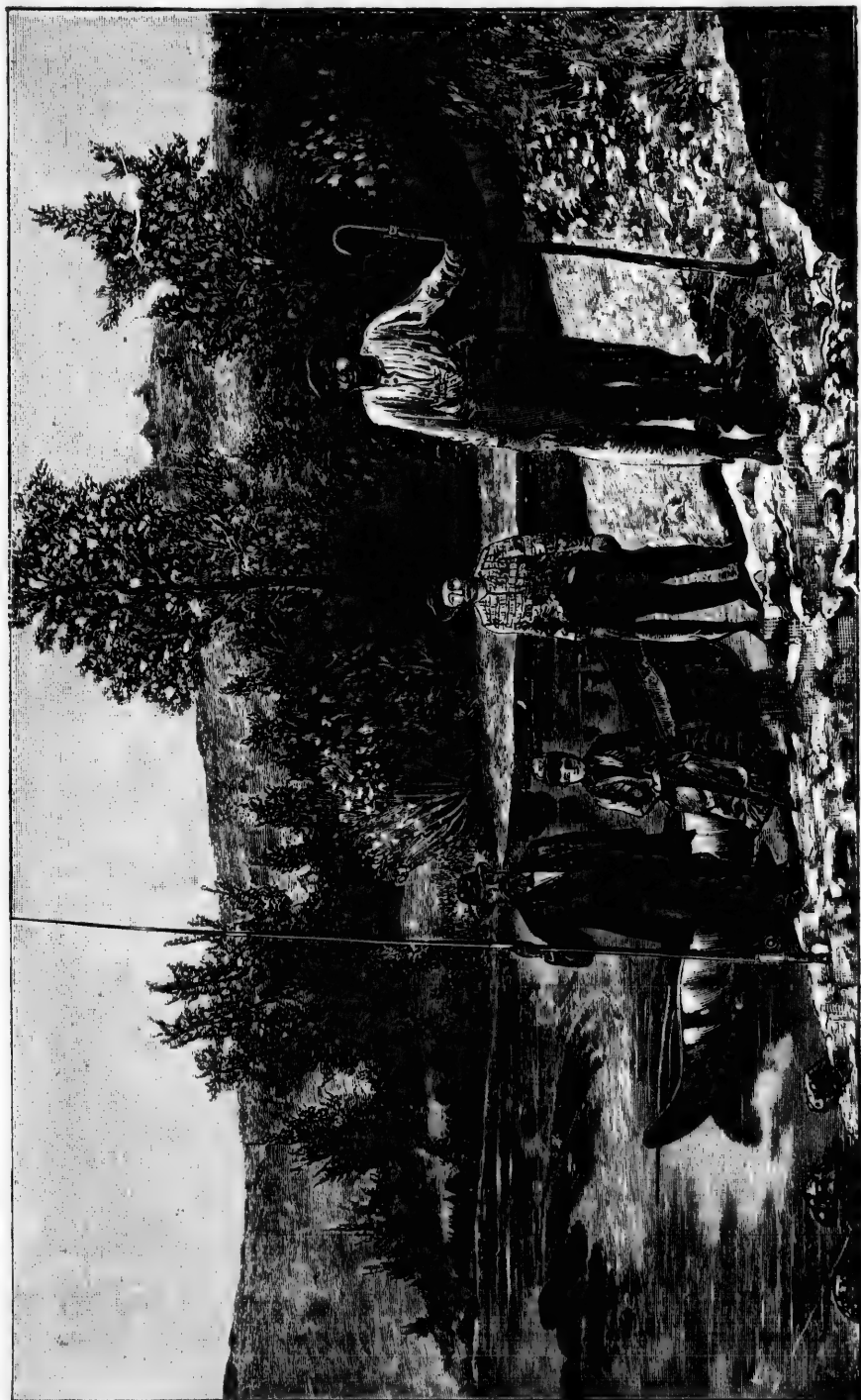
As a matter of course partridge are plenty, and so are snipe, in their season. Plover are found at times, but not in large numbers.

Caribou are very abundant on both sides of the river. They occasionally show themselves around the barnyards of farmers in the smaller settlements, and it is only a few years since one was caught at the railway freight house in Campbellton. Moose and deer cannot now be legally killed, in New Brunswick, until after the year 1892. Before 1889 they could be had by the man who knew how to look for them, and one of their resorts was between Patapediac and Tracy Brook. On the Nouvelle River, north shore, William Murray, of Campbellton, once shot four of the kingly creatures in one day.

The bear and the loup cervier are generally encountered when least looked for, but as long as the blueberries remain on the bushes the former are usually to be found on the barrens.

ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.

The Restigouche is part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick, and if its length of two hundred miles were in a straight line it would reach quite across the province. The line is not only not straight, but makes some extraordinary bends between its source near Lake Metis, and its mouth at Baie des Chaleurs. The distance between Metapediac and Patapediac, for instance, is 37 miles by the river, but only 21 miles in a direct line. It is but six and a half miles from Upsalquitch to Brandy Brook by land, but it is not less than thirteen miles by the river. Even more remarkable is the bend at Cross Point, a few miles further up, where a walk of four hundred yards or so across a strip of land will save a journey of about a mile by water. Yet the river is not really crooked; it simply has abrupt bends, with long stretches of straight distances between them. The occasional rapids are not dangerous, and a canoe voyage over the broad and beautiful stream is an experience which must be long and pleasantly remembered. The high and thickly wooded hills form steep banks in many places, and their rich verdure is reflected in the calm waters as in a mirror. Looking further into the clear depths the salmon may be seen moving lazily on the pebbled bottom, waiting only for the tempting fly to lure them to the surface. This is no uncommon sight on any part of the Restigouche. Even at the railway bridge as many as a hundred salmon have been seen swimming slowly around at one time, and it is probable that more or less of them could be seen almost any day in the season were the train to stop so that the passengers could have a look at the water,



SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE, N. B.

It is no idle boast to say that the Restigouche is the finest salmon river in the world.

Some may wonder that the Indians, with their matter-of-fact habits of nomenclature, did not bestow the title of the River of Fish on this noble stream. That they failed to do so may be accounted for on two grounds: First, that salmon were then even more abundant in all the rivers than they are to-day; and next, because they had another and more significant title. The word "Restigouche" has had various interpretations given it. Many have believed that it signifies "river that divides like a hand," but the late Sam Suke was of opinion that those words were the translation of "Upsalquitch." Others have asserted, upon some unnamed authority, that Restigouche is "Broad River," but the best evidence is that given by the old missionary chronicles, which give the meaning as "River of the Long War." The traditions of that war have perished, even as the meanings of the ancient names of the country are well nigh forgotten by the Indians of the later days.

The aboriginal designation of all this region was Papechigunach, the place of spring amusements, which doubtless had reference to some great annual pow-wow in the times of peace. It is the place of the white man's summer sport to-day.

The head waters of the river lie near Lake Metis in one direction and the tributaries of the St. John in another, and for much of its length it flows through a dense wilderness as yet undesecrated by man. The country drained by it and its tributaries includes more than two thousand square miles in Quebec and New Brunswick, and is a land of mountains and valleys—the former rising grandly two thousand feet towards the clouds; the latter having forests, in which solitude and silence reign. In these regions there are lakes where the beaver has no one to molest nor make it afraid; there are gorges whose rocks have never echoed the report of a gun; there are miles upon miles which have never been explored, and where the creatures of the forest roam as freely as they did a hundred years ago. One can retire into the heart of New Brunswick and reach rivers which lead to all points, such as the Tobique and St. John, Nepisiguit, Miramichi, and others of lesser note, as well as the rivers which run to the St. Lawrence.

The estuary of the Restigouche is a beautiful sheet of water, more like a lake than the outlet of a river. It extends from Dalhousie to where the tide and the fresh water meet, eight miles below Metapedia, and in some places is three miles wide. Ascending the river, the first place of interest is the site of Petit Rochelle, three miles above Point Bourdo, destroyed by the British, under Captain Byron, in July, 1760. Byron, with a fleet of five vessels, attacked four French vessels which had run up the stream to this point. After five hours of fierce combat, two of the French frigates were sunk. The remaining two sought shelter under the stone battery at Indian Village, but in doing so one of them, Le Marquis de Marloize, went ashore, leaving Le Bien-faisant at fearful odds against the five vessels of the English. The captain

was ordered to haul down his flag, but instead of obeying, he went below, applied a light to the magazine and blew his vessel to atoms. Byron then went ashore with his men and burned the villages at Bourdo and Petit Rochelle, and only the ruins of what was then a place with a population of 300 families are to be seen at the present day. It is not many years since the remains of the hulls of the sunken frigates could be seen at the bottom of the river, and many interesting relics of the fight have, from time to time, been found and preserved.

Passing the mouth of the Metapediac, a distance of seven miles brings the voyageur to the mouth of the Upsalquitch, the "river that divides like a hand." Here is seen Squaditch, or the Squaw Cap, a mountain 2,000 feet in height, and if one cares to ascend to Upsalquitch Lake he will find another conical cap which rises to the height of 2,186 feet. Should he continue his journey beyond the lake, he will reach the head waters of the Nepisiguit, by which he can reach Baie des Chaleurs at Bathurst, or the head waters of the Tobique, by which he can descend the St. John to the Bay of Fundy.

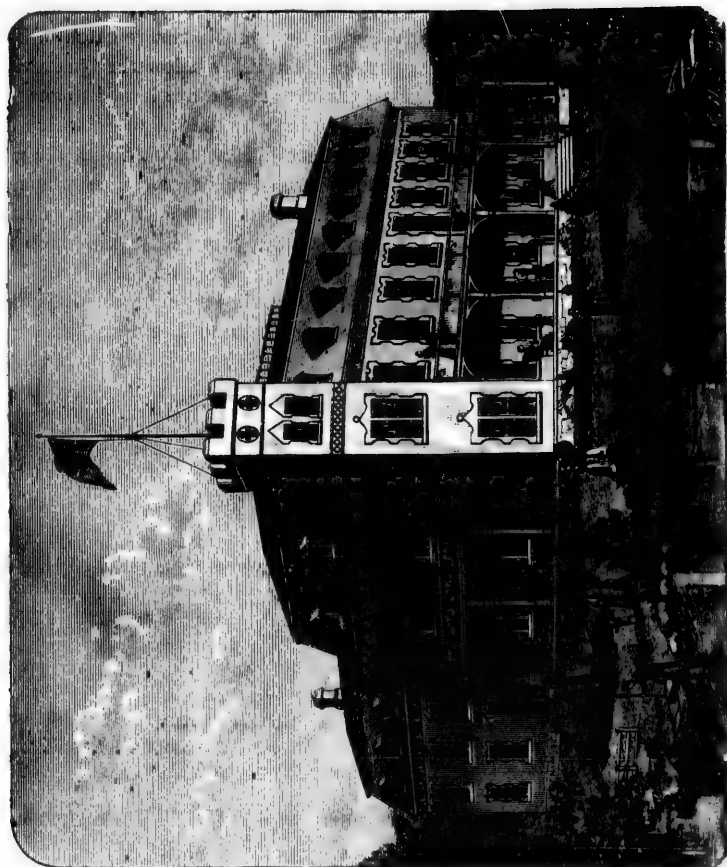
He will not do this until he has seen the Restigouche, and it may be that before he leaves the latter river he will choose himself a site for a summer habitation, or, possibly, a camping ground for a hunting lodge in the winter on its upper waters. At one place, known as Chain of Rocks, Mr. Andrews, of New York, had a very snug house a few years ago, and though it was afterwards swept away in a heavy freshet, it is probable that he felt well repaid for his trouble by the recollection of the fact that the river at this point had made him the proud captor of a fifty-pound salmon.

Another instance of a wealthy settler is that of a Southern gentleman who bought a farm which an industrious granger had cleared, about fifty miles from the mouth of the river. There was no salmon pool near at hand, but the purchaser made art assist nature, and constructed one by a judicious arrangement of the rocks in the water. The results fully justified his trouble.

About twenty-nine miles above the Upsalquitch is the Patapediac, by which the Metis and other rivers emptying into the Lower St. Lawrence may be reached. Then comes the Quatawamkedgwick, and a trip of about six miles up its waters will bring the angler to a spot famous for seven and eight pound sea trout. This river leads to the head waters of the Rimouski.

By following the Restigouche into the Wagansis, a portage of about three miles will bring one to the Grand River, a tributary of the St. John. The Temiscouata and Squatook Lakes may also be reached—indeed, the by-paths in the wilderness are innumerable, for streams run in all directions. All of any size are safe for canoe navigation, even with ladies in the party, and all abound with the finest of fish.

The Restigouche is not under lease above the Quatawamkedgwick, as its upper waters are not notably good for salmon fishing. Below that point, the main river and the streams running into it are in the hands of lessees, who pay rentals amounting to nearly \$8,000, while a few years ago the



INCH ARRAN HOUSE, DALHOUSIE, N. B.

amount was but a little over \$2,000. Under these circumstances, the waters are well protected, and some of the streams are not fished, being preserved that the Restigouche may reap the benefit. The Quatawamkedgwick is one of these, though the Restigouche Salmon Club pays \$1,000 a year for the right, and the salaries of two guardians each season. The New Brunswick portion of the Patapediac is held in the same way, but at a less cost. The Upsalquitch, held by an American gentleman, who pays \$570 a year and the salaries of two guardians for the privilege of an annual average catch of fifty salmon. The waters of the Restigouche for ten miles below the Quatawamkedgwick, except where riparian proprietors have rights, are leased to another American for \$1,280 per annum. It will be seen by these figures, which are given on the authority of Fishery Commissioner J. Henry Phair, that the gentlemen who frequent these waters for a few weeks each season, are prepared to pay for their sport. Take, for instance, the season of 1889, during which 1130 salmon, with an average weight of 22½ lbs., were killed on the main river. A statement furnished by J. Robinson, the manager of the Club, shows that the amount paid for rents, labor, provisions, etc., not including such incidentals as servants' wages, railway fares and express charges, amounted to \$29,162, or more than \$25 for every fish captured. Had they merely wanted salmon for the sake of eating them, they might have saved money by making their purchases at Faneuil Hall or Fulton Market.

It is quite evident that was not the idea, for the salmon caught in 1890 cost even more, the average being nearly \$37 each. The number killed was about 1480, and the expenses were \$54,614. Here are the items:

Expended for scowing	\$ 900
do canoeing	7,194
do provisions	4,700
Rents to Government	7,800
do private owners	2,070
Filling ice houses	250
Guardians	4,000
Interest on land purchases	3,200
Amount expended for purchasing riparian rights	21,000
Expended for new buildings and purchase of land	3,500
Total	\$54,614

DALHOUSIE.

One of the fairest spots on the line of the Intercolonial is found at the town of Dalhousie. Even when this place was not connected with the railroad it attracted large numbers of visitors, and now that it is so easy of access it is one of the most popular of summer resorts. Its location at the mouth of the Restigouche, where the glorious Baie des Chaleurs begins, would in any event make the site one of unusual beauty; but nature has done much for Dalhousie in giving it hills and heights which command a prospect of sea and land as far as the eye can reach. All varieties of scenery may here

be found, from the gently murmuring groves to the rugged rocks of most fantastic form which in places skirt the shore. The harbor, with a depth of more than ten fathoms, and in places from fifteen to twenty fathoms, is an excellent one for all purposes. Protected by a natural breakwater of islands, it is perfectly safe for all kinds of boating, and is large enough to afford an abundance of room for recreation. Beyond it are the broad river Restigouche and the Baie des Chaleurs. Fine beaches and water of moderate temperature tempt the bather. The sheltered position of the place gives it a freedom from raw winds, and fog, that terror of so many tourists, is never known around this shore. It is not only a spot where the strong and healthy may enjoy themselves, but it is one where the weak may become strong, and the invalid take a new lease of life.

Dalhousie has a special attraction for those who desire to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of a fashionable watering place. The Inch Arran House is to the Maritime Provinces what the St. Lawrence Hall, at Cacouna, is to the Province of Quebec—the leading sea-side hotel. It is beautifully situated, close to the shore, and has at its doors a long stretch of beach on which the most timid need not fear to experience the delights of salt water bathing. The hotel itself is admirably designed, and has accommodation for 300 people. Every sleeping apartment is of good size, well lighted, and so situated as to command a pleasant view of the Bay or the surrounding country. Were the house crowded to nearly its full capacity no reasonable man would be found to complain that he had arrived too late to get a good room. About 200 persons can be comfortably seated around the tables in the dining hall at one time, and should the weather be unpleasant, they can take their after-dinner promenade on the unusually broad piazza, which extends around the main building to the length of a fifth of a mile.

The view from the Inch Arran is such as to charm every lover of the beautiful. To the north the bay at the mouth of the Restigouche is only about six miles wide, so that Point Maguasha and the hills on the Gaspé side are seen to the best advantage. Nearer at hand, the varying shades of the summer foliage are seen in striking contrast with the bright red rock which here and there stands out in bold relief upon the hillside. To the southward and westward La Baie des Chaleurs widens to the magnificent proportions which entitle it to the name of a sea, while as far as the eye can reach along its southern shore are seen the white houses and the tapering spires of the distant villages.

The visitor to Dalhousie need never lack for recreation, apart from the sailing, bathing and fishing. There are good roads, and they are never muddy. They dry quickly after the heaviest rains, and it is always a pleasure to drive over them. They lead to many pleasant places, and one of these is Mount Dalhousie, two miles from the Inch Arran. The road to it has not been kept in as good repair as it should be, because it has not been much used, but in the future it is likely to have the attention it deserves. From this

mountain there is a fine view of the country, but notably attractive is that which embraces Campbellton and the Restigouche River.

Boats and boatmen can be had at the beach at all times, and excursions may be made to various parts of the bay at a moderate cost. The favorite trips are to Carleton and Maguasha, on the Gaspé side, and Eel River and Charlo, on the New Brunswick shore. Should one wish to see all the Gaspé coast, as far as Percé, 140 miles, a staunch steamer leaves Dalhousie twice a week, and \$3.50 will cover the cost of the passage. There is much to be seen and enjoyed on the trip.

Dalhousie beach, in the vicinity of the hotel, gives opportunities for many pleasant strolls. Some curious rocks are to be seen along the shore, and among them is a natural stone archway. Further on, a little research may be rewarded by the finding of good specimens of fossil remains. About a mile from the hotel is an interesting relic of the French occupancy, in the form of a house of unpretentious exterior, having an interior finish of carved mahogany, the work of Parisian artists.

The town of Dalhousie has a number of hotels, and some of them have long enjoyed an excellent reputation with the general public. Some of the most genial souls on the North Shore—and that is saying a great deal—are to be found within a radius of a mile or so from the court house of this the shire-town of the country. It is a busy town, also, shipping not only large quantities of the lumber manufactured by its mills, but a good deal of that which is the product of the mills of Campbellton. Ships carrying the flags of all commercial nations lie at its wharves, and the captains who get acquainted with the men who are worth knowing always take leave with the hope of an early return.

ALONG THE GASPE SHORE.

The steamer that leaves Dalhousie twice a week for Percé, calls at all the places of interest on the Gaspé coast. Among these are Carleton, New Richmond, New Carlisle, Paspébiac and Port Daniel, and such famous fishing rivers as the Cascapédia, Bonaventure, Escuminac and Nouvelle, Little Pabos and others. Of these, the most famous is the Cascapédia, the river of the Governor General of Canada. Salmon weighing within a few ounces of fifty two pounds are not at all uncommon. Let it not be thought, however, the record of big fish has been beaten here, for a sixty-three pound salmon was once found in the nets at the mouth of the Restigouche. To take a fifty pounder with a fly, even on the Cascapédia, may well be considered a feat of no mean merit.

The Bonaventure is another beautiful stream. A score of years or so ago W. H. Thorne, of St. John, N. B., had a lease of it for \$20 per annum. He now pays \$1,250, which with other expenses, make the total cost about \$2,000 each year. The salmon have an average weight of eighteen pounds. A record of what is called a nice day's fishing is that of five and a half hours,

part in the morning and part in the afternoon, during which two men landed fifteen salmon with an average weight of twenty-two pounds each. They could have killed many more, had mere killing been the object, as it was not. As many as sixty-three good sized fish have been counted lying lazily in a pool on an August day, when the water was low and warm, and when they not only refused to rise but scarcely deigned to move when stirred up with the end of a rod. They were not hungry.

By the way, does anybody know whether a salmon ever does get hungry in fresh water, or whether it merely rises to the fly "for the fun of the thing," just as an otter makes a slide where there is a sloping river bank covered with snow? It has been asserted by many that the royal fish finds its food in the ocean and keeps a long fast from the time it ascends the rivers until it returns to the sea. It is said that smelt have been found in the stomachs of some caught in Nova Scotia rivers, but old New Brunswick fishermen declare that they have never been able to find a trace of food in the hundreds they have opened.

The Nouvelle and Escuminac rivers are famous for the size and quality of their sea trout, which will average from four to six pounds each. They are very abundant and easily caught. The bait which appears to have a particular fascination for them is a stuffed mouse. Some good fishermen have been in the habit of skinning field mice and filling the skins with cork cut to the proper shape. Mice are not hard to find in this vicinity, and the best quality of corks are to be had, at times, by following in the path of the last fishing party.

The sea trout is not fastidious, however. Unlike his near relative, *Salmo Salar*, he has an enormous appetite when in the rivers, and will gorge himself whenever the opportunity offers. At certain times almost anything, even a bit of red flannel, will serve as well as the most artistic fly. One trout caught in the Metapediac had the remains of eleven mice in its stomach, and judging from the avidity with which it took the bait, would have been able to dispose of several more. An instance of the Oliver-Twistian appetite of this species of fish is told by a St. John man who is not in the habit of carrying a cork-screw, and is very reliable in other ways. He went up the Jacquet river, but finding it full of logs and the water in bad condition, had no hope of securing any fish. Finding an old inhabitant using smelt for bait, he resorted to the same expedient, fastening the bait to the hook after the fashion of the natives. He had great luck, and among his trophies was one big sea trout which had swallowed so many smelt that its stomach could hold no more, for while the head of the last one was down as far as the accumulated mass would allow it the tail was sticking out of the trout's mouth. And yet it was "asking for more" when it encountered the hook.

Gapeche, as the Indians termed Gaspé, means "land's end," and when one is told that a few hours sail will take him to the Island of Anticosti, he does not wonder at the name. Nature's architecture, as shown at Percé, the

pierced rock, will well repay his inspection, and if he have a taste for legends and traditions, there is much that will reward him for his time and trouble. The Indians, with their keen sense of the sublime, peopled this land with spirits, good and evil, while still more weird stories come down to us from the French regime. There are phantoms, they say, at Cap d'Espoir, which justify the English corruption of the word to its antithesis of Cape Despair, and "le genie de l'île Percé," the misty form of a female with arms outstretched as if in appeal, has been seen, so they tell, in the height of the raging storm. Somewhere in this vicinity is Devil's Land, where it is narrated that Roberval abandoned his niece, Marguerite, in 1542, in company with her lover and an old Norman duenna. When the two latter died, Marguerite was the lone occupant of the dreary coast, continually contending with devils which appeared to her in the forms of bears.

LA BAIE DES CHALEURS.

La Baie des Chaleurs is one of the most beautiful havens in America. Ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five wide, there cannot be found in its waters either rock or other hindrance to the safe passage of the largest of ships. Jacques Cartier gave the bay its present name to commemorate the grateful warmth which he there felt after coming from the cold shores of Newfoundland. The Indians called it Ecketuan Nemaachi, or Sea of Fish, a name far more appropriate, though less musical, than that which it now bears, for in this genial climate, with its breezes from the sea, the weather is never hot, as Americans understand heat. Cartier, however, may be pardoned for his enthusiasm, for he had happened to touch at a particularly bad part of the north coast of Newfoundland, where he "found not a cartload of good earth," and the mainland seemed to him like a vision of Paradise. "The countrey is hotter than the countrey of Spaine," he recorded, "and the fairest that can possibly be found, altogether smooth and level. There is no place, be it never so little, but hath some trees (yea, albeit it be sandie), or else is full of wilde corne, that hath an ear like unto rie: the corne is like oates, and small peason as thicke as if they had been sowed and plowed, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, white and red roses, with many other floures of sweet and pleasant smell. There be also many good meadows full of grasse, and lakes wherein great plentie of salmon be. * * * We named it the Bay of Heat."

It is but justice to Captain Cartier to state that the spelling is not his, but that of the translator, as shown in the records of Hakluyt.

For many miles the Intercolonial Railway runs close to the shore, and few fairer sights are to be seen than the broad and beautiful expanse of water, with its numerous little inlets on the New Brunswick side and the lofty and imposing mountains rising grandly on the shore of Quebec. For miles, too, the land is settled, and the green fields of well-tilled farms add another charm to the scene. Of a summer day, with a gentle breeze rippling the smooth sur-

face of the water, the yachtsman feels that he has at last found the object of his dream. There is no finer yachting bay on the North Atlantic coast.

The waters of the bay abound with net fish, and there is also a fine chance for line fishing. Catching mackerel is a favorite recreation, the season lasting from early in July until the last of September or later. The fishers go out in small boats and use lines from ten to twenty feet in length. Fine-chopped herring are thrown overboard to attract a "school," and soon one has work enough to tend his lines and haul in the mackerel as fast as caught. Where two lines are used it is lively sport, and a hundred an hour is a common catch. The Gulf of St. Lawrence mackerel are large in size and are usually in splendid condition. There is another kind of mackerel fishing—that for the huge and oily horse-mackerel, or tunny, which is sometimes a dozen feet long, and has been known to attain the weight of half a ton. The specimens caught here are usually smaller than this and not hard to manage. A heavy chain and hook are used, the water is "baited," and when a big fish takes the hook all there is to be done is to haul in the chain and keep his head above water until he can be speared in a vital part. It is "as easy as rolling off a log"—after you get in the way of it.

All the rivers which flow into the bay are good fishing streams. Sea trout are found in the estuaries, and brook trout in the streams above. While not so large as those found in the streams further north, they are of good size and excellent flavor. The sea trout will average four and five pounds; the others run all the way from half a pound to four pounds.

The Charlo is a fine river for this kind of angling, and it is at its best after the middle of August, though there is good fishing at any time from the first of July to the middle of September. The best brook trout are found on the South Branch, above the falls, the latter being three miles from the railway, and the fishing is good from there for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles back. A basketful, containing from 150 to 200, averaging about ten to the pound, is not an unusual record of a day's fishing by one man. Sea trout are caught anywhere in the three miles between Henderson's bridge and the bay, and some famous catches have been made. On the day before the writer's last visit there, in the season of 1890, one man landed eighty, which made as much of a load as he wanted to carry. The lot weighed about forty pounds, and it was necessary to carry some of them on a stick, as there was no room for them in the basket. On another occasion the same man filled a big tin bread pan with the results of a day's fishing. Good sport is also to be had at the lakes, a few miles from the village.

Another well known stream, both for salmon and trout, is Jacquet River, about fifteen miles below Charlo. The scenery on it is wild and striking, the waters running between precipitous rocks, roaring in cascades and foaming amid the boulders in the rapids. Guides are to be had at the village. If one wishes to be unattended, he can go up by a good portage road, and will find excellent fishing as he travels. He is sure to have it at Sunnyside, eight miles

from the station, or at the Pot Hole and Kettle Hole, four miles higher up. The best plan is to fish all along between the two places, and one is sure to have good luck. Another choice spot is at the first falls, twenty miles from the station. Belledune Lake, six miles from the station, in another direction, also has a good name for gamey trout, running from a half to two pounds in weight.

The shooting along the bay and in the woods further inland is of the same fine character as that mentioned in connection with the Restigouche—ducks and geese near the water, and bear, caribou, moose, etc., in the forest.

A view of the Baie des Chaleurs, from the New Brunswick shore, is at all times pleasing, but never does it impress the mind more than in the silence of a calm, clear night in summer or autumn, when the moon gives a silvery softness to everything on land and sea. At Charlo, for instance, where the opposite shore is not so far away as to be obscure, the sight is one to inspire the most prosaic soul. Not the least striking object in the scope of vision is Tracadieguash Mountain, nearly 2,000 feet high, which, though ten miles distant across the water, seems in the clear air of this climate as if it were but a league away.

The bay has its legends, and there are tales that the old people are loath to tell, lest they be assailed with the ridicule of this scoffing and materialistic age. There is yet one uncanny thing which relies not on legend for its fame, but asserts itself by appearing from time to time to mortal eyes. It is the phantom light of Le Baie des Chaleurs.

For the last hundred years, at least, or as far as the English residents have had the story orally transmitted from their grandfathers, this light has been seen in various parts of the bay from above Jacquet River as far down as Caraquet, and its advent has been accepted as the presage of storm and tempest. Nobody knows what it is, for it has never approached within less than a mile or two from shore, and it has disappeared from the view of the few bold sceptics who have sought to reach it by the aid of boats. Sometimes it has the semblance of a burning vessel, many miles away. More frequently it looks like a ball of fire, apparently close at hand. Now and then it darts like a meteor, and again glides along with a slow and dignified motion. Occasionally it mounts rapidly in the air, sails away and descends on a distant part of the bay. It is altogether mysterious and eccentric. One may watch for months and fail to get a glimpse of it, but many reliable persons have seen it time after time. It is usually followed by a storm, and the most singular part of the story is that it has appeared above the ice in the depth of winter. There is, of course, a tradition, and it is to the effect that just before the light appeared for the first time, a part of the crew of a wrecked vessel were murdered by their companions, who appropriated all the plunder they could get. The piratical sailors were subsequently lost during a storm, and immediately after the event the light began its vagrant existence. It is one of the strange things that come in with the tide.

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THE BEAUTIFUL FALLS OF WIAGO BAN ON THE VIDA RIVER. NEAR BADDECK, C.B

BATHURST AND THE NEPISIGUIT.

The early settlement of what is now Bathurst dates back to the first half of the seventeenth century, when the French were masters of the land. As early as 1645 the Jesuits had a station at the mouth of the Nepisiguit, and two years later they built a chapel near the site of the present town. The first Englishman to make the place his home was Hugh Sutherland, who came in 1789, and the Sutherland name, as well as the manor, may be found there to this day. The settlement was originally known as Indian Point, and the harbor as St. Peter's Bay, but when Governor Sir Howard Douglas designed the plot of the town, he gave it the name of Bathurst. It is well laid out, and was duly founded in 1828, when Sir Howard visited it for that purpose, and drank all the wine in the place. In those days there was no Intercolonial, and no chance to procure supplies at short notice. The announcement of the proposed official visit filled the public with dismay—there was but one bottle of that which maketh glad the heart to be had for love or money. The reception committee was equal to the occasion. When the banquet was spread, the wine was placed before Sir Howard, while the natives drank the toasts in water so ingeniously colored that His Excellency never suspected the pious fraud. It is but simple justice to add that such a dearth of refreshment has never been known in the recollection of the generation of to-day.

The streets of Bathurst intersect each other at right angles; they are well graded, roomy and shaded by numerous trees. The soil is so sandy that mud is never seen, and altogether the town is a very agreeable place for both residents and visitors. There are numerous pleasant drives. One is to the Tête-à-gauche, or Fairy River, the falls of which are about seven miles from the town, and flow through a rocky gorge. Another drive is up the Nepisiguit to the Pabineau Falls, a distance of seven miles, taking in the Rough Waters on the return. At the latter place the river has a very rapid run for about a mile, roaring amid huge granite boulders, fragments of the prehistoric rock over which the sea flowed in the centuries of the unrecorded ages. It is from this place that the Nepisiguit takes its name, the Indian word Nepiguit, or possibly Winkepiguit, meaning rough or troubled waters. There are numerous other drives and walks in the vicinity of the town, and good bathing may be had at the Point, three miles from the station, where there is a fine sandy beach. Boating is had in the harbor and around the bay. Mackerel and smelts are fished for with good success, with lines. Some of the smelts measure a foot in length.

This is a great country for salmon and trout. The former are taken on the Nepisiguit as far up as the Grand Falls. One of the favorite places for them is at the Rough Waters, but good pools are found all along the river. In former years a man has gone from Bathurst to Grand Falls, fishing up, and returned the next day, fishing down, and brought home thirty salmon, weighing thirty-five pounds each and under. The Grand Falls are, of them-

selves, well worth seeing. They pour over the rocky height in two pitches, with a total descent of 105 feet. The Pabineau Falls are more in the nature of a series of rapids.

The Nepisiguit is about eighty-four miles long, to the head of Upper Lake. At the Devil's Elbow, about half-way up the river, is a famous trout pool, and there are other spots where the angler is well rewarded for his trouble. At the head waters are five lakes, around which may be found, at times, an abundance of duck and geese. From these lakes one can portage to the Upsalquitch, and thence to the Restigouche, to the Tobique, and down to the St. John, and to the Northwest Miramichi and thence to Newcastle. The country is wild enough in the interior, and abounds in lakes and streams not laid down on any of the maps. These forests are peopled with all kinds of game.

Trout fishing with bait commences about the 10th of May, and large quantities of sea trout, weighing from half a pound to six pounds, are taken in the harbor. About the last of June, or first of July, the rivers begin to get good and continues so until the middle of September. During the summer a red, or brown, or small grey fly brings good success, and in the fall, when the fish take bait readily, one who prefers a fly would do well to take a white one with a good deal of tinsel. All the rivers and lakes have trout. A man can cast a line anywhere and something will rise to it.

A country which has hitherto been little known to the tourist is now opened up by the Caraquet railway. This road runs from Gloucester, five miles east of Bathurst, to Shippegan, a distance of sixty miles. Its course is along the shore of the Baie des Chaleurs, and the journey is a most attractive one to the lover of nature. Along the route are the villages of Salmon Beach, Clifton, New Bandon, Grand Anse and Caraquet. The latter, an old and quaint Acadian settlement, will be found worthy of the study of the stranger. Good shooting and fishing are found all along the line.

A fine country for sport lies between Bathurst and Newcastle. The Tabusintac River, about half-way, is one of the best sea trout rivers in America. The fish stories told of it are perfectly astounding to a stranger. The trout are said to be as large as mackerel and so plenty that the fishing of them is like being among a mackerel "school." This may be taken with a little allowance, but there is no doubt that the river is an unusually fine one for sport. A horse and canoe are useful on the journey. The Tracadie River has also a splendid reputation. There are several other trout streams in the district, but this one is most worthy of mention.

Caribou! Yes, the caribou plains extend from the Northwest Miramichi to the sea coast; and as to bears, the Bartibogue regions points proudly to the record of bounties paid on the bruins slain in its midst. Partridges are plenty in every part of this country, and fly across the path of the traveller on every highway.

MIRAMICHI.

A Canadian writer, John Talon-Lesperance, has said that when the first Bishop of Quebec, Francis Laval, stood upon the steps of the high altar of the cathedral of the Ancient Capital "he could wave his crosier over a whole continent, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Red River of the north to the waters of Chesapeake Bay." The church had brought the symbol of the cross to lift it up in the wilderness and waste places, yet before the first evangelist had set foot on the western world the cross was known and revered by the savages of the Miramichi—the River of the Cross.

From a translation by S. W. Katz, of an extract from a rare book, by Monseigneur Jean St. Valier, second bishop of Quebec, published in Paris in 1688, it is learned that the Indians of this river knew the symbol of Christianity without comprehending its meaning. They had a tradition that in a time of famine, long before their day, a vision of the cross, by a reliance on which their deliverance would be wrought in all times of trouble, had been seen by one of their old men. He put his trust in it, and his faith became that of the whole tribe. Every canoe carried a wooden cross in the bow, and a similar sacred symbol was worn by the people and buried with them in their graves. Thus it was that the Miramichi was called the River of the Cross, whatever the Indian words were, and that the name it bears to-day not only does not mean "happy retreat," as most people think, but it is no more an Indian word than it is Latin or Greek. Neither the red man nor the students of their dialects recognize it. In the first edition of this guide, in 1882, the writer was of opinion that the name was a corruption of Miggumaghee—Micmac Land—a word which he had found in the writings of Rev. Eugene Vetroville, but since then the investigations of Prof. W. F. Ganong show that the original word was something that sounded like "Micheomai," though no really satisfactory conclusion can be reached.

There was a time when one man, Denis de Fronsac, owned the whole of this part of the country, and yet felt himself less important than does many a bank clerk to-day. Land in those times was of value to a proprietor only when it was already cleared and convenient to the shore. If Denis had been obliged to pay taxes on the 2,000 square miles granted to him in 1690, he would have had to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Since then the value of real estate has increased, and men have made fortunes on bits of land that Denis would have given to have his flask filled when he ran out of supplies on a fishing trip. In these later days the name and the fame of Miramichi have extended over the civilized world. Ships of every nation carry its lumber and its fish to distant lands, and before the days when Chicago, Boston, and St. John, astonished mankind with their pyrotechnics, it stood pre-eminent as the scene of the biggest fire on record.

The traveller is at Miramichi when he stops at Newcastle, a town fair to

look upon as it slopes gently to the waters of the great river, which here broadens into an arm of the sea as it meets the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Saw mills in every direction tell of the extent of the lumber industry, and at the proper season will be seen substantial indications of the wholesale export of fish. Trade of other kinds is brisk, and there is a general air of prosperity. Six miles below, by the river, is Chatham, a compact and busy place, which may be reached by an enjoyable trip on the steamer which plies between the two towns. It is the seat of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham Diocese, and has numerous fine buildings, both public and private. The Chatham Branch Railway, nine miles in length, connects the town with the Intercolonial, and excursions are made by steamer from Chatham to Bay du Vin, a distance of 25 miles, the round trip costing the moderate sum of fifty cents.

The country in the vicinity of Chatham and Newcastle is well settled, and there are many opportunities for drives in which the stranger will find much to admire. Miramichi is a pretty place and has always been praised by its visitors. Jacques Cartier came all the way from France to have a look at it in 1535, and gave it a first-class notice in the guide book to Canada which he subsequently wrote. Every other guide-book man has done the same, and every one has told the truth. It is a stirring, wide-awake country, and its people have a right to feel proud of it and to praise it.

Three and a half centuries have passed since Jacques Cartier stepped on the continent of America, at the mouth of this river. He had, indeed, stopped at Newfoundland, but happened to find a very bad part of its coast. "I believe it to be the land that God allotted to Cain," he wrote, and so he sailed westward until he reached what is now known as Point Escuminiac. He was delighted with the forests, soil and climate, but had he sailed up the river he would have found even more to excite his admiration and evoke his praise. The county of Northumberland, with an area of 2,756,000 acres, is not only the largest in New Brunswick, but it is one of the fairest and most flourishing. Its people are among the most enterprising and hospitable in the Lower Provinces and they are a busy people as well, for as many as eighty square-rigged vessels have been seen in the port of Chatham at one time, loading for foreign markets. The Canada Eastern Railway connects Chatham and Newcastle with Fredericton, the capital of the province. Its route is through the rich and beautiful Miramichi Valley, a distance of 110 miles, and the road must materially advance the interests of this already flourishing county. Another railway is a branch of the Intercolonial which runs to Indian Brook, about fourteen miles from Newcastle.

The sportsmen in search of wild fowl will find one of the best localities in the county at Point Escuminiac, which rivals even the famed Point Miscou as a resort of ducks and geese. Then, too, those who are not sportsmen may find much to interest them at various points along the river. If they have read Canadian history, they will remember that the ship which carried General

Wolfe's body from Quebec to England put in at Miramichi for fresh water. Six men were sent ashore at Henderson's Cove, where Gilmour & Rankin's mill was afterwards built, and were murdered by Indians. The captain, supposing that the French had committed the deed, proceeded to silence the battery at French Fort Cove, then went to Canadian Point, destroyed it and killed most of the people, and on his way down river stopped long enough to burn the church at what has ever since been known as Burnt Church Point. He appears to have been a man of considerable energy, but it was an awful mistake and exceedingly rough on the Acadians.

These unfortunate people must have thought that their lines were cast in very unpleasant places in those times. They had been struggling against famine and pestilence, which had carried off more than eight hundred of them during the previous winter, and if the traveller goes up the river to Beaubair's Point, he will find where most of them were buried. They were still suffering from hunger and disease when fire and the sword came among them.

The Miramichi River is seven miles wide at the mouth and 225 miles long, its head-waters lying in Carleton and Victoria counties, within easy reach of the St. John and its tributaries. The Northwest Branch begins near the head-waters of the Nepisiguit, and the two branches unite at Beaubair Island, a short distance above Newcastle. Both are fed by numerous large streams, and the river drains over 6,000 square miles of country, an area equal to about a quarter of the province. It is navigable for large vessels for forty-six miles from the mouth, and for canoes for many hundred miles. The vast country which it drains has never been thoroughly explored; even the ubiquitous lumberman has but a partial knowledge of it; and it will readily be seen that its resources for the hunter are practically without limit. Moose, caribou, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, racoons, loop-creviers, and all the smaller animals range these forests, while fish leap from every lake and stream. By this great natural highway, and its connections, one may reach every section of the province where a hunter wishes to go. No pent-up shooting park contracts his powers; it is for himself to name the extent of his journey.

One whose time is limited does not need to wander far from Chatham or Newcastle in order to find abundant sport. As for fishing, he is in a fish country, from which the annual exports of salmon, smelts, bass, etc., are something incredible. Rod fishing may be had in every direction, and some of the lakes have never been fully explored. Whenever there is a high bank on one side and a low beach on the other, will be found a pool to which salmon are sure to resort. The Ox Bow, on the Little South West, a mile above Red Bank, is a favorite spot for fishers. The main North West is a particular good river; one of the noted places on it is the Big Hole, five or six miles above the Head of the Tide. There salmon or grilse can be caught at almost all times, but are particularly abundant immediately after a rain. The Big and Little Sevogles, which empty into the river just named, have a good reputation. The former is a very pretty river with a fine water-fall, in

the basin beneath which is excellent fishing at certain seasons. Immediately below is the Square Forks, where the north and south branches meet, a place with scenery of rather striking nature. The Miramichi salmon is not large, ten pounds being a fair average, but its flavor is very fine. Grilse average about five or six pounds. They are very gamey, and afford splendid sport. The run of salmon in these rivers in 1890 was greater than for many previous years. An instance of this is the fact that ninety-five salmon and 177 grilse were killed in the waters of Hon. Michael Adams, on the North West.

Trout fishing is had in all the rivers, brooks and lakes. The Tabusintac has already been mentioned. The sea trout in it and in the Tracadie are very large. On both rivers there is good fishing for many miles from the mouth. Early in June, when the water of the Miramichi is low, fine sea trout are caught as far up as Indiantown. As for flies, the "Jock Scott" is considered good for all purposes. The "Silver Doctor" is another favorite, while for spring fishing a red body with white wings is found to have "a very taking way."

During the summer, mackerel and codfish are taken with the hook in the Miramichi Bay, and in the summer there is also good bass fishing inside the Horse Shoe Bar, at the mouth of the river. The winter fishing for bass, with bow nets, is followed on the North West River, and fish as large as twenty pounds are taken. The winter smelt fishing has also grown to a great industry. Smelt take the hook as well, and are fished for in the fall and winter with jiggers, four hooks being used.

Partridge are very plenty. Plover and snipe are also found in the fall, and a few, but not many, English woodcock. The great fall and spring sport is the shooting of geese, brant and ducks of all kinds. They are found at Tabusintac Gully, mouth of Tabusintac, Neguac Gully, Black Lands Point and Grand Anse, on the north of the river, and Baie du Vin, Fox Island, Point Escuminac, and other places on the south side.

THE GREAT FIRE.

"All it required to complete a picture of the General Judgment was the blast of a trumpet, the voice of the archangel and the resurrection of the dead." In these words the local historian, Cooney, gives his impression of the fire which swept over Miramichi, in the year 1825. In the three score and odd years which have passed since then, nearly all the traces of that great calamity have been effaced, and probably all of those who were of an age to realize the terrible grandeur of the scene have passed away beyond recall.

It was the good fortune of the writer, several years ago, to hear from the lips of some of the aged survivors the story of that dreadful day, and to write the facts as they told them. The pictures which their minds retained were thrilling in the extreme; the reality must have been appalling in its horrors.

They remembered the Miramichi of their youth as a country rich in

resources, with a large and rapidly increasing timber trade. Newcastle had then a population of about 1,000 while probably a third of that number were settled at Douglastown, a few miles below. The vast region through which the river and its tributaries flowed contained a wealth of magnificent timber, of such a character that it would be difficult for one to calculate its value if it were available at the present day. An idea of its size has been gained from the remains of the immense stumps of charred pine unearthed from time to time during the building of the railway, the like of which cannot be found in what is even now a wonderful lumber country.

The summer of 1825 was a prosperous one, and hundreds of men in the woods and settlements looked forward to still more extended operations in the winter. The autumn came with even more than the usual splendor which attends it in this northern land. The sky was unclouded for weeks. Not a drop of rain fell over the vast range of country, and the forest cracked with unwonted dryness, while the grass withered and the flower faded. The little rivulets ceased to flow, and the great river shrank far from its accustomed bounds. The ground was parched as in midsummer drouth, while the air was close and a sultry heat oppressed the senses. October came, and as the days of its first week passed the air grew more stifling and the heat more oppressive, though the sun was less bright than it had been and shone like a disc of copper through a faint smoke which seemed to come from a distant region. Some said that the woods were afire far to the north and west, but for this the dwellers on the Miramichi cared little. The axe rang in the depths of the forest, the harvest was gathered in the settlements, and trade flourished in the growing town of Newcastle.

On Friday, the 7th of October, the townspeople observed a dark cloud above the woods on the North-West Branch, but no apprehension was felt. So little thought was given to any danger by fire that some believed that which was smoke to be a rain-cloud, and they rejoiced at the prospect of the refreshing showers by which it would be followed. The twilight of that day was followed by a darkness so deep that those who were abroad in the town had to grope their way along the roads. A colored man, named Preston, was preaching in one of the houses, and a number of people had gathered to hear him. During the service they were disturbed by the loud beating of a drum outside. They supposed it was in derision of the preacher, and gave it little thought. That drum was beaten by William Wright, who had come from the lumber woods, and knowing that a great fire was sweeping over the country, thus sought to warn the people of its approach. Few heeded the warning.

The sermon was finished, and those who had comprised the congregation started for their homes. The night was still very dark, for as yet no light from the fire was visible in Newcastle, save the outline of a lurid and seemingly distant zone, which gave the people no intimation of present danger. The air was full of smoke, the wind had increased to a gale, and borne upon it was a hoarse roar, like distant thunder. Suddenly a bright light pierced the dark-

ness, and a moment later a sheet of flame flashed from the woods at the top of the hill. Near this place was the new Presbyterian church, the corner stone of which had been laid by Sir Howard Douglas, a few months before. It was the first building to take fire, and it vanished almost in an instant. The wind had increased to a hurricane, and the burning brands were carried over the town, spreading destruction in their path. There was no longer darkness, and in the awful light the terrified people were seen hurrying for their lives and knowing not where to look for safety. It was not strange that many of them believed the Day of Judgment was at hand, and, panic-stricken, ceased their struggles, to implore mercy from Heaven.

On what is now the public square stood the court house and jail. The court had that day finished its assize, and several prisoners had been sentenced. Two or three had been condemned to death, and one of them was a negro woman who had murdered her child. When the fire burst upon Newcastle, the prisoners saw their danger, and a fearful shout, a wail of supplication mingled with the agony of despair, came from the windows of the prison. Some men who were on the street paused long enough in their flight to burst open the outer door, but by the time the prisoners were at liberty a sea of flame and smoke surrounded them. The woman ran out, but scarcely had she cleared the portal when she fell to the earth and yielded up her life to the flames by which she was surrounded. The scene at this awful hour defies description. Half naked men and women, shouting and shrieking, were fleeing for their lives, some seeking only their own safety and others striving to rescue those who were helpless by reason of childhood, age or infirmity. The greater portion fled to a marsh west of the town, and among them were several suffering from typhoid fever and small-pox. Few of the fugitives attempted to save any of their worldly goods. Even the money in the tills was left untouched, and one man fled from his house without stopping to take one of a thousand silver dollars which it had required years for him to accumulate. One man has told the writer that he would have left a peck of doubloons undisturbed, so certain was he that the end of the world had come. Others, less excited, threw their money and valuables in the river, and then sought safety for themselves. Some tried to escape by crossing the Miramichi on sticks of timber, but as the river was like an angry sea, many met a death in its waters. An entire family, consisting of husband, wife and several children, were among those drowned. In another instance, at Bartibogue, one girl was the survivor of a family of nine who perished in the flames.

The fury of the fire made its duration brief after its further progress was checked by the broad river. In three hours Newcastle and the settlements in the vicinity were in ashes. Only one or two buildings in the town escaped, and one of these, the Leyden House, is still standing. At Douglastown the only house spared was that in which lay a corpse awaiting burial.

Those who were in the woods have told how they owed their escape to their taking refuge in the river and plunging their heads beneath the water

from minute to minute during that terrible night. All around them, in some instances, were alike the fiercest and most timid beasts of the forest, harmless and trembling in their terror of a common danger. Even the water was but a partial refuge, for so hot was it in the shallow places that myriads of fish were literally cooked to death.

Briefly stated, the Miramichi fire was one of the greatest of which the world has any record. It swept over the country, from the head waters of the river, in a sheet of flame one hundred miles broad, and burned all before it in an area of more than four thousand square miles, four hundred miles of which was settled country. It will never be known how many lives were lost. Cooney says there were one hundred and sixty, but as many who perished in the woods were strangers without kindred to trace their disappearance, the estimate is undoubtedly a low one. Whole families were destroyed, and hundreds made homeless and destitute, though abundant relief came to them later, not only from the British possessions but the United States. Apart from the incalculable loss in the forests, the fire destroyed about a million dollars' worth of property, including six hundred houses and nearly nine hundred head of cattle. The light of it was seen as far as the Magdalen Islands, and its cinders were scattered over the streets of Halifax. In the fury of the hurricane huge tree tops and burning roofs were whirled high in the air, and as they descended were believed by those at a distance to be balls of fire rained from the heavens in token of the Almighty's wrath. No element of horror which the mind could conceive was wanting in that fearful scene.

MIRAMICHI TO MONCTON.

After leaving Newcastle, the Miramichi Railway bridges are crossed. Every one admires their beauty, and no one is surprised when told that the cost of this part of the road was in the neighborhood of a million dollars. This represents a vast amount of work, much of which is hidden under the water. Each of the bridges is 1,200 feet in length, and they are models of strength combined with beauty.

From Miramichi until Moncton is reached the railway passes through a country which has no particular attractions for the eye. It is so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen, and the traveller is apt to gain a poor idea of the country. There is, however, a fine farming and fishing district all along the coast, and some large rivers, of which only the head waters are crossed. The Richibucto is one of these, and the town of the same name, reached by a branch railway from Kent Junction, has much to recommend it as a summer resort. The bathing and boating privileges are unlimited, and the scenery is never marred by the presence of fog. The village of St. Louis, seven miles distant, is noted as a resort for the sick and infirm, who seek the healing waters of a grotto in the nature of the famed one of Our Lady of Lourdes, and return to their homes with their afflictions banished.

The vicinity of Richibucto affords many other walks and drives of interest, while all kinds of game invite the sportsman, and fine fishing is found on the river and in the harbor.

MONCTON.

Moncton is a city, and a live one. It has 10,000 inhabitants at the time of writing, and possibly by the time the public read this there will be a thousand or two more. When the Intercolonial first issued a guide book, fifteen years ago, the man who wrote it thought he would tickle the vanity of the residents by putting the figures at 5,000, even if he had to include Lutz Mountain, Lewisville and Fox Creek in order to satisfy his conscience. The people were amazingly pleased, and whispered to each other that it was "just as well to say so, anyhow; it will give strangers a better impression." Three or four years ago the population puffer talked about 7,000, but had to admit that Moncton was only a town. Now, he impresses upon strangers the fact that it is a city, and that 9,999 is a hundred or two less than the number of the inhabitants thereof.

Moncton is a railway centre, the heart of the Intercolonial, from which the busy operations of the system are controlled. There is a railway odor in the air, bells ring and whistles blow at all hours of the day and night, and railway men are found at every turn. The general offices and workshops employ a small army, and as this army is paid in cash it is very popular with all classes of society. All important events are calculated from their relation to pay day, and the night following it is to Moncton what the Saturday night before Christmas is to less favored places. It is the storekeeper's harvest—everybody's harvest—and it comes no less than twelve times a year.

There was a time when Moncton was not much of a place, and had not even a name worth mentioning. It was called The Bend, not from any characteristic of its own, but because the river course hereabouts was of a design similar to a dog's hind leg. In those days the railway was scarcely more than a vision and a dream, but in the last decade or so a mighty change has been wrought. The city is still growing, and its growth is both a rapid and healthy one.

The railway has done a good deal for Moncton, and Moncton has done a good deal for itself. The people are enterprising as well as enthusiastic, and have not only a courage in the present but an unbounded faith for the future. They have a sugar refinery, a cotton factory and many other industries of importance. They have erected fine public and private structures; and while they have outstripped the citizens of larger places in availing themselves of applied electricity, they are now coming to the front with an electric railway. The old-time shops have given place to "real stores, with plate glass fronts and the electric light," while in the less busy streets are residences of tasteful design, usually in the midst of admirably arranged grounds. It is not strange that the Monctonian is loyal to his city, and that whether he



GENERAL OFFICES INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, MONCTON, N.B.

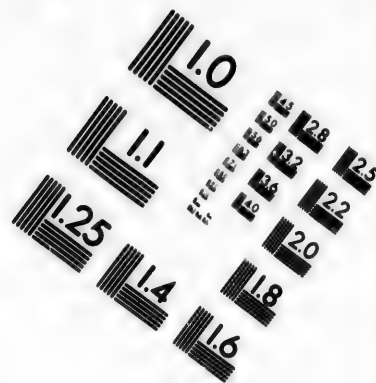
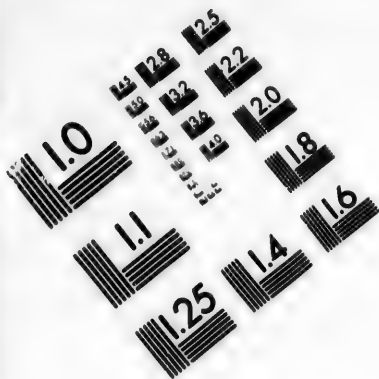
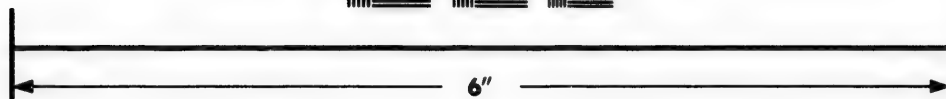
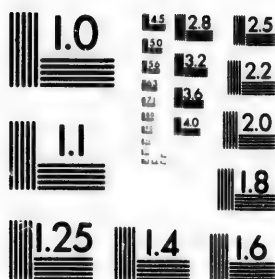


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departs from it with the common carpet-bag of commerce or the gay and gaudy yellow valise of the great man, he is always glad to get back again.

It is but just that this tribute should be paid to a promising city and its people, because many strangers merely stop off between trains and have no opportunity to judge for themselves. If there is smoke in the air, at times, it is because artisans are adding to the wealth of the country; and if the streets are a trifle muddy, in the wet weather, it is because there is a constant tide of traffic on them. It is easy enough to have clean streets in a town where a hearse or a milk waggon is the most conspicuous vehicle, but Moncton is not that kind of a place.

The Petitcodiac is one of the kind of rivers to which the traveller must get accustomed ere he proceeds much further on his journey. At high water it is quite a majestic stream, though a trifle discolored; at low tide the river disappears, with the exception of some water in the channel, and acres of smooth, slippery mud appear. The mud is not a nice thing to get into, but as a fertilizer it is a great success—the manure with which Nature enriches the vast areas of marsh which are found at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The river, at Moncton, is a good place to see the tide come with a "bore." Thousands of well-read people, trusting to books written by men of imaginative minds, have lived and died in the belief that the tide at the head of the bay rose 120 feet. Old editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* used to say so, and one geographer is responsible for the statement that this extraordinary flood was seen thirty miles away approaching in one vast wave with a prodigious noise. The truth is that the Bay of Fundy tides rise as high as sixty feet and upwards, and with great rapidity, but take plenty of time to fall. When they enter certain long and narrow estuaries a bore of six feet, and in some cases even higher, is formed. This is, however, worth seeing, and worth keeping out of the way of, if you are out in a boat and don't know how to manage it; but a traveller who has set his heart on a bore of sixty or a hundred feet is apt to be disappointed.

A watering-place convenient to Moncton, and in favor with its people, is Buctouche, reached by a run of thirty-two miles over the Buctouche & Moncton Railway.

Seven miles beyond Moncton, on the Intercolonial, is Painsec Junction, from which a branch runs to Shediac and Point du Chene. Painsec is the French for dry bread, though nobody appears to know why the title was bestowed on this part of the country. It need not frighten the traveller, for he is on his way to a land famous for oysters and other good cheer, to say nothing of many other things that will contribute to his pleasure.

SHEDIAC.

Every one has heard of the Shediac oysters, those marvels of flavor on the half shell or in an A 1 stew. This is the place where they live when they are at home, and where one may admire their open countenances as they

come fresh from their native element. Shediac has more than oysters to recommend it, however, for it is one of the most pleasant summer resorts on this shore. As yet, strangers have hardly found it out, but its beauties are well known to the people of New Brunswick, many of whom pay it a visit during the summer months. All who go to Shediac enjoy themselves. The village of itself is a pretty place, and the locality is a charming one. The harbor is a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half wide, and from three to five miles long. All around it is a smooth and gently sloping sand beach, affording every facility for bathing in the pleasantly warm water. Bath houses have been erected for those who desire them, and though the water is the salt sea, from the Gulf, there are no under-tows to play tricks upon the weak and unwary. There are neither squalls nor rough seas in the harbor, and it is a splendid cruising ground for pleasure boats. Shediac Island, a short distance away, is much in favor for pleasure parties. A visit to the Cape, one of the prettiest places in the vicinity, will well repay one for the trouble.

Point du Chene, two miles below Shediac, is the deep water terminus and port of shipment. Here, in the summer, may be seen large number of square-rigged vessels, loading with lumber for places across the ocean. Daily communication is had with Prince Edward Island by steamer. All that has been said of Shediac applies with equal force to the Point, and the latter has for the tourist additional advantages. The view from the shore on a calm summer day is one which cannot fail to charm. Add to this the fresh, invigorating breezes from the water, excellent bathing and boating, with the advantage of a good hotel, and Point du Chene is one of the places to be sought as a quiet, healthful and restful retreat.

A great deal of quiet enjoyment may be had from the trout fishing in this vicinity. The streams most sought by the angler are the Shediac and the Scadouc. On the former, good places are found at Bateman's mill, four miles from the village, and at Gilbert's mill, two miles beyond. Between these places and Point du Chene sea trout may be caught, weighing three and four pounds each. Fishing begins in the latter part of May, and the fly preferred is the red hackle. Down the shore, good fishing is had at Dickey's mill, three miles, and at Aboushagan, eight miles distant. Good bass and mackerel fishing is had in the harbor and off the island, in the fall. In September and October, three and four pound bass can be caught from the wharf at Point du Chene.

Oysters, of course, are abundant, while sea-clams, mud-clams and lobsters are found everywhere along the shore.

Plover shooting begins on the 1st of September, and good success is had on the shore from Point du Chene to Barachois, a range of about four miles. This shore is also a good place for geese, brant, and ducks, in the spring and fall, and another good shooting ground is at Grandigue, about eight miles distant by road.

Board is very reasonable and excellent accommodation is provided. At



GRAND NARROWS AND BRIDGE.



the leading hotel, which runs a free carriage to and from the steamers at Point du Chene, the rate is only \$1.50 a day, and board may be secured for \$5 and \$6 a week. The Gulf Port steamers call at Point du Chene, and a large traffic with Prince Edward Island is carried on during the summer, by daily steamers to and from Summerside. With fine climate, fresh sea breezes, sunny days and cool nights, the place is remarkably healthy ; more than that it is exceedingly pleasant.

The traveller can go from Shediac direct to Prince Edward Island, he can return to Moncton and thence to St. John, or he can return to Painsec and continue his journey south. Taking the latter course, he enters upon a fine country, which becomes more settled and better cultivated as he proceeds. Memramcook is a settlement largely composed of Acadian French. St. Joseph's College and other Roman Catholic educational institutions are the chief features of interest and are very pleasantly located on the gentle slope of the fertile valley. A few miles beyond is Dorchester, prettily situated on gently rising ground. The Maritime Penitentiary, for long term prisoners from the Lower Provinces, is a conspicuous object on the hill side. Dorchester is the shire town of Westmoreland, and a stranger who happened there at court time might infer that the staple industry was litigation. The village has given more bright lawyers to the profession than any place of its size in the country, to say nothing of a governor for the province and politicians without number. It has other industries, however, and some of the finest of New Brunswick ships have been built around its shores.

Eleven miles beyond Dorchester is Sackville, a place which would be quite an imposing looking town if the houses were close together. As it is, the principal street is about seven miles long, and most of the people have their residences on it. Farming is extensively carried on and some of the finest cattle in Eastern America are raised here, to be exported to England, at times, to compete successfully with the beef of the British markets. Here and there, on the way from Moncton, the traveller has caught glimpses of broad stretches of verdant marsh. When he leaves Sackville he begins to realize the extent of them in this part of the world. The thousands of acres which he sees are but a small portion of the ever fertile areas which are found around the head of the Bay of Fundy, and which have been a rich heritage to its people from the earliest days. In the dark continent the thrifty suitor may value his prospective father-in-law by the amount of ivory he possesses ; among the Four Hundred of New York love's ardor may have a relation to stock and bonds ; but the lover who walks from Westcock to Four Corners to proffer his affection finds a sweet compensation for his toil in the odors which exhale at eve from the marshes of his dear one's awful dad.

Mount Allison college and academies for both sexes make Sackville the educational centre for the Methodist denomination. They have furnished Canada with some of its most prominent men in the professions and in the legislative halls.

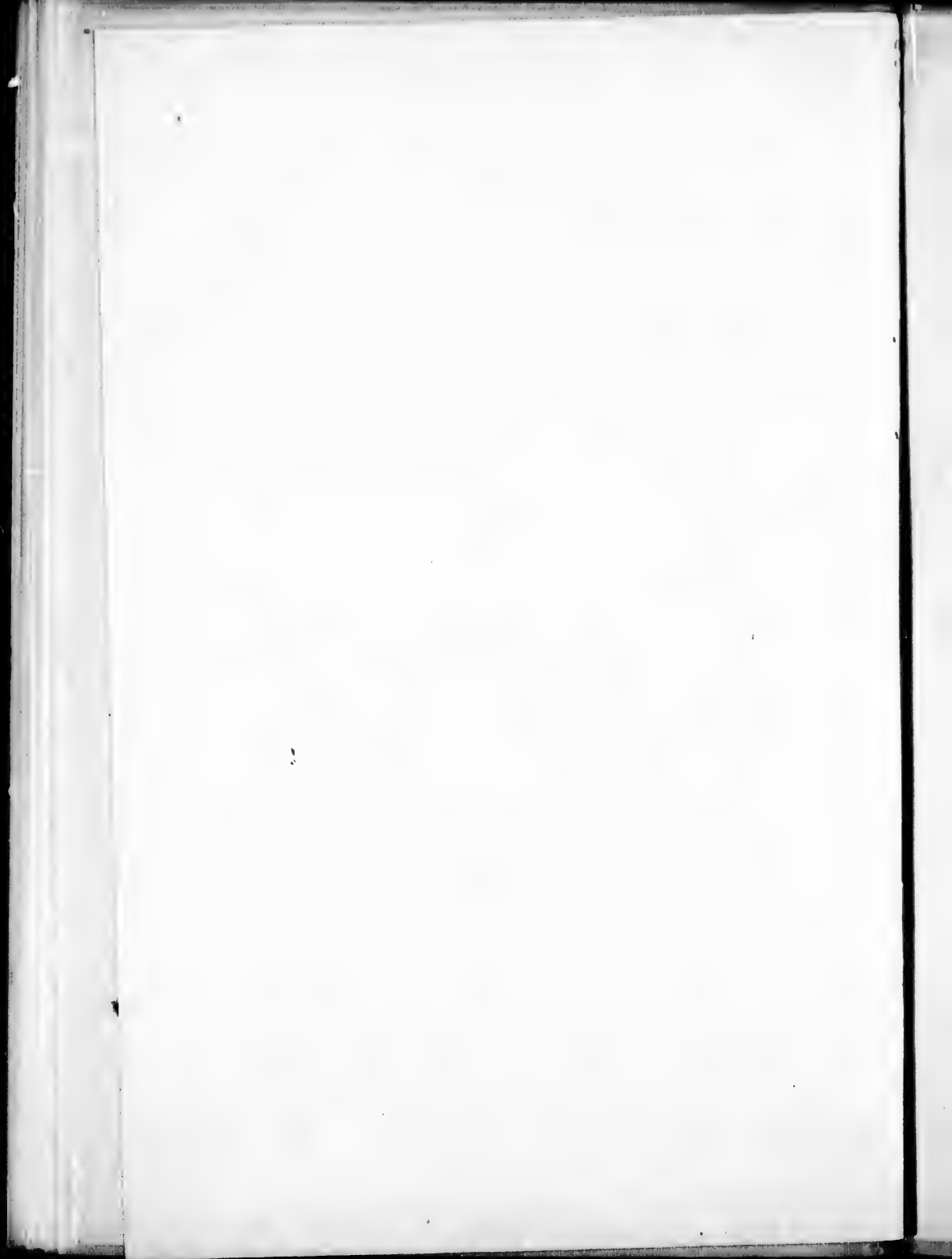
The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Railway runs from Sackville to Cape Tormentine, and a steamer between the latter place and Cape Traverse gives ready communication with the "Garden of the Gulf," in the summer season. Before a suitable steamer ran from Pictou to the Island the only method of conveying mails and passengers in winter was by means of ice boats between the capes, a journey always attended with excitement and often with danger. The distance across is nine miles, and between the two shores, in cold weather, lies a formidable barrier of broken and irregular ice fields, through which no vessel can pass, and over which no land vehicle can travel. Drift ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence adds to the accumulation, and piles it up in hummocks like those encountered in the Arctic regions. In some places there will be open water, while again there will be stretches of lolly, or a mixture of broken ice and water through which long and hard toil is required to force a passage. The ice boat which can overcome all these obstacles is not the craft which bears that name on the Hudson and the great lakes. That is a triangular platform on runners, fitted with a sail and speeding over the smooth frozen surface at a rate no other craft can equal. The ice boat of the Strait is a strong, but not heavy, row boat, which can float on the water or be dragged over all kinds of ice, as occasion demands. Straps are attached to its sides, and each man, passengers included, has one of these slung over his shoulder when the craft is dragged. In this way he not only assists in the work, but is saved from going beneath the surface should he step in a treacherous place. Ladies and invalids, as well as dudes who are willing to pay double passage money, are allowed to remain in the boat and become part of the burden. The crossing will not be made if the weather and other conditions are not favorable, and many a traveller can recall his day after day of waiting, while high carnival was held in Tom Allen's hospitable ranch. With the precautions now taken, there are no fatalities, but there have been in the past. Years ago a party started to cross, but when well on their way a blinding snowstorm swept over the Strait, and no mortal eye ever again saw trace of the boat or its occupants. It is supposed they were carried out to sea, and there miserably perished. Now-a-days the traveller is safe, and if he be properly clothed, is reasonably comfortable. The exercise keeps the blood in circulation and prevents any bad effects. Sometimes the traveller is up to the waist in the cool and refreshing water, but such mishaps are laughed at when the passage is safely accomplished.

Local sportsmen find fair goose and duck shooting around the lakes in the vicinity of Sackville, while they tell of some good bags of snipe and plover in the proper season.

Leaving Sackville, the road takes its way over the Tintamarre Marsh for several miles, close to the head of the Bay of Fundy. Au Lac station was the point at which the Baie Verte Canal would have commenced, had it been built. The isthmus at this point is a little over eleven miles wide from water to water, and it is not twenty miles from one anchorage to the other. The



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, CAPE BRETON.—CHIEF LONE CLOUD AND FAMILY.



country is well settled between the two shores, and its people include progressive farmers who have learned to regard agriculture as a science.

A word of caution as to proper names may not be out of place here. If the stranger wants to talk to the people about the marsh, he will save himself from correction by calling it "Tantramar," though there is no reason why the French "Tintamarre" should ever have been so corrupted. In the same way Buet's Bridge — "Pont de Buet" — is known only as Point de Bute, while Jolicœur will be Jolicure to the end of time. The early English settlers here had little patience with the French or their nomenclature, and the French themselves have long since departed from the land.

They did not go without a struggle. Just beyond Au Lac is the ruined monument of the last days of their occupancy. It is all that is left of the solidly built Fort Beausejour, erected nearly a century and a half ago, when the thriving settlement of Beaubassin had 2,500 communicants and was the largest in Acadia. One may still stand within its solid casemates, or trace the bastions which have thus far resisted the hand of time, and he may ponder on the last struggle of the French regime to hold its own against the invading forces of England. The importance of the isthmus between the provinces was recognized only when it was out of the power of its holders to retain it. This fort had accommodation for eight hundred men, and had what was, in those days, an elaborate system of outworks. It was taken by Col. Moncton, in June, 1775, and with its fall the struggle in Acadia was at an end. The English gave the place the name of Fort Cumberland. As the years rolled by it was suffered to fall into decay, and now only the ruins remain.

Within a cannon shot to the south is the site of Fort Lawrence, which was built and occupied by the English. It is only the site, for the ground is now a well tilled farm, and not a trace of the original works is left to remind one of its story.

Near Fort Lawrence may be seen the western end of that wonderful piece of work, the Chignecto Ship Railway, the first of its kind in the world. When completed, vessels of any size can be carried overland between the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of seventeen miles. Received in docks at either end of the line, they will be raised by hydraulic lifts, conveyed on trucks over the perfectly straight railway and deposited in the waters of the other side of the isthmus. In this way an immense saving of distance will be made between the Gulf ports and those of New England and the Bay of Fundy.

AMHERST.

Within a quarter of a century the population of Amherst has more than doubled, and the town is now one of the most thriving in the Maritime Provinces. The stranger who visits it at intervals of a year or two, sees new and substantial evidences of growth and prosperity every time he comes and looks around. New and substantial buildings are to be seen each year, and

the already varied and important industries are continually receiving additions to their list. Everyone who visits the town gets the impression that it is a live place. The business portion is compactly built, and there is a stir upon the streets at all hours of the day and evening. The people move around as if they had something to do and meant to do it, and the stores are in line with the surroundings. The location, too, is a pleasant one, on gently rising ground, and the centre of the town is sufficiently near the railway to save trouble and yet not near enough to have discomfort from the noise and bustle of the station yard. The private residences show good taste as well as a regard for comfort, and every street has its flower gardens, which show careful attention on the part of their possessors. The adjacent country abounds with flourishing settlements which make Amherst a centre, and even the villages across the border favor it largely with their custom.

Numerous pleasant drives may be had in the vicinity. One of these is to Fort Cumberland, from which there is a splendid view of the Bay and the surrounding country for many miles. A trip to Baie Verte and vicinity will also prove of interest, and, indeed, as the country is well settled, and good farms meet the eye in every part, it is hard for one to take a drive which will not afford pleasure.

The shore to the eastward abounds with duck and geese at the proper seasons. This part of the country is well settled and has some fine harbors. That of Pugwash is an exceptionally good one, safe, commodious, and deep enough for vessels of any size. Moose are found among the mountains to the south of Amherst, and in other places not far away. The east branch of River Philip, 27 miles distant, and Shulee, 40 miles, are both moose grounds.

The best fishing to be had is at Fountain Lake, Westchester, which is reached by going to Greenville station, from which a drive of five miles brings one to Purdy's hotel. Here there is capital accommodation. The lake is about six miles beyond this, a pretty sheet of water, which contains very gamey salmon trout.

WHERE THE WATERS BRING WEALTH.

In the year 1612, when Champlain was, as he believed, laying the foundations of an empire at Quebec, a little ship sailed from Port Royal to spy out the land at the head of La Baie Francoise. It was commanded by M. de Briencourt, a young nobleman, and Pere Biard, a missionary priest. When they reached the shores of Chiquinikouk—known to us as Chignecto—they were astonished and delighted at the vast areas of natural salt marshes, extending as far as the eye could reach. They named the place Beaubassin, because of its beauty.

The marshes at the head of the Bay of Fundy have no equal on the continent. Before the traveller crosses the boundary river Missiguash, he has passed by 100,000 acres of them in the last forty miles of his journey through

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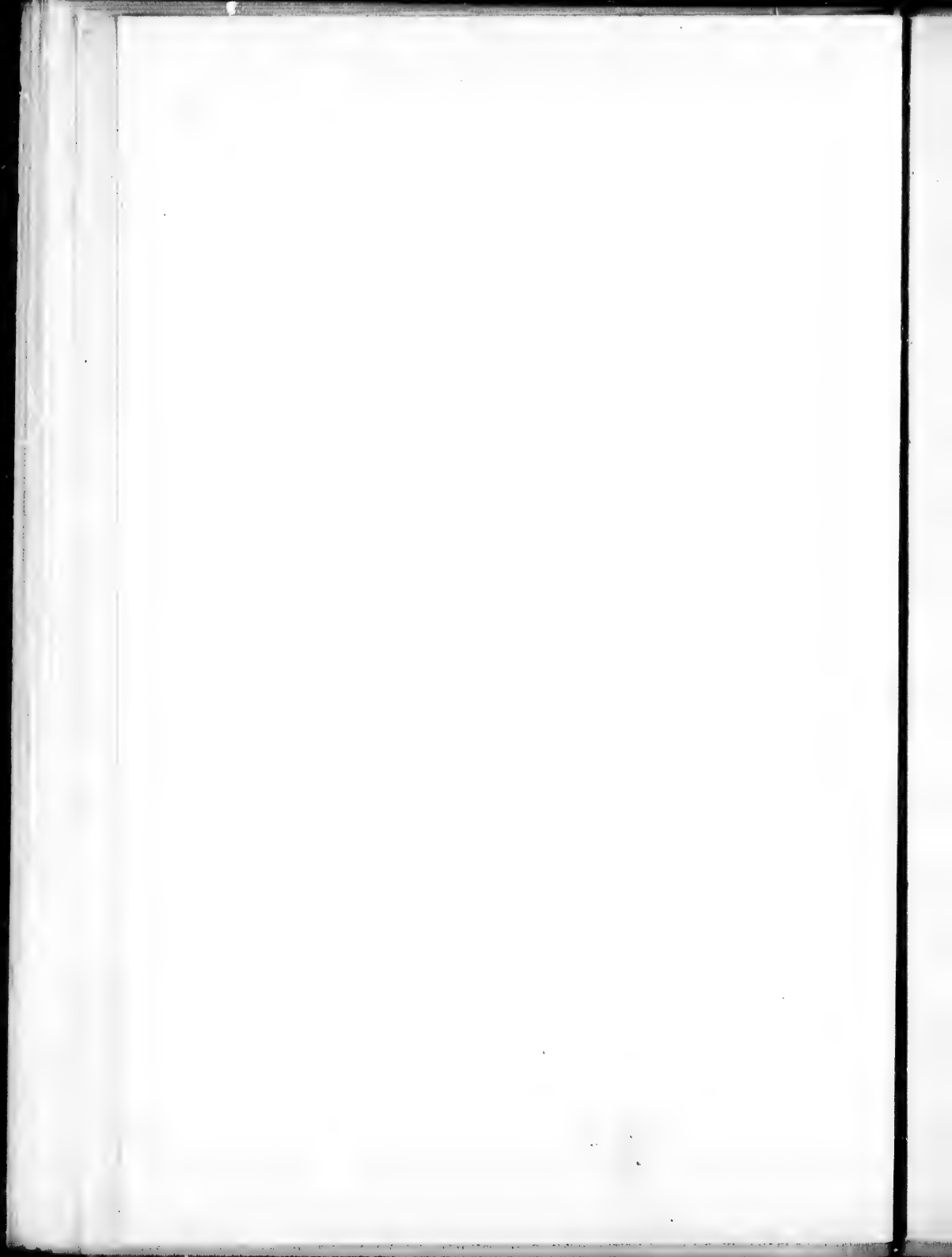
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ENTRANCE TO ST. PETER'S CANAL, C.R.



New Brunswick, and, when he reaches Amherst, he is in the vicinity of 70,000 more, of which 40,000 are close at hand. Many thousands of these have been reclaimed from the sea in recent times, but the greater proportion has been steadily mown for the last two hundred years. A marsh, once established, is always fertile. It needs no manure, save that supplied by nature in the deposit of rich alluvium which is left when the turbid tides are allowed to overflow the land. It is said that four inches of this muddy sediment, supplied in layers of perhaps a tenth of an inch at any one tide, will insure abundant crops for a century. One of the Cumberland marshes is known as the Elysian Fields, but all of it may be termed a Bovine Paradise. The famous Westmoreland and Cumberland cattle here revel in rich grasses in which their hoofs are hidden from sight, and here are supplied the bone and sinew of the horses in which the farmers delight. Marsh land is worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre, according to the care that has been given it, and three tons of hay to the acre is a common yield. If need were, much more than hay might be produced from these fertile fields, but, under existing conditions, the old-time staple is the most profitable to the farmer. His marsh is a bank which insures him more than compound interest, and can never fail.

The government experimental farm is situated at Nappan, a few miles beyond Amherst, and the next station is Maccan, where the Nova Scotia coal fields begin to show themselves. A branch railway connects the Intercolonial with the Joggins Mines, which have a heavy annual out-put, and beyond them is Minudie, famous for its grindstones. Beyond Maccan is Athol, from which one may take the stage for Parrsboro', and have a pleasant drive through a very beautiful country. If he prefer to go to the latter place by rail, he can leave the Intercolonial at Springhill Junction and make a journey of 32 miles on the Cumberland Railway. On the way he may stop at the Springhill Mines, where he will get an idea of what a Nova Scotia coal mine can yield.

The mines at Springhill have an annual output which is double that of any other mine in this province of coal fields. The quantity brought to the surface at this place in 1890 was 376,550 tons, an increase of nearly 10,000 tons over the output of the preceding year. Yet it is only about a quarter of a century since any effort was made to develop these magnificent areas, and it is within a score of years that any attempt has been made to operate them on anything like a large scale. In that time a town of 5,000 people has arisen where before stood only a few log houses and the solitary country store.

The most terrible mine explosion ever known in this part of Canada occurred here on the 21st of February, 1891, causing the loss of 125 lives, and sending sorrow into many hundreds of homes. Had it not been for the prompt relief sent from cities and towns far and near, blank destitution would have been the fate of the most of the stricken widows and orphans.

PARRSBORO.

In a beautiful country, and on the shore of the Basin of Minas c^t which poets have sung the praise, Parrsboro has many attractions for the tourist in quest of quiet enjoyment. It is a place of no mushroom growth, for it was settled by the American Loyalists, who named it in honor of the first governor of Nova Scotia, which then included all of what is now New Brunswick. The village is a busy place, and does a large business in the shipping of coal and lumber, but what is of more importance to the traveller, it is a very pleasant place of sojourn. A little distance inland is the warm breath of summer, "with spicy odors laden" from the forests and fields, while upon the shore are the gentle salt-water breezes, not raw and chilly as upon the Atlantic seaboard, but tempered until they become most grateful to the senses. The fogs which sometimes enter the Bay of Fundy rarely intrude here, and never remain sufficiently long to cause a feeling of discomfort.

The most pleasant spot in the vicinity of Parrsboro is Partridge Island, about two miles from the village. It is a peninsula with an area of fifty acres, but becomes an island during high tides, when the water covers the low ground in the rear. From this low ground the land rises grandly to a height of about 250 feet, and exposes a bold and majestic bluff to the waters of the basin. Through the beautiful woods by which it is covered, a road winds gracefully to the summit, the timber being cleared at intervals to allow unobstructed views of the surrounding country. These views are simply glorious. The Basin of Minas, famed for its beauty, is here seen to its best advantage. A splendid panorama of sea and land flashes upon the spectator. Far down, where the waters of Fundy become broad and deep, is seen Cape D'Or overlooking the bay. Nearer, as the channel enters the basin, stand Capes Sharp and Split, like sentinels to guard the pass, while Blomidon, rising from the waves, looks down upon the fair and fertile marshes of Grand Pré—the land of Gabriel and Evangeline. Within the basin, the eye ranges far up into Cobequid Bay and across to where the broad waters of the Avon seek their journey to the sea. All round the shores are seen the tokens of a goodly land and a prosperous people. Here and there are islands of rare beauty, while on all sides the mountains, valleys and plains, blend with a harmony which no painter can portray.

The drives and walks in the vicinity of Parrsboro are numerous and most enjoyable. The roads are always good, for the soil is of clean gravel, and mud is unknown at any season of the year. In whatever direction one goes, there are roads upon which it is a pleasure to drive. If another good view is desired, a drive of two miles up the basin to Fraser's Head, or Silver Craig, will be of advantage. Cascade Valley, three or four miles from the village, has a picturesque waterfall, and another, having a descent of perhaps a hundred feet, is found at Moose River, seven miles distant. One of the most attractive drives, however, is to the beautiful Five Islands, twelve miles

away. Much of the road thither is romantic in the extreme, presenting all kinds of scenery. For four or five miles the way lies in a gorge between the mountains, while the towering cliffs overshadowing the scene awaken the most sublime emotions. The beauty of Five Islands, too, is something to be long remembered, and, indeed, the place has long had a wide fame, among searchers for the picturesque in nature. Many prefer to visit Five Islands by sail-boat, and excursions are very frequent.

Those who have never seen one of the curious natural roadways known as horsebacks should take a drive in the direction of River Hebert. Thin horseback begins at Fullerton's Bridge, ten miles from Parrsboro, and continues for about eight miles. It much resembles a railway embankment, having the river on one side and low, marshy land on the other. It formed part of the old Military Road to Fort Cumberland, and bears the not specially poetical name of the Boar's Back. Geologists say that it was formed at two branches of contract of the polar current, moving side by side but with different velocities, thus giving the effect of an eddy. The Indians had a different idea of its origin, and ascribed it to Glooscap, surnamed The Liar, the mighty being who had his summer resort at Partridge Island, which they called Puleweek Munegoo. When Mr. Glooscap felt indisposed to take his exercise by leaps of nine miles or so at a time, he amused himself with the more gentle recreation of riding around the bay on the back of a whale. This Boar's Back, which was Ou Wokun—the causeway—was thrown up by him in a hurry one day, while his companions were discussing which was the shortest road from Fort Cumberland to Partridge Island. He is credited with some other equally remarkable feats in this vicinity. Some beavers built a dam from Blomidon to the opposite shore of what is now Minas Basin, but when Glooscap cut the eastern end of it, the whole mass swung around without breaking and formed Cape Split. He must have had a hand like a steam shovel, for the few handfals he threw to hasten the beavers' retreat formed what is now known as Five Islands. Picking up a rock that was in the way, he playfully threw it to a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, after which, it is to be presumed, he concluded to "knock off and call it half a day." Leland's *Algonquin Legends* has further and fuller particulars about this remarkable individual. He was not called The Liar during his residence in these parts. Forbearance was not one of his distinguishing virtues, and the fact that there were no accident policies in those days had a tendency to repress anything in the nature of candid criticism. When he was about to leave the earth, because the style of some of the society circles made him tired, he invited all the beasts of the forest to a sort of five-o'clock-tea at Partridge Island, and surprised them by putting the Algonquin equivalent of *pour prendre congé* on the menu card. In the midst of the gossip, while the charming Miss Beaver was telling the engaging Miss Muskrat about papa's new house, while Mrs. Rabbit was showing the admirable fit of her dark summer dress, while young Wolfe was grinning away back to his ears at the

playfulness of the She Bear, Glooscap got into a canoe and sailed away singing, in a kind of a "see you later" sort of a way. Before he left, he said he would come back again, but as season after season passed and he failed to return, it was considered safe to call him a liar, with all that the name implied. It would seem no more than just that a similar title should be bestowed upon the aboriginal gentleman who acted as his biographer.

The Basin of Minas receives the waters of nineteen rivers and their tributaries, and at the upper end of it the spring tides rise to a height of sixty feet, a record which no other part of America can equal. Around the shores of this large haven the visitor will find much to engage his attention, visiting Blomidon, the Islands, and the numerous peaceful bays. Sheltered from rude winds and heavy seas, safe, capacious and beautiful, the Basin has all that pleasure seekers may desire.

Thirteen miles to the north and west of Parrsboro, at Sand River, is found some of the best caribou and moose hunting in Nova Scotia. Here there is a large area in which, from the middle of September to the last of January, an abundance of shooting may be had, both of this game and of bears. Nearer to Parrsboro are large numbers of partridge, so plenty indeed, that as many as thirty-two have been shot in one afternoon. Geese, brant, ducks, and other sea-shore game are abundant around the shores. This part of the country always had a good reputation for sport. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it is written, game was so plenty that the Indians of this part of Acadia had so little exertion to make in hunting that they were considered sedentary in their habits. They have also disappeared, but the game is still to be found.

This is not notably a salmon country, though some are found in Partridge Island and Five Island rivers, and are present, to a certain extent, in others. The trout fishing is fair, there being plenty of medium size. Partridge Island, Moose, Diligent and Half Way rivers are the best fishing streams. Some sport may also be had at Leak's Lake and Lake Pleasant, close to Parrsboro; at Fullerton's Lake, nine miles away, and at Gaspereaux Lake, six or seven miles distant. Good salt water fishing may be had in the Basin, where cod, halibut, hake, pollock, and haddock, are found in abundance. Fresh fish may, therefore, be had all through the season, while the best of farm products are got from the adjacent country.

Little idea of the country is gained by the traveller from what he can see from the car windows between Truro and Amherst. He will learn this from his trip to Parrsboro, but he has very much more to learn as he proceeds. When he reaches Oxford Junction, for instance, he does not see the busy Oxford which sends its famous homespun to the markets of many lands, and so in other cases he will find that drives of an hour or so will lead to some of the fairest and most flourishing places in Nova Scotia. Some of these are around the magnificent harbors of the north shore, such as that at Pugwash, which is one of the finest in the province, and some are in the fertile farming districts



VIEW ON THE BRAS D'OR, LAKE, C.B.

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which lie between the railway and the sea. The Oxford & Pictou branch of the Intercolonial passes through some of these. It extends from Oxford Junction to Pictou, a distance of 69 miles, and may be made part of the route to Prince Edward Island, or Cape Breton, or it may be utilized on the return journey. The road is finished with the same careful attention to details as is so noticeable on the main line, and it opens up a very important section of the country. By its access is had to Pugwash, Wallace, Tatamagouche, River John, and other places which have long had a prosperous existence and a more than local fame. The road runs quite close to the shore at Tatamagouche, and the traveller may see from the train the physical feature from which it is possible the place got its name. The word Tatamagouche is said to mean "like a dam," and a ridge which rises from the water may have suggested the idea to the practical mind of the red man. This disposes of any theory that the term was used in a profane sense. The Indians, neither having to team oxen nor put up stove pipes, had no use for swear words. It is highly improbable that they ever said "tatamagouche" in the way of ironical comment.

Wallace and River John are villages in which a brisk trade is done, and they are admirably situated for the purpose of the summer tourist. The facilities for seaside recreation and the abundance of charming scenery cannot fail to make a sojourn there a season of recreation and rest. River John, in particular, is a delightful place, and the good roads in the vicinity give opportunities for short and interesting drives. Such places as Cape John, with its long beaches of white sand, McDonald's Cove and Brule, are within a radius of five miles from the village. On the way to Brule, on a September morning, hundreds of seals may be seen sporting in the water close to the shore. Then, too, there is fair fishing in River John, while trout are found in great abundance in all the lakes.

Apart from the attractions to be found along the shore, this branch of the railway runs through a settled country where the land has long been tilled with profit and the people are of the substantial farming class. It needs but a brief glance by a stranger to note the abundant evidence of the energy and thrift of the owners of the soil.

Pictou will be referred to more fully in connection with other places in the coal regions. Resuming his journey on the main line, the traveller is carried over the Cobequid Mountains, and when he reaches Folley Lake he is 607 feet above the sea, if he stands on the track, and somewhat higher if he is in the upper berth of a sleeping car. This is the highest point on the Intercolonial, with the exception of a summit beyond the Metapedia, and the air is very bracing. Before the days of steam, electricity and lawn tennis, the people in this part of Nova Scotia used to live to an abnormally old age, and fine specimens of the old inhabitant are to be found in every settlement to this day. The scenery among the mountains is more than picturesque. The traveller can supply his own adjectives, according to the mood he is in

and the state of the weather. Sometimes the eye will catch a pastoral picture of a winding valley, dotted with cottages in the midst of fertile fields, while far below him a glistening of water tells where the river flows through the bright green intervalles, or leaps in fairy-like cascades in its journey down the hillside.

At other times the train passes through long and deep cuttings, where the masses of rock bear witness to the labor required to break down the barriers of nature. Then again the road takes a short cut from hill to hill, as at Folleigh Valley, which is spanned by a viaduct six hundred feet long and eighty-two feet above the little stream which trickles below.

At Londonderry a branch railway runs to the Acadia Iron Works three miles distant, the operations of which will be of much interest to those not familiar with the manufacture of iron from the ore. Stages also run to the mines, and to Great Village, Economy, and Five Islands.

The Londonderry iron is said to be second in value only to the Swedish for the manufacture of steel, and its well-known strength causes the occurrence of its name in the stipulations of many an important contract.

TRURO.

In the month of May, 1761, the "first families" of Truro began to build what is now not only one of the fairest but one of the most progressive towns in the length and breadth of the Maritime Provinces. There were 53 of such families, numbering 120 persons, and in addition to their farming tools and household goods their wealth consisted of 117 cattle, some seed corn and potatoes. They were Irish, and from the North of Ireland at that. They had been living in New Hampshire, where their posterity might have been at war with a rocky soil to this day if the British Government had not experienced one of the few happy thoughts which occurred to it in regard to the colonists in the early years of the reign of His Majesty George the Third.

This was no less than to utilize loyal subjects of the crown as an antidote to the Indians and the Acadians. The latter had been banished from Nova Scotia six years before, but some of them still lurked in the woods, and Cape Breton, with its forces at Louisburg, was still held by France. Under these circumstances, liberal inducements were offered to New England colonists to come and help build up the country. There were not wanting plenty with pluck enough to accept the invitation, and that part of the Cobequid district which is now Truro was one of the Meccas in the colonial pilgrimage.

There was little to be seen there but woods, water and mud. The agents of Governor Lawrence had been so zealous in their work of exterminating the French that even the score or two of houses which had been scattered over this part of the country had lighted the fugitives with their blazing thatches. The new comers found no cottages to shelter them. Five or six miles down the river were two sorry looking buildings in which hay had been stored, and with practical Celtic sense they called that place "Old Barns." So it is

called by all truly conservative people to this day, despite the efforts of the iconoclast to ignore what Governor Sir Adams Archibald has very properly designated a "name of historical value." Fortunately for the peace of the truly fashionable society of Truro to-day, no relic, not even an old horse, was found on the site of the town, and so it received a euphonious, unhackneyed and decidedly aristocratic name. It deserves it, and the older it grows the more apparent is this fact. It is admirably situated on gently rising ground, with the railway running along the valley at its base, near enough to be convenient to the business centre and yet not near enough to interfere with the attractions in which good taste has been combined with what nature has done to make the place beautiful. The long, wide streets are adorned with shade trees; the houses, great and small, have well kept lawns and tasteful flower gardens, and visitors are always well pleased with the town. Yet the town is more than good looking; it is active and enterprising. A number of factories of various kinds are in operation, and others are projected. The stores do a brisk business; some of the merchants are direct importers to a large amount; and, as a whole, the commercial aspect is that of a live place. The population is about six thousand, and is increasing at a rapid rate.

While at Parrsboro, the visitor had a chance of looking up to Cobequid Bay. From Truro he can reverse the picture and look down. By ascending Penny's Mountain, three miles from the Court House, a splendid view is had, taking in the range of the North Mountains, terminating at Blomidon, while the river meanders gracefully through the valley on its way to the troubled waters of Fundy. From Wollaston Heights, a mile from the Court House, is found another fine view of the surrounding country, while the best views of the town, down to the bay, are had from Wimburn and Foundry Hills. A drive to Old Barns, otherwise known as Clifton, will be found of interest, stopping at Savage's Island, a mile and a half from the town. Here are the traces of a burial ground, first set apart by the Acadians and afterwards used by the Indians, but this circumstance did not give rise to the name of the island. It was called after an old-time owner of the soil—a Savage by name but not by nature. The wooden monuments of the ancient race can still be seen; and at times the tide, washing away portions of the bank, lays bare the bones of those long since departed "to the Kingdom of Ponemah." The Shubenacadie has a bore, similar to that of the Petitcodiac, which may be seen rushing past the island as a part of the highest tide on the continent.

Close to the town, yet wholly apart from the surroundings of everyday life, is Victoria Park, a place which nature has admirably adapted to the purposes of a pleasure-ground. One portion of it is a picturesque gorge through which tumbles a silent brook. Following its windings and travelling the paths which lead around the well-wooded hillsides, the visitor finds a cascade of singular beauty, pouring over a barrier of rock that rises to a height of fifty feet or more above the pool which the waters form at its base. This

is the place of which the gifted Joseph Howe wrote, three score years ago, that "never was there a more appropriate spot for our old men to see visions and our young men to dream dreams." It is the ideal of a lover's trysting place, where to-day as is in the olden time, "many an expression of pure and sinless regard has burst from lips that, after long refusal, at length played the unconscious interpreters to the heart." After such a tribute, it is but just that the memory of its author should be honored in the name of the Joe Howe Falls. Further up the stream is another waterfall amid romantic surroundings, while the park, as a whole, is so charmingly rustic that the best of judgment will be required to guard against too much of alleged improvement by man.

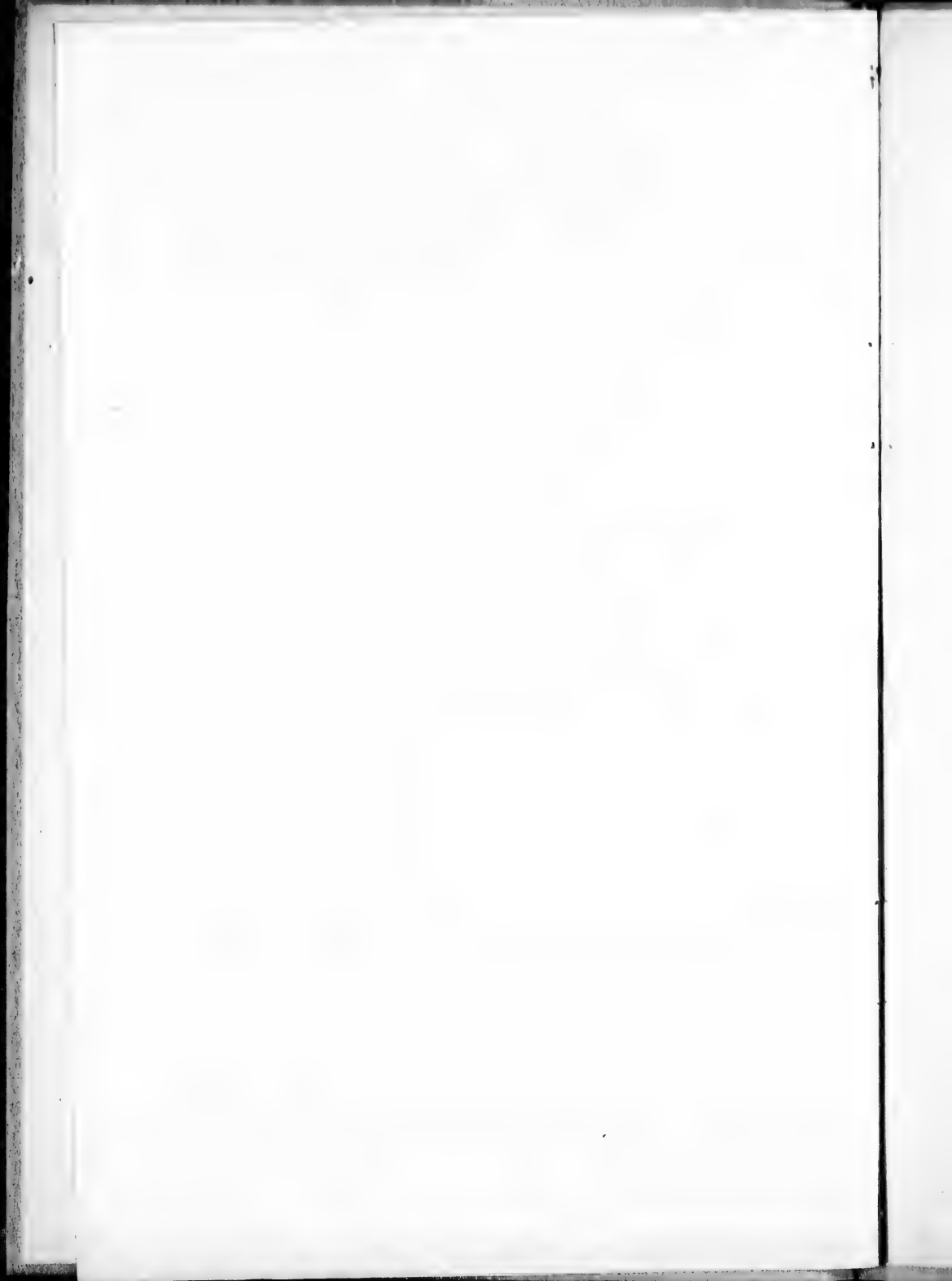
If one has not seen the Acadia Mines, a drive to them from Truro, a distance of twenty miles over a good road is well worth the trouble. Another drive of twenty miles over Tatamagouche Mountains to Farm Lake takes one through a rich variety of mountain scenery. All the trees of the forest are to be seen on the lofty hills and in the pleasant vales. In many places the branches overarch the road, and amid these umbrageous shades the voices of the birds and the music of the brooks falls sweetly on the ear. At the lake, elevated over a thousand feet above the sea, the fisherman may enjoy a calm content amid Nature's beauties, and have a further reward in an abundance of excellent trout. Trout of the best quality are found in all of the numerous lakes in this vicinity.

Salmon exist in the waters around Truro, but the pursuit of them is usually under difficulties. Sometimes they take the fly, but more times they do not. The North and Salmon Rivers have been restocked from the Government establishment at Bedford, and will doubtless afford good sport in time. In the latter river graylings are caught in large quantities. Some allege that this fish is a trout, and others that it is a young salmon. Whatever it may be, it is a lively player under the rod. It ranges from two to six pounds in weight. When large salmon are caught, it is in the month of August. None of the Nova Scotia rivers are under lease, and it costs nothing to try one's luck, which may, at times, prove very good. The Shubenacadie and Stewiacke are worth a trial, and Crystal Lake, near Brookfield, has afforded sport in the past. In the last named rivers the "Admiral" is the favorite fly. Trout and grayling are found in the streams already named, in the Folley and Debert Rivers and in Folley Lake. The latter is a pretty sheet of water, with clusters of islands, and boats are kept for the use of visitors. The lake has also been stocked with white fish from Ontario. The "Red Hackle" is a good fly for any of the lakes; the "Brown Hackle" is good in all places, while the "May Fly" does excellent service in the early part of the season.

A thick forest covers all of the range of mountains from Truro to Tatamagouche Bay, and affords good sport. The best moose ground, however, is among the Stewiacke Mountains, commencing, say, fourteen miles from the



VIEW OF LONG ISLAND, LITTLE BRAS D'OR.



town. Johnson's Crossing, five miles, and Riversdale, twelve miles, have also good reputations. Caribou are migratory, and not to be depended on, but a likely place for them is at Pembroke, twenty-three miles distant. Indian guides can be hired in Truro for about a dollar a day. They will do all the cooking and camp work, and are to be relied on in matters of woodcraft.

Partridge are plenty, and, after the latter part of July, snipe, plover and curlew may be bagged on the marshes within a hundred yards of the court house. Ducks, geese and brant frequent the lakes in the fall and spring.

The most profitable kind of game in this part of the country is the fox—when it does not make itself too scarce. The silver and gray reynards are not to be despised; but that rare and valuable creature, the black fox, means something over a hundred dollars a pelt. One of the residents struck a bonanza, a few winters ago, by trapping four of them, and exchanging their skins for over four hundred dollars in cash. It is but just to add that black foxes are not sufficiently numerous to be a nuisance to the farmers, nor is the trapping of them to be depended on as a permanent means of livelihood.

Nor are the people of Truro and Colchester of the class who trust to luck and wait for good fortune to come to them. They are workers, who put their shoulders together to boom the land they live in. Their list of manufactures ranges from shoe pegs and bottled "pop" to millions of feet of lumber for export and tens of thousands of tons of the best of iron and steel. Some of the farms have shamed the boundless West by a yield of forty-six bushels of wheat to the acre, and where a poor farmer is found he may be safely put down as an immigrant who has newly arrived from some other place. The leading business houses of Truro would befit a city of five times its size, while some of the private residences speak for themselves of the culture and refinement of those who preside at their hospitable boards.

From Truro to Halifax is a distance of sixty-two miles, but it may be that the traveller is on his way to Cape Breton, to visit both Halifax and St. John later in the journey. In such case he will take the Pictou and Mulgrave train on that part of the Intercolonial once known as the Eastern Extension, calling at several places of interest on the way to the Strait of Canso.

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

Nobody knows how much coal there is in Nova Scotia. Geologists have made estimates in regard to the areas of which they have knowledge, and not even the Argus-eyed "Old Subscriber," who keeps a scrap-book for the purpose of correcting the newspapers, has ever attempted to disprove their statements. Enough is known to show that the eastern part of the province, including Cape Breton, was not big enough to hold the immense deposit, and that if the seams were followed out under the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, fuel would be found in sufficient quantity to convert every iceberg of the Polar Sea into boiling water.

The day is far distant when resort must be had to the sub-marine mines.

The pick has been plied since the French began the work at the Joggins and in Cape Breton, more than two hundred years ago, and the yield is growing greater every year. More than one and three-quarters of a million tons were taken out in 1889, an increase of two hundred per cent over the output of a quarter of a century before. There are millions of tons more for the generations of the future.

Three-fifths of this valuable commodity comes from the mines of the counties of Cumberland and Pictou. They are good neighbors for the county of Colchester, with its inexhaustible supply of iron. In the Pictou field, according to Sir William Logan, there are 5,567 feet of strata, containing 141 feet of coal, in sixteen beds, which vary in thickness from three to thirty-four feet. Later exploration has developed one seam of forty feet.

It will thus be seen that coal is king in this part of the country, and to speak of a respected resident as a "Carboniferous" man is simply a compliment equivalent to "as good as gold" in other places. It answers the same purpose to say that his conduct as citizen is solidly "based upon conglomerate and amygdaloidal trap;" it is purely a matter of taste as to which is the more elegant term.

Nova Scotia is, accordingly, a very carboniferous sort of country, and coal seams are found in a great many places. The strata seen at the Joggins mines, where the sea washes the cliffs, is said to be the best display of the kind in the world. Pictou shows a continuation of the same field—the great Nova Scotia coal field, with its 76 seams of coal and a thickness of no less than 14,750 feet of deposits. It took a long time for all this to form. It was so long ago, that every kind of animal which roamed in the forests of the period has been extinct for thousands of years. Yes, the coal fields are pretty old; it took ages to form each one of the seams; and yet when the fisherman barks his shins on the granite rocks of the Nepisiguit, on Baie des Chaleurs, he feels something that is a good deal older. It may mitigate his wrath and repress his profanity to know that he is bruised by what was part of the bottom of an ocean, "before a single plant had been called into existence of the myriads entombed in the coal deposits." So it will be seen that coal is quite a *parvenu*, as compared with some of the geological families; but it is old enough for all practical purposes where man is concerned.

The town of Pictou is reached by a branch of the railway from Stellarton, another famous mining place.

PICTOU.

Here is a place which has some claim to be called old. Wood, fashioned by savage implements, has been found in the earth over which grew trees that bore the ring marks of nearly three centuries. The Indians had been there long before that tree began to grow, for at a remote period their ancestors had feared the place, because of an ever burning fire. Therefore, they called it "Pictou," or possibly "Bucto," just as "The River of Fire" in New

Brunswick was named Rigi-buctou. The untutored mind did not understand that a camp fire, a stroke of lightning, or spontaneous combustion, had started a flame in a coal seam, which burned from one generation to another. It may sound like an anecdote of the lamented Glooscap, but it is really the statement of Prof. H. C. Hovey, that when he visited Albion Mines, a few years ago, an ancient bed of ashes, with an area of two acres, still retained the heat of the fire which must have ceased to burn nearly three centuries before. It is probable that some of the heat lurks there to this day.

Pictou is an old, substantial town, with the best harbor to be found in this part of Nova Scotia. Rising on a hill, as it does, it makes a fine appearance when viewed from the water, or from the train as one approaches the station. A closer inspection shows some handsome public and private buildings. Vessels of all sizes and rigs are in the harbor and at the wharves, and the scene is altogether an inspiring one. The town does a large shipping business, and vast quantities of coal are sent from here to places near and far. Trade of other kinds is brisk, and large numbers of travellers visit the place during the summer. A line of steamers runs to Prince Edward Island—making daily trips to Charlottetown.

Some good scenery may be found in the vicinity. An admirable view of the surrounding country and the waters to the north and east may be enjoyed from the roof of the Academy. Drives in the vicinity of East, West, and Middle Rivers will also repay one. Fitzpatrick's Mountain and Green Hill have already been mentioned, and another good view is from Mount Thom. Another drive is down the shore to Caribou Point and between Caribou River and River John. For bathing, a good place is at Caribou Cove, less than two miles from the town, where there is a fine sandy beach. Other good bathing places may also be found with little trouble. The country, with its low land along the shores and hills and valleys in the interior, its lakes and its rivers, has many scenes of real beauty.

The fishing vicinity is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon enter the streams only in the spawning season, about the first of September, and go out before the ice begins to form.

Barney's, French, and Sutherland Rivers and River John have good sea trout during the summer. Middle and West Rivers have small runs of trout, but, taken as a whole, the rivers in this vicinity have been pretty well "fished out." Fine trout are, however, taken at times in Maple and McQuarrie's Lakes. Some good sport may be found in fishing for mackerel, cod, etc., on the coast.

The country to the southward of Pictou has an abundance of moose. Let one take a trip, with guides, from West River, through Glengarry, Stewiacke, Nelson's and Sunny Brae, and over to Caledonia, or Guysboro, and he is pretty sure to have fair luck. Caribou are found at times, but moose is the chief game to be relied on. Bears are plenty, and so are partridge. Along the shore, snipe, plover, curlew, geese and all kinds of ducks, are found in large numbers.

NEW GLASCOW.

There is no possibility of any learned discussion as to the meaning of the name of this busy town. It may be questioned whether Pictou owes its title to the Indian word "piktook," a bubbling up, or as has just been alleged, to "Bucto," which means fire; there is no doubt as to the significance of designation of the settlement of the men "frae Glasgae." It needs but a short ramble along the curiously winding main street for the stranger to see that the North Briton possessed the land in generations past, and that his children and his works do follow him. Here, as in much of the country to the eastward, everything is as essentially Caledonian as it can be, even after the growth of a century or more on the soil of America. Old and immortal names in Scotland's history adorn shop after shop, and the descendants of those who fought with Bruce and Wallace stand behind the counters, surrounded with all the insignia of peace.

There are a great many of these shops, and there are many useful industries, some of which are of more than ordinary importance. The extensive iron, steel and glass works are samples of these, while factories of various kinds add to the hum of industry. Shipbuilding has been carried on here with great success, while the adjacent coal mines have, of course, an important effect in adding to the prosperity of the town. New Glasgaw is a live place, and its people are full of enterprise.

The nearest place from which a good view of the surrounding country can be obtained is Fraser's Mountain, about a mile and a half from the town. This view takes in Prince Edward Island, Pictou and Pictou Island, and down the shore as far as Cape St. George, besides the country in the rear. He who wants to see coal mines and some good scenery as well, should drive to Stellarton, through the collieries, calling also at Middle River and winding up at Fitzpatrick's Mountain, Green Hill. From the latter place the country can be seen in all directions for a distance of something like forty miles. A drive to Little Harbor, six or seven miles, and a bath in the salt water, will also have attractions for the pleasure seeker. At Sutherland's River, six miles distant, is a fine waterfall with picturesque surroundings.

Traveller in this land of pleasure, do you want a new sensation? If so, take off that natty travelling suit, borrow or buy some old clothes, and explore a coal mine. There are plenty of them in Pictou county, but if you expect the light, airy Mammoth-Cave-sort of a place that the imagination of artists has depicted, you may not find it. There is light enough for the workers, and there is, too, an abundance of darkness, dirt and water which pours from the springs of the invaded earth. Is there danger? Not to you, probably; though your guide may tell you that his father, brother or son was one of the three score who perished in the Drummond Colliery explosion, or who survived to be one of the forty and more who perished in the famed Foord Pit. It may give you a gruesome feeling to think of this when you are a thousand

feet or so under the earth, and you will be glad to see daylight again. Some one has said that no one can appreciate cold water so well as a man who suffers from the thirst which, it is said, follows a debauch. Be that as it may, no one can better realize the beauty of green fields, the blessing of pure air and the glory of the sunlight, than he who has been down among the coal mines.

ANNO MURIUM.

Somewhere around this part of Nova Scotia the stranger may be fortunate enough to find one of the very oldest inhabitants who was an eye-witness to those most extraordinary events which happened in the Year of the Mice. The younger generation appear to know little about it, though it was a memorable epoch in the history of the country. It was, in fact, a plague of mice, which visited Pictou, Colchester and Antigonish, as well as Prince Edward Island. As long ago as 1699, Dierville wrote that the latter place had a plague either of mice or locusts every seven years, but in more modern times the phenomenon has been witnessed but once. That once was enough.

It was in the year 1815 that the mice took a "Grand Farewell Benefit," in the presence of a large but far from admiring audience. They began to show themselves at that period in the year when the Spring Poet warbles and the sap runs from the maples, and the first intimation of their presence was the finding of their bodies in the troughs which the industrious sugar makers had placed in the woods. An occasional mouse would do no harm in such instances—it might give a "body" to the syrup; but when it came to pass that the mice who emulated "maudlin Clarence in his malmsley butt" left little room for the sap, there was a mingling of wonder and wrath.

They were not the timid little creatures seen nowadays, which sometimes die of fright. They were field mice of the largest kind, like half-grown rats, and they had a boldness more than proportioned to their size. They came from the woods, but how they got into the woods nobody has attempted to explain; and it is in just such cases as this that the nineteenth century misses the ingenious liars who invented the legends of the Greeks, Romans and North American Indians. Nobody knows where the mice started, but "they got there, just the same." By planting time they had reached the settlements, and their number had been augmented to an extent which struck terror to the hearts of the people; and the cry was: "Still they come!" If Burns, who had such compassion for the field mouse, had been there he would not have stopped to write poetry, but would have got out a field roller and crushed them by the thousand. They ate everything that mice can eat, and nearly ate up the people, for when molested they sat on their haunches and squealed defiance with their glistening teeth laid bare. As with the rats at Hamelin Town in Brunswick:

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chaps,
By shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

It took a brave dog to face a mob of them, and ordinary cats proved that good generalship is often shown by a timely and skilful retreat. Dr. Patterson, in his History of Pictou, is authority for the statement that a farmer attempted to sow oats at Merigomish, and was disgusted to find that the mice ate them as fast as he sowed. Finding that his labor simply amounted to feeding part of a hungry horde, he finally got out of patience, threw all his oats at them and went home in intense disgust. Spreading over the country as the season advanced, they devoured all before them. Acres were stripped of growing crops, and still the mice grew and their appetites increased apace. Trenches were dug and all sorts of expedients resorted to, but in vain. The mice question became an absorbing one, when all at once the intruders made up their minds to get up and get. But, as with the army of Napoleon in Russia, and the followers of De Soto to the Mississippi, death marched in their midst. Thousands of those that had achieved such brilliant conquests lay down and died. Thousands more reached the sea-shore, but only to die. All along the coast their bodies lay piled up in masses like lines of sea-weed, and for many weeks the fish caught in the bays were found to have their maws filled with the remains of the annihilated army of mice.

For many years after this remarkable visitation, it was the custom of many of the people to reckon births, marriages, deaths, etc., as being such and such a time after the year of the mice. *Anno Murium* took the place of *Anno Domini*; but as succeeding generations grew up, this system of chronology became obsolete, and it has long since ceased to be known, save to those who have learned it from the traditions of their fathers.

ANTIGONISH.

If you want able-bodied men, go to Antigonish. Here you will find the descendants of Highlanders, who look able for all comers. Six feet and odd inches tall are they, and stout in proportion.

Antigonish is called the prettiest village in Eastern Nova Scotia. Its neat, tidy dwellings stand amid beautiful shade trees on low ground, while the hills rise in graceful cones near at hand. Among these hills are sweet and pleasant valleys and the brooks are as clear as crystal. The village is the capital of the county, and is also the seat of the Bishop of Antigonish. St. Ninian's Cathedral is a fine edifice, built of stone and erected at a large expense. It is said to seat 1,200 persons. St. Francois Xavier College is situated near it, and has many students. The community is largely composed of Scotch of the Roman Catholic faith, and as many of the older people speak Gaelic only, sermons are preached in that as well as the English language. The harbor is eight miles away, and has a good, though rather shallow, beach. The village has several hotels.

It is believed that the word "Antigonish" is a corruption of the Indian "Nalkitgoniash," which means either Forked River or Big Fish River. The latter interpretation does not have any significance in these days, for there is

little to attract the angler. The shooting, also, is poor, but good scenery is plenty. The "Lord's Day Gale" and other storms have done a large amount of injury to the forests, but enough beauty remains to satisfy the sightseer. By all odds, the most attractive spot is at Lochaber Lake, on the road to Sherbrooke, six miles from the village. This lake is about six miles long, and the road runs along its bank for the entire distance, amid foliage of the most attractive character. The water is very deep and remarkably clear and pure, while the banks rise abruptly from it and have a very beautiful effect. It was of this lake that the late Hon. Joseph Howe said—

"Far down the ancient trees reflected lie;
Stem, branch and leaf, like fairy tracery,
Wave 'round the homes of some enchanting race,
The guardian nymphs of this delightful place."

The Sherbrooke road is a good way by which to reach some of the fishing and hunting grounds of Guysboro. By going about twenty miles, St. Mary's River is reached, at the Forks. Here there is good fishing all along the river, and good accommodation may be had at Melrose. From here to the Stillwater Salmon Pools is seven miles, and some fine salmon may be caught. Sherbrooke, a few miles lower down, is a very pretty place, and here one may catch not only fine sea trout, but salmon ranging from fifteen to forty pounds in weight. The fly best suited to this river is one with light yellow body and dark yellow wings. In the other salmon rivers the "Admiral" is a favorite, as well as another with turkey wing, gray body and golden pheasant tail. Guysboro Lakes have fine trout in them. The mountains of this county, too, are the haunts of moose and caribou. It is an excellent country for sport.

The true artist—and by this is meant everyone who can appreciate the panorama of nature—will find much to admire in this country, even as he journeys on an express train. He will begin to see it even before he reaches Antigonish. Such a name as that of Barney's River may not charm the ear, and it needs not an imaginative mind to make Marshy Hope the synonym of all that is full of desolation and despair. Happily, the names are not indices of the nature of the country. After leaving Barney River (why don't they spell it Barony?) the road runs through a canyon, extending for a number of miles, and which is part of the beautiful Piedmont valley. Far away and near at hand rise tree-clad hills, on which the sunshine gives a glory to the varying hues of summer foliage, to show in vivid contrast with the shadows cast in the vales beneath.

Near Antigonish is Sugar Loaf Mountain, with a height of 750 feet,—from which is a view of sea and land that includes even the shore of Cape Breton. On another hill the traveller will see where a civil engineer, C. C. Gregory, has shown his appreciation of the beautiful by choosing the summit as the site of his residence and grounds. Only a few miles from Antigonish

is Gaspereau Lake, which is five hundred feet above the water in the harbor, so it will be seen that there is no lack of hills, with all kinds of scenery, in this part of the world.

Leaving Antigonish, South River is the first place to claim attention, with its picturesque islands and green hills, while here and there the white plaster rock brings out the colors of the forest and field in brighter relief. If the journey be made in the autumn, it is almost a certainty that wild geese and ducks will be seen at South River. It is no uncommon thing for an approaching train to cause several flocks to rise from the river close at hand, while at a distance may be seen the heads of thousands of others, as they float tranquilly on the water.

Tracadie, a little more than half way between Antigonish and Port Mulgrave, has a fine harbor, which opens into the broad and beautiful St. George's Bay. Near here is an Indian reserve, but the most interesting community in this part of the country is that of the Trappist Brothers, who have a monastery, and are among the most expert of farmers. Despite the hills and rocks seen on the journey, this is a fertile land, not only for staple crops, but for the various fruits which can be brought to maturity in this latitude.

ON AN OCEAN BYE-WAY.

If the Atlantic be a highway for the commerce of nations, what but a bye-way, or convenient short cut, is the Strait of Canso. It is the great canal which nature has placed between the ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, by which not only is distance shortened, but the perils of the sea are, in many cases, reduced to a minimum. Fourteen miles or so in length, and about a mile in width, its strong currents assert its claim to be part of the great sea beyond, while the thousands of sail passing and repassing year after year, tell of its importance to the trade of the whole Atlantic coast.

The Intercolonial Railway reaches the Strait of Canso at Mulgrave. Here the high land on the western shore affords some glorious views, both of the long stretch of water, dotted with all kinds of craft, and of the sloping hills of the island beyond. The most prominent of the heights on the mainland is Cape Porcupine, from the summit of which the telegraph wires once crossed, high over the waters, to Plaister Cove. In the early days of ocean cables, those slender threads in mid air were a part of the tie which united Europe and America. When breaks occurred—and in such an exposed situation they were bound to occur—the link between two worlds was broken. The invention of submarine cables solved the problem for all time.

If one is not in a hurry to proceed to Cape Breton, he may spend a few days to advantage in the vicinity of Mulgrave, where there is not only some impressive scenery, but good bathing and fair fishing. Morrison's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Cape Porcupine, is two miles from the wharf, and is reached by easy road. Big Tracadie Lake is three and a half miles distant; and Chisholm's Lake lies between the one last mentioned and the

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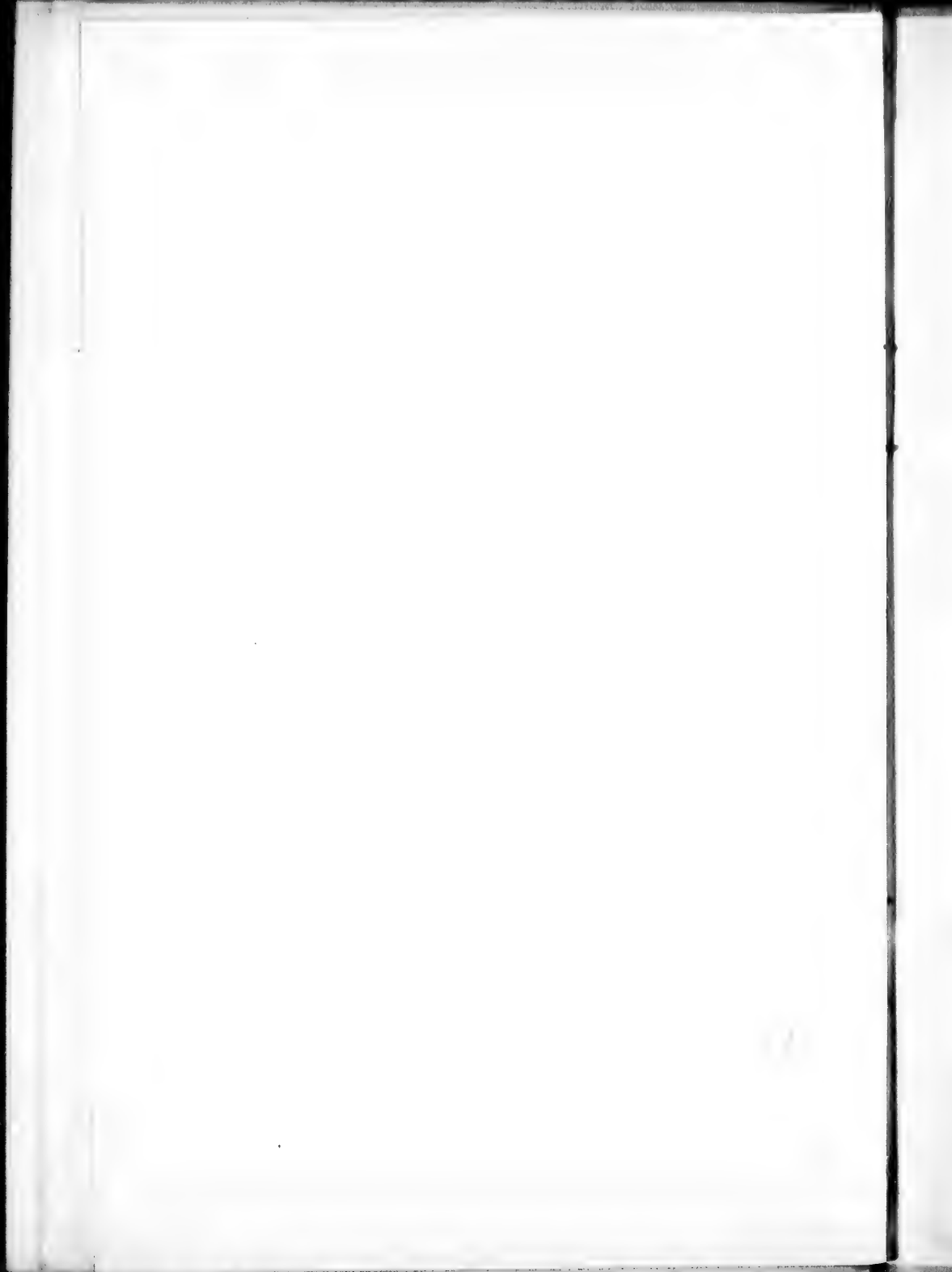
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FORT HAWKESBUR AND STRAIT OF CANSEAU.



highway. The road is a good one and through a settled country. To the southward of the wharf are the Goose Harbor Lakes, a chain which extends from three miles beyond Pirates Harbor to the southern coast of Guysboro'.

"Where and what is Terminal City?" may be asked by somebody who has been trying to study up this part of Nova Scotia in advance of his journey. The first part of the question is easily answered. It is about five miles south of the railway at Mulgrave, and overlooks the Strait where it widens into an indentation of the North Atlantic. What is it, is a question for the future to answer. All that is known to the general public is that a syndicate of United States capitalists has secured a block of land about eight miles long and running back three miles from the water, as well as a large block on the opposite shore. The city is not yet built, but its streets have been laid out, the lots located, and many other preliminary steps taken, as by reference to the plan will more fully and at large appear. A large amount of money has already been spent, and it is proposed to spend a good deal more in putting up a mammoth hotel and private residences. And then?

Why then, say the projectors, Terminal City is to be not only a famous summer resort, but a great commercial metropolis. It is to be the point of departure for the ocean greyhounds between England and America, and these greyhounds will take but four days to reach Liverpool. The route will be 400 miles shorter than from the nearest United States port, and when the proper railway connections are made, more days will be saved in the journey from Chicago and the West to this point on the seaboard. These, they say, are some of the reasons why the city should be built, and they intend to build it.

CAPE BRETON.

Cape Breton is usually spoken of as an island, but it actually consists of a number of islands, while there are numbers of peninsulas out of which even more islands could be made, were there any occasion for the work. Water, fresh and salt, has been distributed very liberally in this part of the world, and it is to this that Cape Breton owes much of its charm as the paradise of the summer tourist.

The land does its share as a part of the beautiful picture. There is enough of it and some to spare, for of the more than two and a half million acres only about a moiety is fit for cultivation. The rest of it is good for other things. The productive coal measures, for instance, cover about 250 square miles, and there are other sources of wealth in the earth, some of which are known and some of which have yet to be developed. Whether the land is good or not is of little moment to the pleasure seeker, for it is enough for him that it is one of the finest places in America for a summer outing. It has been so far removed from the bustle of the world in the past that there is a freshness about it that may be sought for in vain along the beaten highways of travel. The primitive simplicity which amused Charles Dudley Warner and other humorous writers is still to be found in many districts, but

it is no longer a troublesome journey to reach even the mysterious Baddeck from any part of the continent. The Intercolonial system has opened up the land, and the Cape Breton railway reaches from the Strait of Canso to the harbor of Sydney, on the eastern shore. For much of the distance it runs along the borders of that wonderfully beautiful inland sea, the Bras d'Or, or of the rivers and bays that are tributary to it. The scenery is never tame, because it is ever varied, and there are places where the speed of the slowest train will seem but too fast to the lover of nature's beauty.

The railway begins at Point Tupper, just across from Mulgrave, and has a length of ninety miles. At the outset, in aiming to provide a route as direct as possible, it necessarily passes through a part of the country a little removed from such settlements as those which cluster around River Inhabitants and other places of note. For the same reason, it bridges some big gaps which the valleys have made. The trestle over McDonald's Gulch, with a length of 940 feet, and a height of 90 feet above the bed of the stream, is the second longest in Canada.

So it is that in the first half of the journey but little is seen of the people of the country. The country itself, however, begins to give glimpses of its beauty at such places as Seal and Orange Coves, McKinnon's Harbor, and the various inlets of Denys' River. Then comes the famed Bras d'Or.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above, tower the mountains with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

The Bras d'Or waters have a surface area of 450 square miles, and while the width from shore to shore is as much as eighteen miles in one place, there are times when less than a mile separates shore from shore. So, too, the depth varies in somewhat the same ratio as rise the surrounding hills. In one part of Little Bras d'Or there is a depth of nearly 700 feet, the depression equalling the height of the surrounding land. Every variety of landscape meets the eye of the delighted stranger, and it is because of this variety that the eye never wearies and the senses are never palled.

It would be useless, and doubtless impolitic, to attempt to convince the traveller that "Bras d'Or" is only the corruption of a word that is not French and has a wholly different meaning. As one sees the calm surface made glorious by the rising or setting sun, with an ambient light like that which



GRAND NARROWS HOTEL.



shone in the subtle distillations of the alchemists of old, there comes the thought that no other title than the "Arm of Gold" so well befits this Mediterranean of the Acadian Land. Yet there are not wanting those who argue that this summer land had its name in common with that of "the cold and pitiless Labrador," and that both are from the Spanish *Terra de Laborador*—land that may be cultivated. This would apply to the surrounding country, but there is another theory which has been used in reference to the recognized Labrador, and will apply with equal force here. It is that of M. Jules Marcou, in a paper "Sur l'Origine du Nom d'Amerique," to be found in the Transactions of the Quebec Geographical Society for 1888. He avers, but furnishes no corroborative evidence, that the name "Brador," or "Bradaur," is an Indian word which means "deep and narrow bay," pushing forward through the land and corresponding to the Norwegian *fjord*. It may also be remarked that Denys' map, dated 1672, shows "Le Lac de Labrador," in what is now Cape Breton.

Between the claims of the Indians, Spaniards, French and English, including the abominably bad spellers who undertook to write books and make maps, there is a good deal of haziness about some of the names in this country. Some people prefer "Canseau" to the common Canso of commerce, because it has more of a French look, but it is a debateable question whether the word is not a corruption of the Spanish *Ganso*, a goose, or the Indian *Camsoke*, meaning high bluffs. Even the people who live hereabouts can throw no light on the subject.

In following the railway, the stranger will occasionally see what looks like a shallow pond, a hundred feet or so in diameter. It may surprise him to learn that the bottom is sixty or a hundred feet from the surface. This is a country of heights and depths, where at times the train runs through long cuttings where the white plaster rock looms up on each side, to travel for hundreds of yards on high embankments in which the excavated material has been made to bridge a valley. There is nothing flat about the scenery, unless it may be the water, and even that is so only in a purely literal sense.

Nor is that always as flat as some would like it to be when they have to cross the Bras d'Or after a heavy gale. The inland sea is but a part of the Atlantic, and an outside storm may sweep its waters into fury. The direction of the wind makes all the difference in the world.

Grand Narrows is the half-way point between Mulgrave and Sydney, and a very comfortable stopping place it is, with the advantage of an hotel run on modern principles. Here the Bras d'Or changes from a broad basin to make its way through a passage less than a mile in width, the name of which is Barra Strait. Why the village does not have the euphonious name of Barra, instead of the less tasteful one of Grand Narrows, is a question for some of the residents to answer. It is a pretty enough place, with many opportunities for the tourist to find summer recreation. The climate in all this part of the country is delightful. With all the benefits of salt water breezes, there is very

little fog, and what there is of it is neither frequent, thick nor of long duration. A prominent resident of Grand Narrows is authority for the statement that he has known five consecutive summers to pass without a trace of this moist visitant.

Grand Narrows is centrally situated as regards some of the most inviting spots in Cape Breton. Baddeck is only twelve miles distant, by water, and a trip of twenty miles from it takes one to the beautiful Whycogamagh. It is hardly necessary to say that opportunities for good bathing and safe boating are found everywhere in this diversified region of land and water, while there is an abundance of fishing. Trout are caught with the fly from the Bras d'Or, as close to the hotel as the railway bridge, and what is more singular, fine fat codfish also rise to the fly and are easily taken. Good sized trout are also found at Benacadie, a few miles away, and at Eskasonie, a little further removed. The River Denys has also a fine reputation among anglers.

The Bras d'Or is famed for its fine codfish, and the catching and curing of them has been an important source of revenue to the people. Lobsters are also abundant, and smelts are equally plenty in their season.

Then as for game, the sportsman may find all the partridge he seeks in the woods, and thousands of plover, black duck, curlew and other sea fowl, at all the inlets along the shore for many a mile along the line of railway. Grand Narrows has not a monopoly of the good things, but it is convenient because of its central situation.

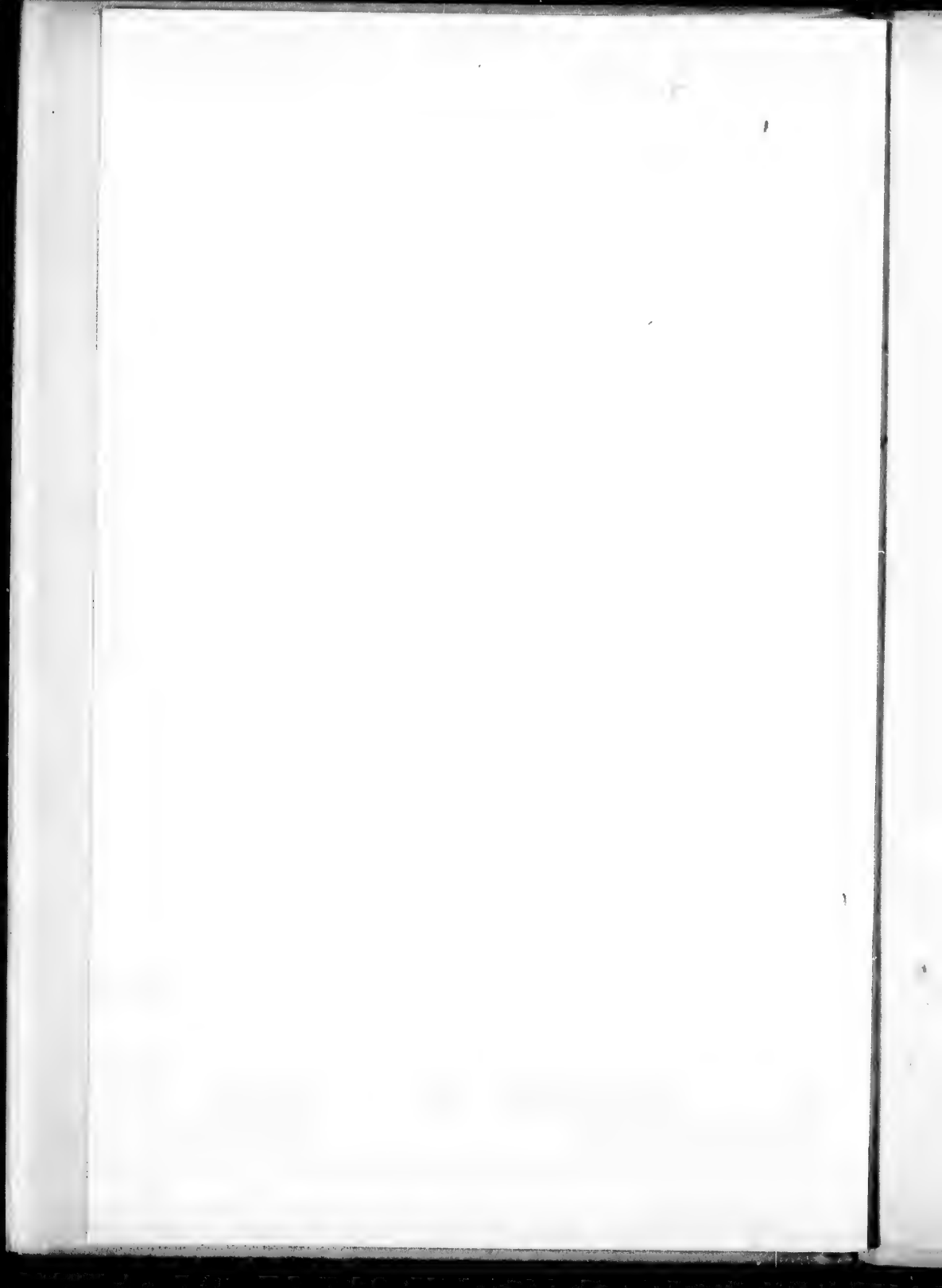
The railway bridge which crosses Barra Strait at Grand Narrows is a handsome as well as substantial structure, with a length of 1697 feet. It is the link which connects the eastern and western divisions of the road. It was formally opened in October, 1890, by Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada. His Excellency stood in the cab of the engine and acted as driver during the passage across.

Everybody who wants to see the beauties of Cape Breton will go to Baddeck, that picturesque village which rises gently on a graceful incline from a land-locked harbor. The situation is a most happy one, while no description can convey an adequate idea of the charms of the scenery. Everything looks bright and beautiful; sky, sea and green clad hills are shown in their fairest hues, while all the surroundings are such as to fill the soul with a sense of peace and rest. An entrancing sail of twenty miles along St. Patrick's Channel and through Little Narrows, will bring one to Whycocomagh, another village famed for its beauty, to which much that has been said of Baddeck will apply. This is a good point from which the fishing resorts at Lake Ainslie and Margaree River, where both salmon and trout are found, may be reached. From here, also, easy access may be had to River Denys, to which reference has already been made.

To the north of this part of the country is an area of about 1,100 square miles, consisting of a vast plateau which is at times at an elevation of 1,200 feet above the sea. This is still wild and unsettled, and a journey of a few



BADDECK, C.B.



hours from Baddeck will take the hunter into the land of the moose and caribou. Should one be ambitious to reach the most northerly point in Nova Scotia, and be in a higher latitude than when in the city of Quebec, he can follow the lonely roads along the coast to Cape St. Lawrence and Cape North. From the latter it is a little more than sixty miles to Newfoundland, while the gloomy rock known as St. Paul's Island, the terror of mariners in former times, lies between. It has well been said that this part of Cape Breton is the key to the St. Lawrence.

From Cape St. Lawrence the distance to the Magdalen Islands is but fifty miles. The waters which lie between have been the scene of many a tragedy in the past. One of the most memorable of these was the Lord's Day Gale, of 23rd of August, 1873, which brought mourning to so many fishermen's families in New England and the Provinces. Traces of this terrible visitation are to be found all along the shore on this part of the Gulf. The graphic description by E. C. Stedman is only too faithful.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought erelong, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from St. Lawrence Bay.

The East Wind gathered all unknown,—
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coast on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet—a darkness—filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's Day morn, it was a breeze,—
At noon, a blast that shook the seas,—
At night—a wind of death took hold!

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote again;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

There were twenty and more of Breton sail,
 Fast anchored on one mooring ground;
 Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
 When the thick of the tempest closed them round:
 All sank at once in the gaping sea,—
 Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
 The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
 Before the wind, before the swell;
 By the steep sand cliff their ribs were stove,—
 Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
 Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score;
 Of the Province sail two hundred more
 Were stranded in that tempest fell.

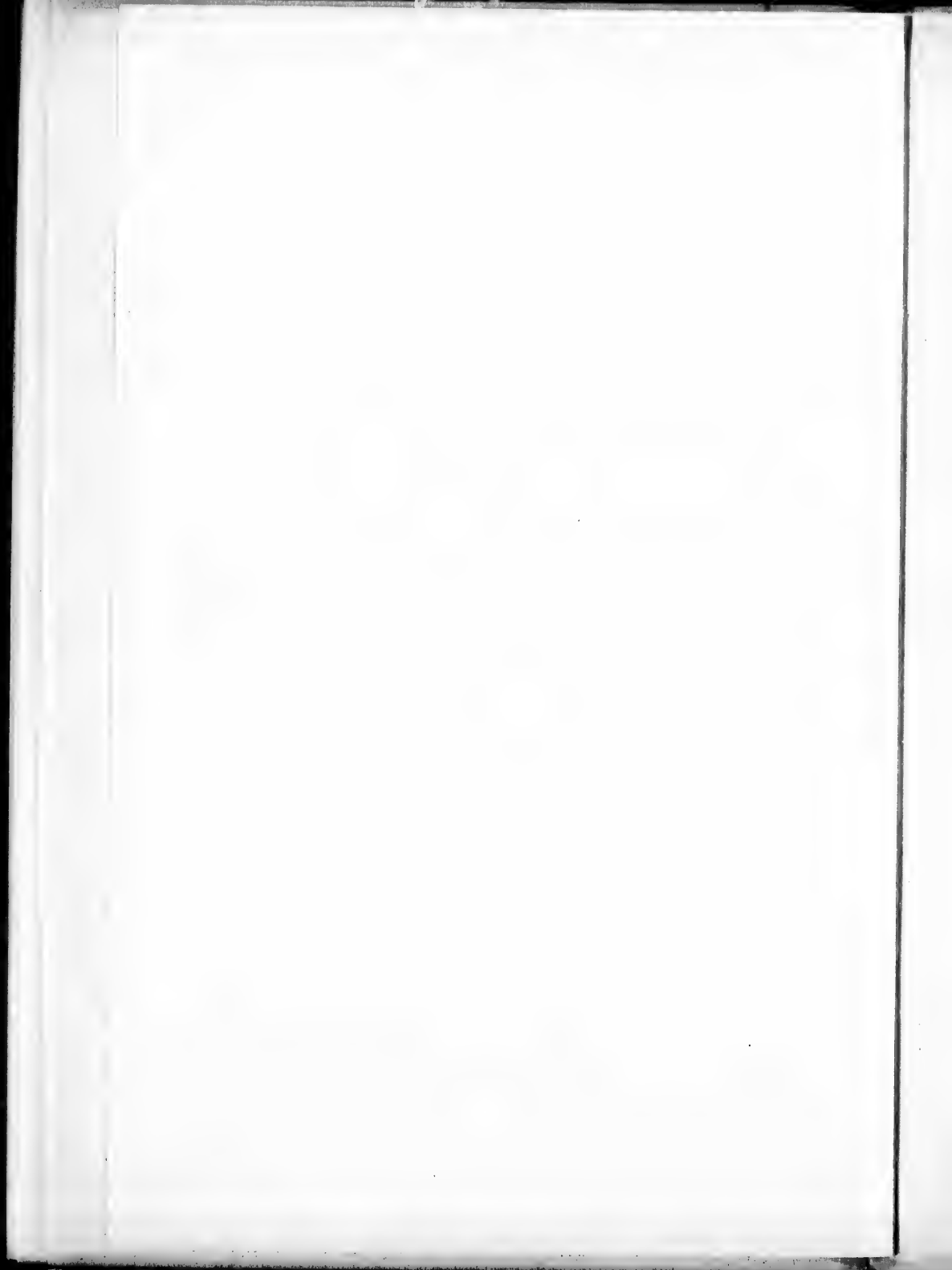
Returning to the Bras d'Or, and resuming the railway journey eastward, one has little time or inclination for gloomy sentiment in the scenes amid which he finds himself. It has been said that the interior of Cape Breton more nearly resembles some parts of Scotland than does any other part of Canada. Be that as it may, one will find whole settlements of Highland Scotch, who seem perfectly at home amid their surroundings. In some districts Gaelic is spoken almost to the exclusion of English, and it is still the tongue heard from many a pulpit. Very often they will be found to be a primitive people, with a simplicity of character which shows their unfamiliarity with the ways of the world beyond the confines of their birthplace. The stranger is always welcome, and when he requires a service they are on the alert to gratify his wishes. They do it with an air of being anxious to oblige, and very often look surprised when offered compensation. Roman Catholics in their faith, the priest is a mighty power among them, and in no way is this more clearly shown than in the restriction of the sale of liquor in some of the country parishes. The voice of their spiritual adviser will do more than all the acts which parliament may pass and the authorities seek to enforce.

From Barra Strait to Sydney, a distance of forty-five miles, the railway journey permits some extended and beautiful views of the Little Bras d'Or. Some of the land attains a high elevation as it recedes from the shore, and though this part of the Bras d'Or may be called "little," the greatest depth of water in Cape Breton is found between Boisdale and Boularderie. The latter is one of the several islands into which this country is divided, and is in the shape of a tongue some twenty-six miles long and only two or three miles wide, except at the eastern portion where it widens to about double that distance. Some attractive scenery is found at Long Island, which lies close to the shore traversed by the railway, in the vicinity of George's River.

The country is not only more settled but more fertile as the traveller proceeds, and in the vicinity of the Sydneys the evidences of thrift and



VIEW AT ORANGEDALE BRAS D'OR LAKE, C.B.



prosperity are seen on every hand. One can hardly believe that two centuries ago the Indians and one or two missionaries were the only occupants of all this part of America. The practical settlement of Cape Breton by the English dates back to but little more than a hundred years ago.

Sydney, which dates its foundation back to 1783, is not an old town, as towns go even in Canada, but it has a wide and enviable reputation. Its bitumenous coal is of a quality for which people everywhere are willing to pay the highest price, and there is a never-failing supply of it. The quantity available in the fields of Cape Breton is estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include the numberless seams less than four feet in thickness, nor the vast body which lies under the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, one area of which is believed to contain 2,500 acres, with an estimated yield of thirty-five million tons.

A good harbor is one of the features of Sydney, and here in the busy season may be seen all kinds of shipping, from the ocean steamer to the coasting schooner. Around the harbor proper are grouped the mines and the lively town of North Sydney, which is also reached by rail from North Sydney Junction.

If the tourist has the time it may repay him to take a trip to Cow Bay or Miré Bay, on the eastern shore. At the latter place he will find not only a large and beautiful harbor but a very curious river, which has been properly described as being more in the nature of a long, narrow and crooked lake. From here, also, he can, but is not likely to, satisfy his ambition by standing on the very furthest Down East Point in the Dominion of Canada, south of the Province of Quebec. It is on Scatari Island, and standing on its shore one may realize that for more than 2,300 miles to the eastward and over 1,600 miles to the southward, lies the unbroken Atlantic ocean.

On this coast, too, is a place made famous ere the English flag waved in supremacy over Canada. It is Louisburg, once one of the strongest fortified cities of the world, but now a grass-grown ruin where not one stone is left upon another. Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres or nearly six million dollars in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

Every New Englander should visit Louisburg. Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperal, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the "noble six hundred." It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvellous deeds which man has dared to do.

Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisburg fell once more and the

knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisburg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was begun. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down, and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the destruction, and then the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast; and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruin with a mantle of green and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land that Nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore—the requiem of Louisburg, the city made desolate.

Another Louisburg exists to-day, across the harbor from the site of the former city. It has a population of about 1,000, and is reached by the Sydney & Louisburg Railway, a narrow gauge line, thirty-one miles in length. The site of old Louisburg may be visited and the lines of some of the fortifications traced, and one who has a history which gives a good account of the sieges may be interested and instructed in following out the plans of the attacking parties. There is a magnificent harbor which opens on the broad ocean, and one may enjoy all the pleasures of life by the sea-shore, on the ground where the treasures of a nation were squandered.

The Bras d'Or, in all the beauty of its many nooks and bays, may be seen by taking one of the steamers that make daily trips between Sydney and Mulgrave. East Bay, which is not seen from the railway, may be visited by this route, while the southern passage between Bras d'Or and the ocean will be found at St. Peter's Canal. This is another place where Cape Breton gets the addition of an island by a narrow passage between two sections of the land, though man, rather than nature is responsible for it. Formerly the whole 450 square miles of water in the Bras d'Or had communication with the sea only on the north-east coast, though at St. Peter's Bay, only a half mile or so of isthmus prevented a south-west passage, with the avoidance of all the risks of navigation around the coast and a vast saving of time and distance. The construction of the canal solved the problem in a very simple and satisfactory way.

There are times when some of the most glorious of nature's panoramas can be seen in the vicinity of St. Peter's. On a calm summer's morning the peaceful sea is a mirror which reflects in rare beauty the red, purple and golden hues which the sunlight gives the hills. On the land the colors are strangely bright, while the waters soften and blend the whole into a picture which must ever linger in the memory.

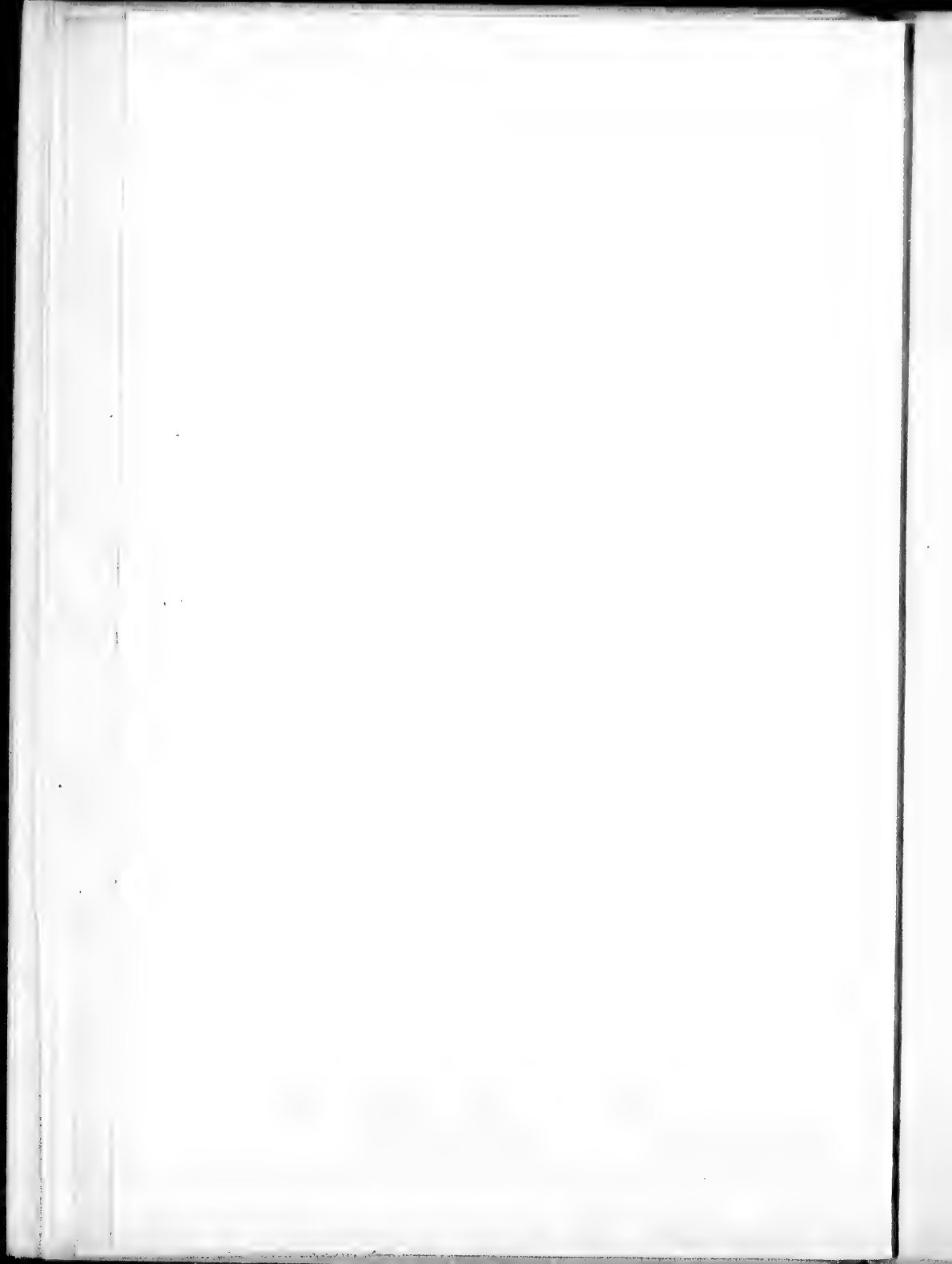
Around and among the islands, past high bluffs, gentle slopes of vivid green and sombre mountains rising far away, the traveller enters the Strait of Canso once more. According to his opportunities and inclination, he has seen much or little of the beauties of Cape Breton. Few indeed are likely to feel that a hasty journey has been sufficient to show them all they would like to see. They will come again another year—and it may be, yet another—never wearying in their wanderings in this peaceful summer land.

TRURO TO HALIFAX.

From Truro to Halifax the railway runs through a fine country, the most flourishing portion of which is not seen by the traveller. Large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland combine to make one of the finest farming districts in Nova Scotia. Through this flows the Stewiacke River,



SYDNEY HARBOUR.



which takes its rise among the hills of Pictou and flows for forty miles or so, until it empties into the Shubenacadie at Fort Ellis. The Shubenacadie is a large and swift stream, and was at one time looked upon as the future highway of commerce across the province. More than half a century ago the people of Halifax grew excited over the idea that the trade of the basin of Minas was being carried to St. John. Nature had placed a chain of lakes at the source of the river, and it would seem that art would have little trouble in constructing a canal. Meetings were held, surveys and speeches were made, money was subscribed and the work was begun. It was never finished, and never will be. The enthusiasm subsided, the supplies ceased, and the Great Shubenacadie Canal was abandoned. The ruins still exist, but the railway has taken the place of a canal for all time to come.

Both the Stewiacke and the Shubenacadie have good fishing, and so have the lakes beyond the latter as Windsor Junction is approached. Grand Lake has fine fishing in June, July, September and October. Some years ago, 120,000 whitefish were put into this lake and are doing well. All the lakes of Halifax county afford good fishing, but the rivers, with few exceptions, are short and rapid streams which become very low during the summer season.

As for game, the fact that, in September, 1890, an express train ran down and killed three moose, within a hundred yards of Wellington station, twenty-one miles from Halifax, speaks for itself.

The country from Shubenacadie east to Canso abounds with moose and other game, as has already been intimated in connection with Guysboro.

Windsor Junction, fourteen miles from Halifax, has admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats, and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters. Here the line branches off to Windsor, and down the Annapolis Valley by the W. & A. Railway. Passing by the Junction, the next station is Bedford, nine miles from Halifax, and here is seen the upper end of that beautiful sheet of water—Bedford Basin. Along its shores the train passes and, as the city becomes nearer, the beauty of the scene increases. At length the city is reached and the traveller alights in one of the finest of the Intercolonial structures, the North Street Depot.

HALIFAX.

Everybody has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbor. This harbor, they have been told, is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little way removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and the western worlds. They have been told, also, that this harbor is always accessible and always safe; and all of this, though true enough, does the harbor of Halifax but scanty justice. All harbors have more or less of merit, but few are like this one. Here there is something more than merely a roomy and safe haven—something to claim more than a passing glance. To understand this we must know something of the topography of the city.

Halifax is located on a peninsula and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the North-west Arm, a stretch of about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the

eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the citadel. On the eastern side of the harbor is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbor, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. This is a brief and dry description of the city. It would be just as easy to make a longer and more gushing one, but when people are going to see a place for themselves they don't take the bother to wade through a long account of metes, bounds and salient angles. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.

Halifax is a strong city in every way. It has great strength in a military point of view; it has so many solid men that it is a tower of strength financially; it is strongly British in its manners, customs and sympathies; and it has strong attractions for visitors. Let us analyze some of these points of strength.

First, the military. There was a time when the military element was necessarily the first to be considered. One of the first acts of the settlers was, to fire a salute in honor of their arrival, and as soon as Governor Cornwallis had a roof to shelter his head, they placed a couple of cannon to defend it and mounted a guard. They had need of military. Indians saw in their arrival a probable "boom" in scalps, and every Indian in the neighborhood sharpened his knife for the anticipated "hum." These Indians were neither the devotional ones whom Cowper holds up for the imitation of Sunday school scholars, nor yet the playful and docile ones who borrowed tobacco from the late William Penn. They were savages, as destitute of pity and sentiment as they were of decent clothes. It was, therefore, essential that the men of Halifax should be of a military turn of mind, and every boy and man, from sixteen to sixty years of age, did duty in the ranks of the militia. Later, the town became an important military and naval station; ships of the line made their rendezvous in the harbor and some of England's bravest veterans were quartered in its barracks. Princes, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, captains and colonels walked the streets from time to time; guns boomed, flags waved, drums beat and bugles sounded, so that the paide and panoply of war were ever before the people. And so they are to-day. The uniform is seen on every street, and fortifications meet the eye at every prominent point.

Chief among the fortifications is the Citadel, which crowns the city, commenced by the Duke of Kent, and altered, varied and transposed until it has become a model of military skill. Its history has been a peaceful one and is likely to be. If it should be assailed it appears well able for a siege. The citizens, too, are truly loyal to the crown; and the people who expect to hurrah when the British flag is lowered in submission to Provincial Home Rulers or foreign foes will have a long while to wait. Visitors were once allowed to inspect the works, but of late the regulations have been more stringent. If in future they should be relaxed, the man who always follows Captain Cuttle's advice to make a note of what he sees, is recommended to refrain from using pencil and paper within the limits of any of the forts. It is bad taste; and, besides, the authorities will not permit it.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the harbor with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbor, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around the city



NORTH SYDNEY, C.B.



are seen the ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer's day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab's and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen, the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The Dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature.

The financial strength of Halifax is apparent at a glance. It is a very wealthy city, and as its people have never had a mania for speculation, the progress to wealth has been a sure one. The business men have always had a splendid reputation for reliability and honorable dealing. The banks are safe, though the people did business until comparatively recent times without feeling that such institutions were necessary. A cash business and specie payments suited their wants. At length several leading men started a bank. They had no charter and were surrounded by no legislative enactments. No one knew how much capital they had, or what amount of notes they had in circulation. No one cared. They were "solid men," and that was enough; and so they went on for years—always having the confidence of the public and always being as safe as any bank in America. The chartered banks of Halifax now do the work, but the solid men of Halifax are still to be found, in business and out of it.

Halifax is the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy has accomplished this. There are some Provincial people who, after a six-months' sojourn in the United States, are very much more American than the simon pure Yankee. This could not happen in Halifax. They are, for once and for all, the faithful and liege subjects of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and the fashion and tastes of the people must be governed by the land beyond the sea. So the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who has the *entrée* into the best society will be sure to carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be made to minister to the enjoyment of the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The strong attractions for visitors are so numerous that a city guide book is necessary to explain them in their proper order. The drives can be varied according to the taste and the time of sojourn. To skirt the city one may drive down the Point Pleasant road and up the North-west Arm. This gives a fine view of the harbor and its objects of interest. The Arm is a beautiful place, and around it are many elegant private residences, the homes of men of wealth and taste. This is one of the most pleasant parts of Halifax. From the Arm one may drive out on the Prospect Road and around Herring Cove. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by the way of Dartmouth; or one may extend the journey to Waverly and Portobello before starting for home, the drive being in all twenty-seven miles. If one has a fancy for bathing in the surf, he should go to where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, at Cow Bay. This beautiful place, which furnishes another instance of the horribly literal nomenclature of the early settlers, is

ten miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side. The drive to it is through a pretty piece of country. All around Halifax are bays, coves, islands and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases. Excursions to McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbor, are also in order during the fine days of summer.

In the city itself, there is a great deal to be seen. It is expected that strangers will visit the Fish Market, and it will be well to attend to this before it forgotten. The people are proud of it—not the building, but its contents—and the visit is a very interesting one to those who like to see fish. Then, of course, one must go to the Province Building, which Judge Haliburton claimed to be "the best building and the handsomest edifice in North America." Then comes the new Province Building, with its fine museum, open to the public. After these come the churches, asylums and all kinds of public institutions—some of which bear glowing tribute to the charity and philanthropy of the people. Halifax has a large number of charities in proportion to its size, and the results cannot fail to be good. The Public Gardens belonging to the city will be found a most pleasant retreat, with its trees and flowers, fountains, lakes and cool and shady walks. Here one may enjoy the fragrance of nature in all its glory, while the eye is feasted with nature's beauties.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water, broad, deep, blue and beautiful. Here it is that yachts and boats of all kinds are to be found taking advantage of so fair a cruising ground, spreading their sails before the breezes which come in from the Atlantic. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stand on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory, and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honor by the Halifax people.

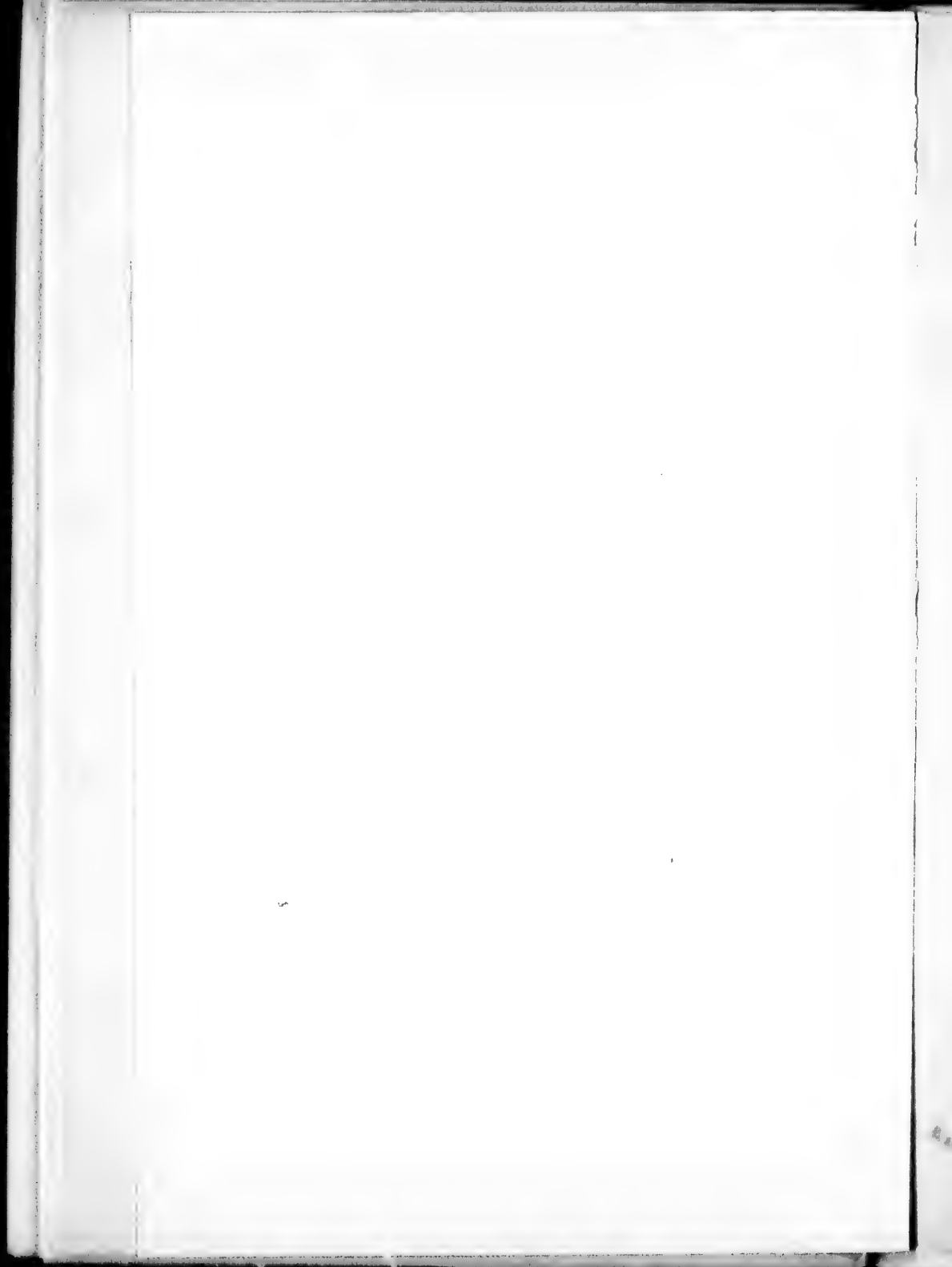
Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamers with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port of call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland. Steamers arrive and depart at all hours, and the harbor is never dull. One can go to Europe or any of the leading places of America without delay—Liverpool, Glasgow, the West Indies, New York, Boston, Portland, Newfoundland and Quebec—these are some of the points with which direct communication is had by steamer. The man who wants a sea voyage can take his choice.

This port is also a deep water terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, and has a grain elevator, built at the cost of \$100,000, with a capacity of 150,000 bushels. Its cotton factory has a capacity of 10,000 spindles and is called the finest in the Maritime Provinces. The Nova Scotia sugar refinery cost half a million dollars and it has a capacity of 2000 barrels a day. There is another large refinery in Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbor. Halifax has also a marine railway, but the most important of the works around the harbor is the dry dock. This dock is not only one of the great features of the place, but a work of which all Canada may be proud.

The harbor of Halifax is well termed one of the finest in the world. The commercial interests of the city have always been most extensive, and



HALIFAX RAILWAY STATION.



shipping is always around its waters in craft of all kinds and of every nation which has a foreign trade. This harbor is six miles long, with the average width of a mile, and it is not only a capacious sheet of water but a very beautiful one.

OUTSIDE OF HALIFAX.

The county of Halifax extends along the Atlantic coast nearly a hundred miles and has a number of fine harbors. Its fisheries are second in value only to the great fishing county of Lunenburg, and are valued at nearly a million dollars a year.

The traveller may go east or west along the shore, according as his taste may be for sport or for a mere pleasure trip. To the eastward is a somewhat wild country, on the shores of which fishing is extensively carried on, and which has numerous arms of the sea which admirably suit the occupation of its people. Back from the shore, the country abounds in heavy forests, and is abundantly watered with lakes. This is the great country for moose and caribou. They are found in all the eastern part of the country, and within easy distance of the settlement. Here is the place for sportsmen—a hunter's paradise. It was down in this country, at Tangier, that the first discovery of gold was made in Nova Scotia. The finder was a moose hunter, a captain in the army. Gold mining is still followed, and some of the leads have given splendid results.

To the west of Halifax the great attraction is to take the Lunenburg stage line and go to Mahone Bay. The drive is one of the most beautiful to be found. For much of the way the road skirts a romantic sea shore, with long smooth beaches of white sand, on which roll the clear waters of the ocean. The ocean, grand in its immensity, lies before the traveller. Along the shore are green forests, wherein are all the flora of the country, while at times lofty cliffs rear their heads in majesty, crowned with verdure and glorious to behold. One of these is Aspotagoen, with its perpendicular height of five hundred feet, the first land sighted by the mariner as he approaches the coast. All these beauties prepare the stranger for Chester, a most alluring place for all who seek enjoyment. It is only 45 miles from Halifax, the road to it is excellent, and the stages are models of speed and comfort. The village has two hotels, and private board is also to be had, with all the comforts one desires. The scenery of Chester is not to be described. It is magnificent. Whether one ascends Webber's Hill and drinks in the glorious views for mile upon mile, or roams on the pure, silvery beach, or sails among the hundreds of fairy islets in the bay,—all is of superb beauty. No fairer spot can be chosen for boating, bathing and healthful pleasure of all kinds than Mahone Bay and its beautiful surroundings.

The fishing of this part of Nova Scotia is, to a great extent, for sea trout, which are found in the estuaries of all the rivers. Salmon is found where the river is of good volume and the passage is not barred. Gold River, at the head of Mahone Bay, has good salmon fishing in May and June. In the other rivers to the westward the best time is in March and April. The sea trout are found in the estuaries at all times during the summer. To the east of Halifax, fine sea trout are caught in Little Salmon River, seven miles from Dartmouth, in the month of September, while further down, both salmon and sea trout are caught from June to September, in such streams as the Musquodoboit, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, Middle and Big Salmon River. Besides this, it will be remembered that trout are found in all of the many lakes.

Returning to Halifax, to bid it adieu, the visitor will have leisure to examine the Intercolonial Depot, before the departure of the train. The

building is a fine specimen of architecture,—handsome in appearance, roomy, comfortable, and in every way adapted to the wants of the travelling public. It is so well fitted up, and so convenient, that the ordinary nuisance of having to wait for a train is so thoroughly mitigated that it is converted into a pleasure.

The trains of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway run from this depot, and can be taken twice a day by those who wish to visit the fair Annapolis Valley. The main line is left at Windsor Junction, and the traveller prepares himself to see the beauties of the "Garden of Nova Scotia."

Do not be in a hurry! The garden is not in sight yet—these rocks and scraggy woods are not part of it—and it will be just as well not to look out of the window for a while, until the land assumes a more cheerful aspect. This will not be long. The appearance of the country improves after a few miles of travel and soon becomes really attractive. Windsor is reached—classic Windsor—and the broad Avon River is crossed by a splendid iron bridge.

No one can deny that Windsor is a pretty place, with its hills, meadows, and the Basin of Minas within view. The Avon is a noble river at high water—at low water its banks of mud are stupendous. It is the tide from the Basin which gives the river its beauty, as it does pearly a score of other rivers, great and small. Despite of the mud, Windsor has a peculiar charm about its scenery, and well merits the name of one of Nova Scotia's beautiful towns. Leaving Windsor, the road, ere long, enters the country which Longfellow has made famous. Since "Evangeline" was composed, no one has ever written of this part of Nova Scotia, without quoting more or less of the poem. It is considered the correct thing to do so; but, for once, there shall be an exception to the rule. The temptation is great, but is nobly resisted. People know Evangeline, without having it done up to them in fragments. Let the task be left to newspaper correspondents, and to the noble army of those who have written "Lines on the death of Longfellow."

Grand Pré, as all know, means great meadows, and we have only to look around to see how fitting is the name. The Acadians had about 2100 acres of it when they had their home here, and there is more than that to-day. In the distance is seen Blomidon, rising abruptly from the water, the end of the North Mountain range. The Basin of Minas, which runs inland for sixty miles, shines like a sheet of burnished silver in the summer sunshine. It is a beautiful place which the sweet singer has made famous, and yet he lived and died within two days' journey of it and never saw it. Do you know why? It was that he cherished a sweet ideal which he feared the reality would mar. He need not have feared, for though he would have looked in vain for the forest primeval, and might have found some of his statements open to grave doubt, he could not have failed to admire the placid beauty of the scene. It is not too much to say that the poem of "Evangeline" has done more to make Nova Scotia famous than all the books which have ever been written. The author could well have boasted, as Horace did, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

Few traces of the French village are to be found. It has vanished from the earth, but the road taken by the exiles, as they sadly made their way to the King's ships, may still be traced by the sentimental tourist. Let such a one not search too deeply into history, lest his ideas of the Acadians receive a change, but let him be content with the poet's version, and feel that,

"To their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from the shadowy realms are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline."

Wolfville is another beautiful place, and beyond it is Kentville, where the General Offices of the W. & A. Railway are situated, and a point from which Mahone Bay may be reached by stage across the country. Kentville has many attractions for the lover of the beautiful as found in peaceful landscape, and is well worthy of a visit. A little later the famed Annapolis Valley is seen and traversed until Annapolis Royal is reached, at a distance of 130 miles from Halifax.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

the ancient capital of Acadia, is the oldest European settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico. Hither came Champlain in 1604, four years before he founded Quebec; and soon after, the French colony was established on this well chosen spot. It was then Port Royal, and it remained for the English, a century later, to change the name to Annapolis, in honor of their queen. Deeply interesting as its history is, it cannot be outlined here. It is enough to say it has shared the fate of other Acadian strongholds and its fort has become a ruin. To ascend the elevated ground and look down upon the broad river and on the hills and vales around, one sees much that is beautiful to-day; and can well realize how Poutrincourt was charmed with the vision that greeted his eyes when he and his comrades set foot upon this shore. The early settlement was a few miles further down the river than the present town, but all we tread is historic ground. This fair river and goodly land have been the scenes of many a fearful fray, and swift death has claimed its victims on every hand. Now all is peaceful, beautiful. The "war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled;" the fort is the play-ground of the children, and the flocks of the farmers graze upon the earth-works raised by man to resist his fellow-men.

The Annapolis Valley is famed for its fertility. It lies between the North and South Mountain ranges; and thus sheltered, with a soil unusually rich, it has well earned the name of the Garden of Nova Scotia. For mile after mile the railway runs past orchards white with apple blossoms or laden with tempting fruit. The air is fragrant, and the eye never wearies of the fair farms and their fertile fields. One of the villages is called Paradise, and the name does not seem misplaced. Farmers may here live, amid peace and plenty, and toil little for a rich reward. It is a fine country—a beauteous valley.

The whole coast, from Briar Island to Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles, is protected by the rocky barriers. The range rises at times to the height of 600 feet, and effectually guards this part of Nova Scotia from the cold north winds, and the chilling fogs which sometimes prevail in the Bay of Fundy.

One can go from Annapolis direct to Boston, by steamer; or he can take the steamer across to St. John, a short and pleasant trip. On the way he can stop at Digby, a fine watering-place, with the best of sea-bathing, plenty of fruit, and much natural beauty.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

It is three score years since William Cobbett told the people of England of "a rascally heap of sand, rock and swamp, called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence." Cobbett was a smart man, in many ways, and the people of the Maritime Provinces are proud of the fact that he was once a common soldier at St. John, and selected as his wife a girl

whom he found at a wash-tub on Fort Howe. An old chest of his, much out of repair, and which would not bring fifty cents at auction, on its own merits, is still preserved in that city, and its owners would not trade it for a new Saratoga trunk of four times its size. Yet Cobbett was wrong in some of his opinions, and he was very much astray in his estimate of the snug little island that is now known as the Garden of the Gulf. His visit must have been made under very adverse circumstances, or else he was much in need of a tablespoonful of anti-billious mixture, in a little water, three times a day.

The only part of the indictment which has any semblance of truth, is, that which refers to the sand. There is no swamp worth mentioning; and, as for rock, there is hardly enough of it on the whole island to build the walls of a good sized cellar. But, it must be admitted, there is sand,—and plenty of it. Even what looks like an occasional stone, is only hardened sand, which crumbles at the touch. But there is also plenty of good soil, which is something more than sand. The man who expects to find a large sized counterpart of Sable Island, or Nantucket, will be disappointed. Prince Edward Island is one of the most fair and fertile areas in the Dominion of Canada.

It has a history, too, unique in the annals of the English colonies in the new world. The Indians called it Epayguet—anchored on the waves—and when Champlain came he gave it the title of L' Ile St. Jean. It kept this name, in the French or English form, for nearly two hundred years, but in 1800 it received its present designation, in honor of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. It may be well for the press of the United States to remember that the duke did not own the island, and that there is no authority for the use of the possessive case in connection with it.

When the island was ceded to England, in 1764, the government sent a surveyor to find out what kind of a place it was. If he had taken the view that Cobbett took later, a great deal of trouble would have been saved, for the settlement would have been made in due time, in a natural way. As it was, he gave such a good account of the soil and climate that the paternal government decided to colonize it with the least possible delay. The Earl of Egmont had a proposition by which he was to cut up high links, and be monarch of all he surveyed. His happy thought was to establish a genuine feudal system, in which he was to be Lord Paramount of the island. The land was to be divided into baronies, held under him, every baron was to have his castle, with men-at-arms, lords of manors, and all the paraphernalia of the middle ages, adapted to the climate of America in the eighteenth century. The government did not accept this extraordinary proposition, but it did what was nearly as bad, and which led to all sorts of wrangling and trouble for the next hundred years. It divided the island into blocks, which it apportioned among some of the gentlemen who had real or supposed claims on the favor of the crown. There were certain conditions annexed, as to placing a certain number of settlers on each lot, but with an honorable exception, that was the end of the matter so far as the absentee landlords were disposed to exert themselves. Thus it was that the land question was the plague of the country until the island became a part of the Dominion, and laws were passed for the appraisement and purchase of properties by tenants who were tired of the old style of tenure.

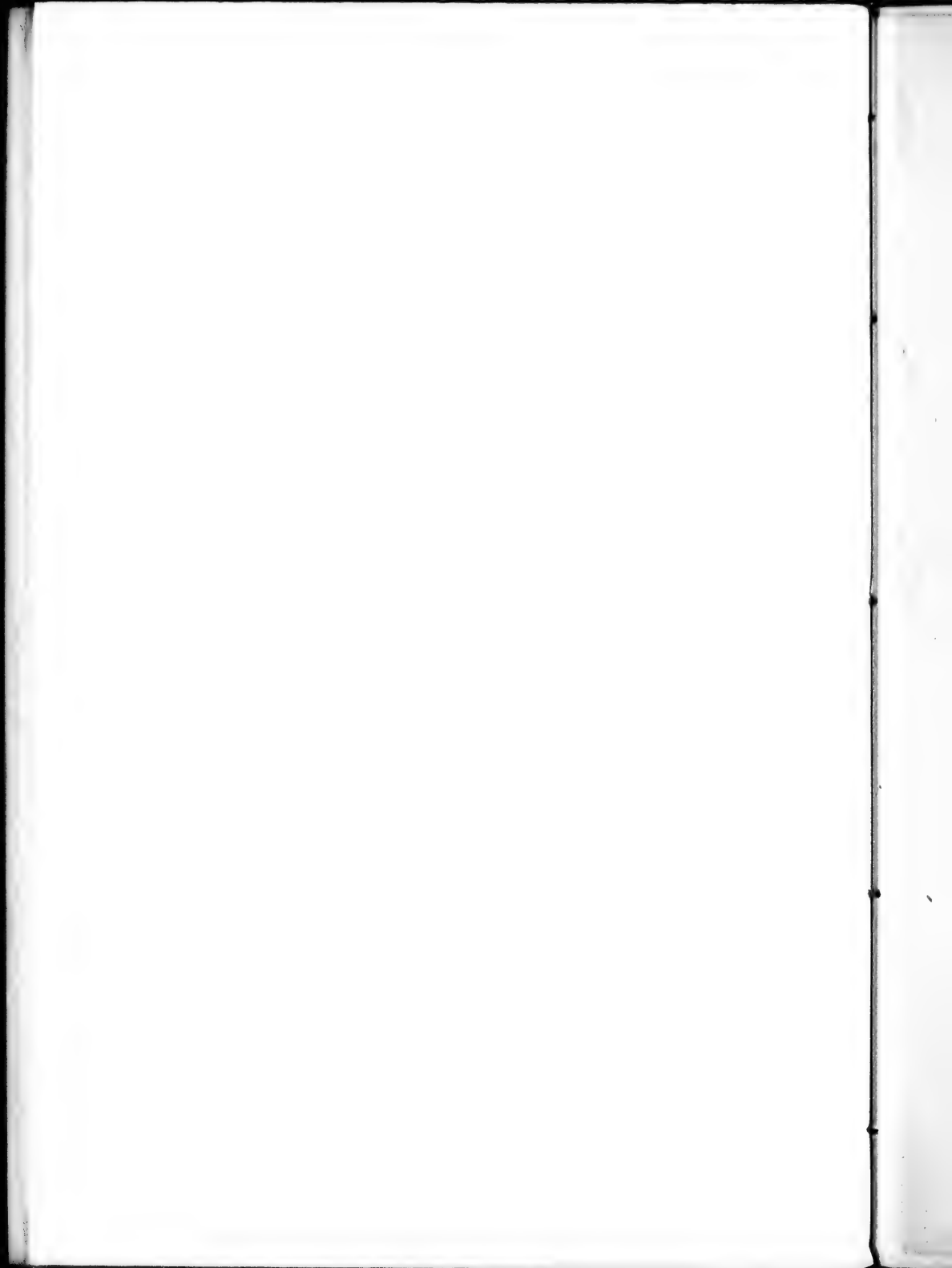
From tip to tip of Prince Edward Island is about 130 miles, while the width varies from two to more than thirty miles. In the two thousand and odd square miles of country embraced in these varying widths the island has more good land, in proportion to its size, than any part of the Maritime

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Provinces. It grows amazingly large potatoes and surprisingly heavy oats, while the farmers raise hundreds of the best of horses and thousands of the fattest of sheep, every year of their lives. The eggs shipped away each season are counted by the million. The people raise enough food to supply all their own wants and have as much more to sell to outsiders. It is altogether a flourishing country, and withal, fair to look upon, pleasant to dwell in, and as cheap a place as one can find in a month's journey. There was a time when it was even more cheap for strangers than it is now; and it is a positive fact that men have gone there, had a good time, and, while paying for everything, found the expense amounting to nothing. The difference in the currency did it. A man could buy up sovereigns, "short quarters," etc., at their ordinary value in the other provinces, take them to the island, pass them at their much higher local value, and make money by the operation. Besides, every coin that was uncurrent anywhere else found a refuge here, and, at times, almost any bit of metal which looked like a copper or a penny, was current coin. The result was that the island had the most extraordinary and heterogeneous currency to be found in America. This state of affairs has improved of late years, but the island is still a place for a summer visit at a very moderate expense.

The island is reached from the mainland, in summer, by taking the steamer either at Point du Chene, N. B., or Pictou, N. S. It is a good plan to go by one of these routes and return by the other. There is still another route from Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse, but the two first named connect directly with Summerside and Charlottetown.

Leaving Point du Chene early in the afternoon, the run of forty miles or so across the Strait of Northumberland is made in daylight, and is a most enjoyable trip. Often, on a bright summer day, the water is as calm as that of a placid lake. To the south is seen the New Brunswick shore, gradually growing fainter as the shore of the island comes in view. As distant Cape Tormentine dwindles to a faint line, with the smoke of a far-off steamer marking the passage between it and Cape Traverse, the bold outline of Cape Egmont becomes clearer and clearer to the north. As the island shore is approached, the red of the earth and the bright green of the verdure show with most picturesque effect as a background to the smooth stretch of water, in which is mirrored the glory of the sunlight from the western sky. Under such conditions the first impressions of Prince Edward Island must always be such as will long be remembered, wherever one may go.

Summerside is the landing place, by this route, and is prettily situated, with much to commend it to the tourist. A beautiful little island, seen to the right on entering the harbor, has been deemed a good site for a summer hotel, while just beyond it is the mouth of the Dunk River, the best of the trout streams. The town overlooks the waters of Bedeque Bay, and the distance overland to Malpeque Bay, on the north shore, is but a few miles, for this is one of the several places where but a narrow slip of soil separates the waters of the Strait from those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It would not be difficult to separate the various peninsulas and make four islands where nature has placed only one, and thus rival Cape Breton as a much cut up country. There is no need for it. The people are not greedy, and one island is quite enough for them and their posterity.

From a hill in the rear of Summerside is a glorious prospect of the country and of the waters to the north and south. Looking one way, Bedeque Bay is seen, with all its attractive surroundings, while beyond it lies Northumberland Strait, with the coast line of New Brunswick in the distance.

In the other direction is Malpeque Bay, and beyond it the Atlantic, while the irregular line of shore and the islands that dot the water make a fitting foreground for a truly entrancing picture.

Malpeque Bay is well worthy of more than a brief visit. It is a large and beautiful sheet of water, and it is in this vicinity that some of the most famous oysters are found. Oysters have had no small share in giving Prince Edward Island its fame, and they are not only of excellent quality but are very abundant. Indeed, it was once the custom to dig them and burn them in vast heaps, simply for the sake of the lime their shells would produce. The prevalence of this practice was checked only when a law was passed to prevent such wholesale destruction of this important source of wealth.

Charlottetown is the capital and leading commercial city of the province. Here are situated the General Offices of the Prince Edward Island Railway, a part of the system of Canadian Government Railways. This road is a narrow gauge, and was not built as an illustration of the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. It is, on the contrary a very crooked road, but it serves the useful purpose of giving easy access to every part of the island. Nearly everybody who has a piece of land of any considerable size has the railway close to his property. By this arrangement the majority of the islanders are more than satisfied, and the traveller is afforded every opportunity to see what the country is like.

It is related that the main avenue of ancient Ninevah was of a width to allow two hundred chariots to ride abreast. The streets of Charlottetown are of lesser magnitude, but they are wide enough for all possible purposes, and transverse sections of them, if in some parts of the Province of Quebec, would be considered good sized farm fronts. The city has several fine public buildings, and a market which is one of the chief sources of the citizens' pride. Close to the latter building and the post office is one of the most tasteful public squares to be found in the Dominion. It is not large, but its flowers, fountains and other attractions are arranged so as to produce a most pleasing effect. The electric light and the presence of a band of music make it the great resort of the people during the summer evenings.

Charlottetown is finely situated for those in search of recreation either on land or water. The harbor, with its various arms, and Hillsborough Bay with its inlets give good opportunities for boating and bathing, while there are many places worth seeing within a trifling distance from the city. A favorite resort is at Kepoth, across the harbor, from the high land of which is a fine view, while no one is likely to be other than pleased after trips made to Governor's and St. Peter's Islands, Lowther and Squaw Points, Cherry Valley, Pennarth, and East, West and North Rivers. The rivers have trout, and fine sea-trout fishing is also to be had off the mouth of the All kinds of white fowl are found along the shores, and woodcock and are abundant in their season.

Rustico Beach is one of the most popular of the summer resorts for which the Island is noted, and is an easy drive from Charlottetown. Fine bathing, shooting and fishing may be had, as indeed, may be said of nearly all the places on the Island shores.

Tracadie, fourteen miles from Charlottetown, is an excellent place, both for sportsman and pleasure seekers. All kinds of sea-fowl, and excellent trout fishing may be had. Five miles from this is Savage Harbor, and six miles further is St. Peter's—both good for shooting and fishing.

In the journey over the Island, one thing that impresses the stranger very favorably is the universal neatness which marks the farms and the

houses. The farmers are all of a well to do class, and many of them are wealthy. In the fields are seen hundreds of acres rich with growing crops, while the abundant pastures furnish the food of the horses and sheep which have a fame wherever the name of Prince Edward Island is known. The scenery, though not striking in comparison with that of some parts of the Intercolonial is always attractive and often beautiful. The absence of rocks and mountains is not felt in the pleasure derived from the contemplation of more pastoral scenes, while the gently undulating surface of the land permits most enjoyable journeys over well made, dry and level roads.

Speaking generally, the accommodation of most of the hotels is limited, though some of the houses are very well kept. The stranger will never be at a loss, however, as board can usually be obtained at the houses of the tidy English and Scotch farmers, who take a pride in supplying everything that the country can furnish. The terms are very reasonable, and even at the hotels, outside of the cities, a dollar bill will cover the cost of a large amount of comfort.

What is called the "beauty spot" of the Island is at and in the vicinity of Souris. Here, all the pleasures of the seaside may be enjoyed to the full, and excursions, limited in number only by the time at the visitors' disposal, may be made to all parts of the adjacent shore. Georgetown, a stirring place with an especially good harbor, has also many attractions in its immediate vicinity. The whole coast, in fact, abounds with facilities for summer outing.

The western end of the Island is the place for the sportsman. Plover, geese, brant and duck of all kinds are found along the coast, and Cascumpeque Harbor, close to Alberton, is a famous place for them. The woods everywhere abound with partridge, and there is plenty of fishing in the streams. More attractive still to many is the fact that successful line fishing, chiefly for cod and mackerel, may be enjoyed on all parts of the Tignish shore during the summer months.

Fine sea trout are found in Huntley River, while good brook trout are numerous in the Big and Little Tignish. Some of the finest, weighing two and three pounds each, are caught in Milk River. Other localities in which the fisherman is likely to have luck are at Conroy's Ponds and Big and Little Miminegash, on the west shore. A circuit of six miles from Alberton will include many good fishing streams. By going a trifle further, splendid trout will be found in all the inlets of Egmont Bay.

The ordinary tourist will also find much to make life enjoyable in this end of the Island. Some of the beaches are all that one could wish for surf bathing, and as at Alberton, for instance, they are very easy of access.

Taking the Island as a whole, it is a pleasant land, with pure air and a most invigorating climate. It should be included in the tour of every visitor to the Provinces by the Sea.

MONCTON TO ST. JOHN.

A journey of a little more than three hours is required to take one from Moncton to the commercial capital of New Brunswick. The greater portion of the distance is through a well settled country, attractive in appearance, but devoid of anything striking in the way of scenery.

The first station of note is Salisbury, where connection is made with the Albert railway, which runs to the village of Albert, a distance of 45 miles. The first part of this distance is through a monotonous wilderness, but when Hillsboro is reached, with the Peticodiac River flowing by the broad marshes, the beauties of the country are better appreciated.

The celebrated Albert mines were near this place, but they are now abandoned, and no other large deposit of the peculiar "Albertite Coal" has yet been found. The quarrying and manufacturing of plaster is, however, still an important industry. As the road nears Hopewell, the country is a fine one, with its mountains in the distance and vast marshes reaching to the shores of Shepody Bay. There are few places where a short time can be better enjoyed in a quiet way than in the vicinity of Albert. It is a rich farming country, and fair to look upon. Large crops are raised and some of the finest beef cattle to be found come from Hopewell and Harvey.

Continuing on the main line, the next station reached is Peticodiac, a stirring village, from which a branch railway runs to Elgin and Havelock. From Peticodiac until Sussex is reached the various villages make a fine appearance and give one an excellent impression of New Brunswick as a farming country.

SUSSEX.

is one of the places which is rapidly increasing in size and importance, and has the promise of as fair a future as any village in the Lower Provinces. It is situated in the beautiful Valley of the Kennebecasis, and has some of the most famous of the New Brunswick farms. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon; and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly of all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this, the people have push and enterprise and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry.

Some fair trout fishing is to be found in this part of the country. To the east and south are Walton, Grassy, Theobald, Bear, White Pine, Echo, Chisholm and other lakes, all within eighteen miles of the village. Eight pound trout have been caught in Chisholm Lake, though fish of that size are the exception. In Theobald Lake one man has taken ninety trout, averaging a pound each, in two days.

The visitor who is interested in mining should visit the manganese mines, ten miles from the village; and if he should like to see how the best of table salt is obtained, his curiosity may be satisfied by going to the Salt Springs, four miles away. As for views, the best to be had is from Blanch's Hill, which overlooks the village and a large portion of the surrounding country.

Geologists tell us that these hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effect of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was once part of the valley of the St. John River, but when that "once" is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems. It was a long while ago, at any rate.

From Sussex to St. John, a distance of 44 miles, the country along the line is well settled, and abounds in beautiful villages. Hampton, the shire-town of Kings County, is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the St. Martins & Upham Railway runs across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins, on the Bay Shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year. Rothesay, nine miles from the city, has some handsome villas, the residences of St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within less than a half-an-hour's distance of

their offices and counting-rooms. The ornamental trees and carefully arranged grounds have a very pleasing effect. The Kennebecasis River flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising on the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As Riverside is reached, one of the finest race-courses on the continent is seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by such oarsmen as Hanlan, Ross, and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago, that the renowned Paris and Tyne crews struggled for victory. It was nearly opposite yonder wharf that a man of the English four was seen by the excited thousands to fall from his seat, and as the Paris crew shot ahead what a cheer echoed from that vast crowd of human beings! Yet, how quiet was all a few minutes later when from the shore beside the wharf the Champion of England, James Renforth, was carried up the hill to die! It was a strange, sad scene—the most memorable in the annals of this noted spot.

ST. JOHN.

St. John has a history which extends back to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. Such a tale—a romance—deserves a better fate than to be presented in a mutilated form; the space at command in these pages would fail to do the narrative justice.

Apart from its Acadian annals, the history of St. John has little to interest the stranger. The city has no extensive fortifications, no memorable battle fields, nothing ancient or quaint to fascinate the antiquarian. It is a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been.

The city has had two great epochs in its history. The first of these was the landing of the Loyalists, on the 18th of May, 1783, and the second was "The Great Fire," on the 20th of June, 1877. In the one instance, some patient and persevering settlers began to build a city on a rock; in the other the result of nearly a century of labor was blotted out of existence in less than a day. The fire swept over two hundred acres of the business district, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, occupying nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way from twenty to thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete. It is not strange that many of the people felt pretty well discouraged, and that for several years the phrase "since the Fire" (always with a capital "F") was the phrase proper to be used on all occasions when life seemed scarce worth living. It is true the watering cart was not seen less frequently in dusty weather than in days of old, nor were the winters less favorable for lumbering than they had been, but a good many people appeared to think that the palmy days had vanished, never to return again.

They were mistaken, and it took but a few years for them to learn that St. John was again on the high road to prosperity. Very little is heard of the fire now-a-days. The newspapers refer to it occasionally, as a matter of duty, and guide books have to mention it, as a matter of history. The stranger, however, may now visit the stores, public institutions, places of amusements and churches, with a reasonable certainty that he will not hear all about the big blaze and its effects, unless his own in-

quisitive nature provokes the citizen to be luridly reminiscent. On all ordinary occasions, the Great Fire is a back number.

There is good reason for this. St. John is holding its own among the cities of Canada, and its growth is a healthy one. It is a terminus of the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific, and Shore Line Railways, and its varied industries are giving it a wealth and importance of which it scarcely dreamed in former years. By the addition of Portland, it has become the fourth city of the Dominion, as regards population, and, thanks to the many buildings of modern style, it is a good looking city as well. Fine specimens of architecture are seen in the Intercolonial depot, the Custom House, Post Office, churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private. The wide, straight streets cross each other at right angles, and the location of the city is admirable in every respect.

Strangers, of whom increasing numbers visit St. John every year, have a choice of several attractive drives. One of those is on the Marsh road, visiting the beautiful rural cemetery on the way. This city of tombs is situated most admirably for its purpose and none can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty which is everywhere seen throughout its shady walks. Another, and very attractive drive is over the Suspension Bridge. The River St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows over 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine, and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over 500 feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tide, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he, therefore, assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway.

A short distance above the Suspension Bridge is the splendid Cantilever Bridge which gives the Intercolonial connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the vast system of the Dominion and the United States. Until 1885 travellers to and from Western New Brunswick and the New England States were obliged to cross the harbor by ferry and be driven across the city in order to make connection. In October of that year the bridge was opened for traffic, and the former gap of two miles between the two railways was forever closed. The bridge is a beautiful and most substantial structure. High above the rushing waters its graceful outlines, seen from a distance, convey no idea of its wonderful solidity and strength. Solid and strong it is, however. All the resources of modern engineering have been utilized in its construction, and its foundations are upon the solid rock. The main span is 447 feet in length. The bridge is not only a boon as regards the convenience of the travelling public, but has a most important bearing in a commercial sense. It gives direct communication between the Pacific Ocean, the United States

and the Lower Provinces, and in the facilities which it affords for through shipment is giving a new stimulus to many important industries.

Near the bridges, on the west side of the river, is the Provincial Lunatic Asylum; a little further, after passing Fairville, is that famous drive, the Manawagonish (Maogenes) Road, a splendid highway, in full view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives to be had around St. John. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbor, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. As a matter of fact, there is not much to be seen, save a small piece of grassy slope, a part of somebody's back yard, which is said to be the face of a bastion. Houses are built on the historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decidedly plain odor of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died that famous Acadian heroine, the wife of Charles La Tour.

In the vicinity of Carleton, or West End, as it is called in municipal parlance, is the Bay Shore, which has excellent facilities for sea bathing. So far, however, the absence of bath houses for the public has prevented many from availing themselves of its privileges.

Driving through the North End, formerly the city of Portland, the stranger may ascend Fort Howe, have a view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the banks of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or one may go by the way of the Marsh Bridge to Loch Lomond, a famous place for pleasure parties, where fishing, sailing, etc., may be enjoyed to perfection. Should a shorter and still pleasant drive be desired, one may ascend Mount Pleasant, have another magnificent view of the city and vicinity, and proceed to Lily Lake. In fact, it were tedious to enumerate all the pleasant places which may be visited by those having a team at their disposal for a few hours of a summer day.

The harbor of St. John is one of its great features. Deep and capacious, its swift currents and high tide render it free from ice during the most severe seasons. Ships of any size can lie safely at its wharves or anchor in the stream, well sheltered from the storms which rage without. At the entrance is Partridge Island, a light, signal and quarantine station; with this once properly fortified, and guns placed on the opposite shore of the mainland, no hostile fleet could hope to gain the harbor without a desperate struggle. The harbor proper bounds the city on the west and south; to the east is Courtenay Bay, which becomes a plain of mud when the tide is out. Some fine vessels have been built on this bay, and it has excellent weir fisheries. The fisheries of this and other parts of the harbor are prosecuted with good success and give employment to a large number of men. It is from these fishermen that such oarsmen as the Paris crew, Ross, Brayley and others have risen to be famous.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is indeed the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships, such as the swift "Marco Polo," had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

St. John has good hotel accommodation. The leading houses set tables of which no traveller can complain. What has been and still is

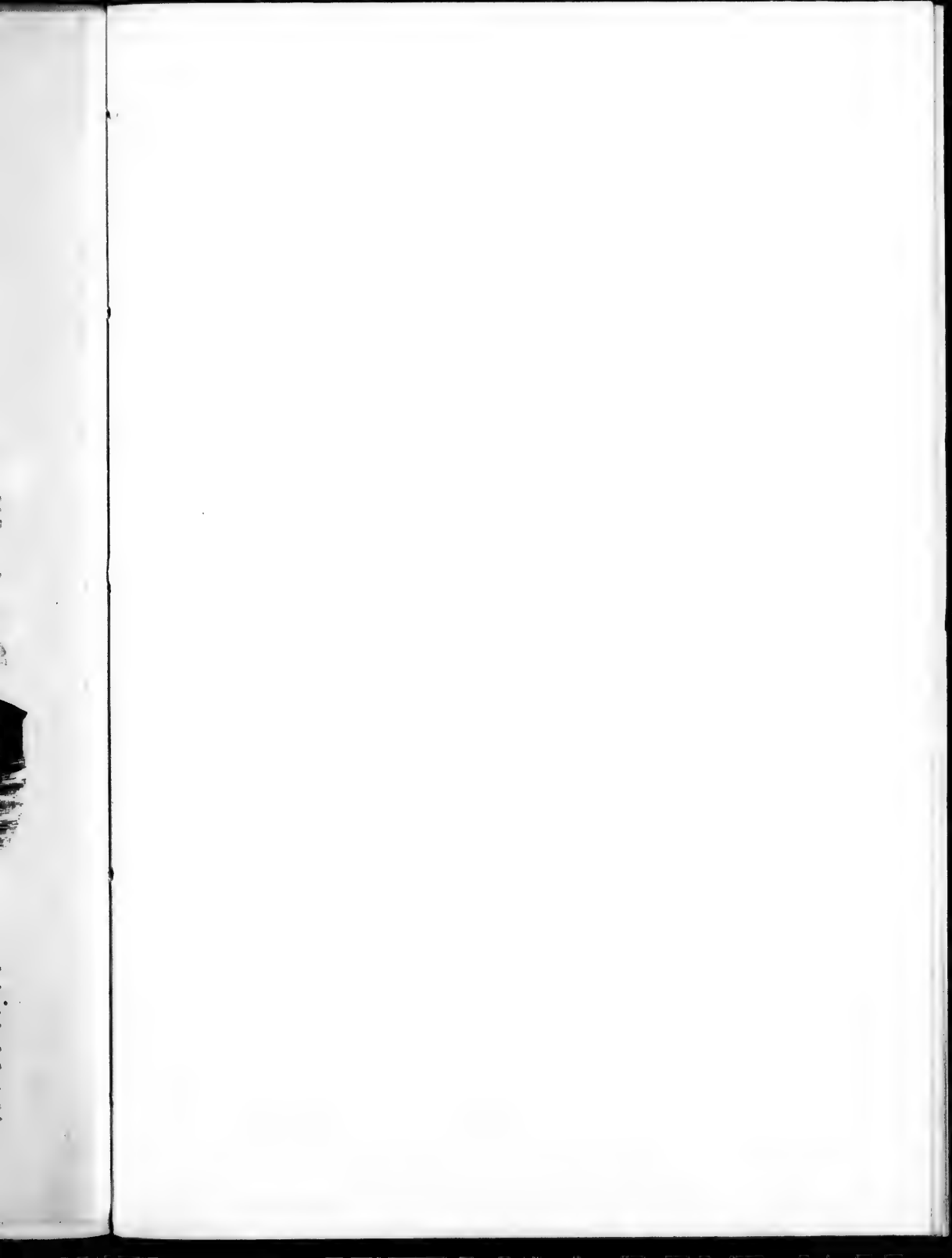
wanted is a large hotel, built and equipped in the most approved modern style. Several schemes have been broached, but the latest is that which proposes an enlargement of the Dufferin, so that at least 250 guests can be accommodated without crowding during the height of summer travel.

The people of St. John have a great deal of off-hand frankness and cordiality, in welcoming strangers to their midst. They like to see visitors. Years ago, when there was no railway to Bangor, and but two trips a week were made by the steamer to Boston, the arrival and departure of the "Yankee Boat" were events of great local interest. About noon on the days the boat was expected, people began to enquire at the express office to learn the hour of her arrival at Eastport. So soon as the expected



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN.

telegram came, the agent, in order to have time to attend to his business, put out a large sign, announcing the hour the steamer would reach St. John. Men read the words, glanced at their watches, and regulated their business so as to be on hand at the proper time. Ladies hurried their shopping so as not to be late on the great occasion. Everyone looked pleased. Shortly before the hour named, large numbers would gather round Reed's Point, and secure the most eligible places for the show. At length the long, loud whistle would be heard upon the harbor, and at the sound coaches, express wagons and private teams all came tearing down town, while on the sidewalks men, women and children hastened with joyful feet to the scene of action. The ceremony over, the people quietly



dispersed, and strangers who had seen the crowd on the wharf, and saw what they supposed to be other crowds walking the streets, were most favourably impressed with the life so apparent among the people. The times have changed in this respect since the increase of steamboat and railway lines, and the advent of baseball leagues.

The ascent of the river to Fredericton is a very enjoyable trip. Steamers also cross the Bay to Digby and Annapolis; and three regular trips a week are made by the International Line to Eastport, Portland and Boston. The Canadian Pacific railway runs daily trains to Fredericton and Vanceboro', connecting at the latter place with New England Railways for Bangor, Portland, Boston and all parts of the United States. The main line, by way of Montreal, connects the shores of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific. The Shore Line Railway, which now connects St. John with the border town of St. Stephen, is to be continued through Maine, thus giving an additional medium of communication with the cities to the south. Along this line is some good fishing, while excellent duck and goose shooting may be had near Lepreau, an hour's journey or so from St. John.

It will thus be seen that St. John is easily reached from all parts of the continent. It is one of the gates that open into the fair land of the Maritime provinces, and with excellent hotels, a bracing climate and a genial people, it is a gate within which the stranger will delight to tarry.

ROD AND RIFLE.

Along the Lower St. Lawrence, in the Metapedia Valley, and down the north shore of New Brunswick, as far as Miramichi, salmon are found in all the important rivers. In Quebec, the regulations allow of fly fishing in lakes and non-navigable rivers, from the 1st of February to the 15th of August. Non-residents are required to procure a license from the commissioner. The season for speckled trout is from January 1st to September 30th, while that for large grey trout begins a month earlier and lasts a fortnight longer.

In New Brunswick the close season for salmon is from the 15th of August to the 1st of February.

In Nova Scotia, the best salmon rivers are on the Atlantic, or south coast, and have been referred to in the preceding pages. Salmon cannot be fished for between the 15th of August and the 1st of February. None of the rivers of Nova Scotia are leased.

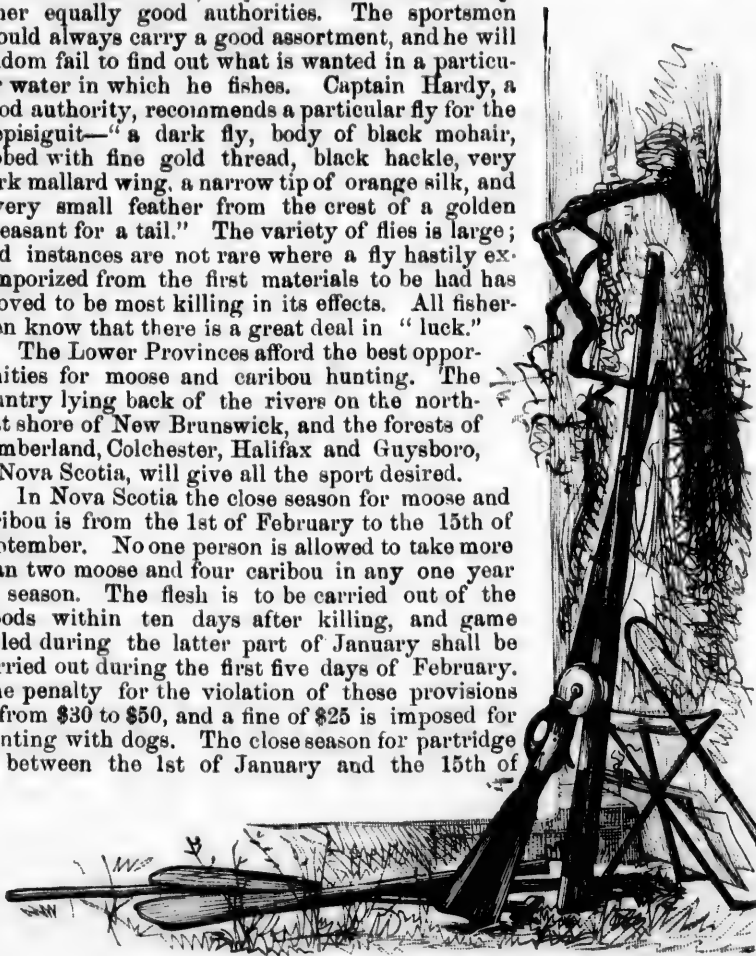
Trout are abundant in all the lakes, rivers and estuaries along the line of railway, and the fishing is a free one. The close seasons are: In Quebec, from October 1st to December 31st; in New Brunswick, from September 15th to May 1st; in Nova Scotia, from October 1st to April 1st; in P. E. Island, from October 1st to December 1st. The sea trout found in the estuaries are fine fish, and though abundant in very many places, they are found in their perfection in the Tabusintac and Escuminac. They are greedy biters, and it is said, will take almost any kind of fly. The arms of the sea and numerous estuaries on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia are particularly good places for these fish, which find their feeding grounds among the sand flats and bars and among the beds of seaweed in shoal water. June and July are the best months to seek them, though they may be found at all seasons. They are a very gamy fish, handsome in appearance, and excellent eating.

The brook trout, though very like the sea trout, is admitted to be a different fish. It is found in its excellence in lakes which have an outlet in the sea, and is a very beautiful creature. The best fishing begins about the middle of May; but good sport is had all through the season, except perhaps during the hottest part of the summer, when the fish are a little dull. So soon as a few cool nights lower the temperature of the water, the fish are again alert, and continue so until the ice forms. In seeking for the best flavored trout avoid muddy and swampy lakes, and choose those with good bottom and clear water.

As to flies, it is difficult to give much advice. Some have been named from time to time in the preceding pages, but no attempt has been made to give full information on this point. "Doctors differ," in regard to the best flies for the best places, and a fly which some claim to be the best in use for certain rivers, is pronounced worthless by other equally good authorities. The sportsmen should always carry a good assortment, and he will seldom fail to find out what is wanted in a particular water in which he fishes. Captain Hardy, a good authority, recommends a particular fly for the Nepisiguit—"a dark fly, body of black mohair, ribbed with fine gold thread, black hackle, very dark mallard wing, a narrow tip of orange silk, and a very small feather from the crest of a golden pheasant for a tail." The variety of flies is large; and instances are not rare where a fly hastily extemporized from the first materials to be had has proved to be most killing in its effects. All fishermen know that there is a great deal in "luck."

The Lower Provinces afford the best opportunities for moose and caribou hunting. The country lying back of the rivers on the north-east shore of New Brunswick, and the forests of Cumberland, Colchester, Halifax and Guysboro, in Nova Scotia, will give all the sport desired.

In Nova Scotia the close season for moose and caribou is from the 1st of February to the 15th of September. No one person is allowed to take more than two moose and four caribou in any one year or season. The flesh is to be carried out of the woods within ten days after killing, and game killed during the latter part of January shall be carried out during the first five days of February. The penalty for the violation of these provisions is from \$30 to \$50, and a fine of \$25 is imposed for hunting with dogs. The close season for partridge is between the 1st of January and the 15th of



September, and that of woodcock, snipe, and teal, between the 1st of March and the 20th of August. Woodcock must not be killed before sunrise or after sunset. Blue-winged duck must not be taken before the first days of April and August. The annual licenses for non-residents expire on the first of August. They cost \$30 each, but in the case of officers of Her Majesty's service the charge is only \$5 each.

In New Brunswick the close season for moose, caribou, and deer, is from the 15th of February to the 31st of August. The taking of cow moose, at any time, is forbidden, under penalty of a fine of from \$200 to \$500. It is not lawful for any person to kill more than one moose, two caribou, or three deer, in any one year. The close season for partridge is from the 1st of December to the 20th of September; for woodcock and snipe to the 1st of September. Non-residents are required to take out a license, the cost of which is \$20. The fee for officers of Her Majesty's service is \$5.

The close season for moose and deer in Quebec is from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and that for deer from the 1st of January to the 1st of October. For woodcock, snipe, and partridge, it is from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and for wild duck from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. Non-residents are required to take out a hunting license, the cost of which is \$20, and the penalty for the non-compliance is double the amount of the fee.

The foregoing are some of the features of the Game Laws of the three provinces. There are other provisions, in regard to trapping, using nets for wild fowl, hunting with artificial lights, etc., but as no sportsman will resort to such practices, these need not be quoted.

POSTAL INFORMATION.

LETTER RATES, ETC.

Canada.—Letters posted in Canada, addressed to any place within the Dominion, 3 cents per oz. If unpaid, such letters cannot be forwarded, but will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. If insufficiently prepaid, the letter will (provided at least a partial prepayment is made) be forwarded to its destination and double the deficiency charged on delivery. Letters mailed at any office for delivery at or from the same office, provided that the office is not one at which free delivery by letter carriers is established, are charged 1 cent per oz., and must be at least partially prepaid, otherwise they are sent to the Dead Letter Office. All postage must be prepaid by Postage Stamps. Letters of this nature mailed at, and for delivery from an office, at which there is a free delivery by letter carriers, are liable to 2 cents per ounce.

Post Cards.—From any place in Canada to any other place in Canada, or to the United States, 1 cent each. British and Foreign, 2 cents each.

United Kingdom.—Postage on Letters, 5 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., whether by Canadian or New York Steamers. If sent unpaid, double postage will be charged.

Newfoundland.—All classes of matter, same rates and regulations as to United Kingdom.

Bermuda.—Letters, 5 cts. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Newspapers and printed matter generally, 1 cent per 2 oz.

United States.—The rate on letters to the United States is the same as in Canada, and at least one rate must be prepaid.

REGISTRATION OF LETTERS.

Persons posting letters containing value, should be careful to require them to be Registered, and to obtain from the Postmaster a certificate of receipt for Registration.

The charge for Registration (use Registration Stamp), in addition to the Postage, is, on all classes of matter, five cents.

Both the Postage charge and Registration fee should, in all cases, be prepaid by stamp.

Registered Letter Stamps have been issued of the denomination of 5 cents, which may be obtained at any Stamp Agency.

Registration Stamps cannot be used in payment of postage.

Registration is not an absolute guarantee against the miscarriage or loss of a Letter; but a Registered Letter can be traced where an Unregistered Letter cannot, and the posting and delivery or non-delivery can be proven.

BOOK POST, ETC.

A Book Packet may contain any number of separate books. Limit of weight for domestic post, 5 lbs.; for foreign post 4 lbs. Limit of size, two feet in length, or one foot in width or depth.

Book Packets must be open at *both ends or both sides*, and must not contain any letter or sealed inclosure.

The rate on Book Packets between any two places in Canada is 1 cent per 4 oz., which must be prepaid by stamps.

The rate to Great Britain and the United States is 1 cent per 2 oz.

TRANSIENT NEWSPAPERS.

Transient newspapers and periodicals include all newspapers and periodicals posted in Canada, *other than Canada newspapers sent from the office of publication, and British newspapers posted by news agents for regular subscribers in Canada.* When addressed to any place within the Dominion, or the United States, they must be prepaid the following rates by Postage Stamp:—

If weighing less than 1 oz., half a cent each.

If weighing over 1 oz., one cent per four oz. or fraction of four oz.

On transient newspapers addressed to the United Kingdom the rate will be one cent per 2 oz.—to be prepaid by Postage Stamp. Canada newspapers *posted from the office of publication* to subscribers in the United Kingdom—if to be sent in the Mails forwarded via New York, must be prepaid by Postage Stamp at the transient paper rate of one cent per 2 oz.; but if sent by Canada Packet, such papers may pass, as now on prepayment by the publisher, at the rate of one cent per pound. All newspapers and periodicals prepaid at the bulk rate of 1 cent per lb., must be stamped "Prepaid by Publisher," at the Post Office where the newspaper or periodical is mailed. The English Post Office requires *each newspaper or periodical* to be stamped. If sent in packages the English Post Office declines to accept them.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

LIST OF HOTELS.

HALIFAX.		No. GUESTS.
NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	
Halifax	H. Hesselin & Sons	350
Queen	Atlantic Hotel Co.	200
Waverley House	Mrs. Romans	60
Royal	Miss A. Windsor	50
Acadian	George Nichols	40
Carleton House	Mrs. Margeson	40
BEDFORD.		
Bedford	J. C. Morrison	50
Bellevue	William Wilson	45

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
TRURO.		
Prince of Wales	A. L. McKenzie	60
Parker House	Mrs. Schroder	55
Victoria	N. A. Ross	40
Railway	A. S. Murphy	35
Learment	A. H. Learment	30
Grand Central	A. Carter	30
PICTOU.		
Revere	C. L. Rood	50
Weldon House	George Geldert	20
Central	D. P. Adamson	15
NEW GLASGOW.		
Windsor	Mrs. C. McKenzie	50
Norfolk	H. Murray	50
Vendome	Thomas Beech	30
RIVER JOHN.		
Riverside	James Gammon	25
Acadia House	Mrs. Smith	15
TATAMAGOUCHE.		
Sterling	T. McLellan	40
WALLACE.		
Wallace	Mrs. Munroe	25
Hillside	E. Edgett	20
PUGWASH.		
Central	E. D. Woodlock	35
Acadia	Mrs. Wm. Chapman	20
American House	W. H. Brown	20
Temperance House	J. G. Smith	10
OXFORD.		
Oxford	N. S. Thompson	50
Eureka House	Patrick Woodlock	30
Waverley House	Mrs. Wm. Moore	20
PARRSBORO.		
Grand Central	C. E. Day	60
Queens	D. McNamara	35
Minas	M. Gavin	25
Kelsee House (Partridge Island)	J. T. Tipping	20
Cumberland House	A. B. White	15
AMHERST.		
Amherst	George McFarlane	75
Lamy	W. B. Ganong	60
Terrace	Geo. D. Fuchs	40
SACKVILLE.		
Brunswick	G. B. Eastabrooks & Son	75
Intercolonial	Arthur W. Dixon	50
Temperance House	Mrs. R. K. Patterson	40
DORCHESTER.		
Dorchester House	George F. Wallace	100
POINT DU CHENE.		
Point du Chene House	George L. Hannington	50
Zephyr House	Edward McDonald	25

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	NO. GUESTS.
SHEDIAC.		
Weldon House.....	James D. Weldon.....	60
Union.....	R. S. Bourque.....	50
SAINT JOHN.		
Victoria.....	D. W. McCormick.....	175
Royal.....	Thomas F. Raymond.....	150
Hotel Dufferin.....	Fred. A. Jones.....	100
New Victoria.....	J. L. McCoskery.....	100
Balmont.....	John Sime.....	100
Clifton.....	A. N. Peters.....	50
HAMPTON.		
Vendome.....	W. T. Scribner.....	30
C. P. R.....	James R. Humphrey.....	20
SUSSEX.		
Depot House.....	Mrs. A. McLean.....	40
Intercolonial.....	P. McKay.....	35
PETITCODIAC.		
Mansard House.....	N. Doherty.....	35
Temperance House.....	D. A. Jonah.....	15
MONCTON.		
Brunswick.....	George McSweeney.....	100
Royal.....	William A. Wallace.....	100
Commercial.....	William Brown.....	50
Queen.....	P. Gallagher.....	50
RICHIBUCTO.		
Kent.....	P. Wood.....	50
Union.....	Mrs. Hannah.....	60
NEWCASTLE.		
Waverley.....	John Jardine.....	60
Mitchell House.....	C. P. Atkinson.....	25
CHATHAM.		
Adams House.....	Thomas Flanagan.....	50
Canada House.....	William Johnston.....	40
Bowser's.....	Miss Bowser.....	25
BATHURST.		
Keary House.....	T. F. Keary.....	100
Carter's.....	John Carter.....	30
International.....	James Buchanan.....	20
Power House.....	M. Power.....	20
Albert House (Bathurst Vil.).....	Mrs. Grant.....	20
JACQUET RIVER.		
Barclay's.....	J. C. Barclay.....	25
Doyle's.....	M. P. Doyle.....	25
DALHOUSIE.		
Inch Arran.....	Jerome F. Hall.....	300
Murphy's.....	Thomas Murphy.....	50
Chaleur.....	William McIntyre.....	40
McAskill.....	P. B. Tray.....	50
CAMPBELLTON.		
Royal.....	James Sproul.....	25
Intercolonial.....	D. O'Keefe.....	25
West's.....	Wm. West.....	25
Queen.....	H. O'Keefe.....	20
Lansdowne House.....	Mrs. Doherty.....	15

NTS.

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
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LITTLE METIS.

Seaside.....	Wastie & Brass	150
Turriff Hall.....	R. Turriff.....	100
Cascade House	70
Woodland House	J. Smith	50
Green Hill House	W. Turriff	30
Roy's	A. Roy	20

RIMOUSKI.

St. Lawrence Hall.....	A. St. Laurent & Son	60
Rimouski	F. St. Laurent.....	60
Ocean Steamers	La. Lenghan	40
Windsor	Elz. Ouellet	30

BIC.

Private Boarding House.....	Miss Julie Gagne.....	25
Bic	Michel Pineault	20
Hattie Bay House	Joseph Lavole.....	20

CACOUNA.

St. Lawrence Hall.....	T. D. Shipman	400
Mansion House.....	Charles Bertrand.....	200
Adolphe Serois.	A. Sirois	125
Gagnon.....	Mrs. F. Gagnon.....	75
Private Houses accom. about.....	1000

RIVIERE DU LOUP.

Talbots	Edward Talbot.....	80
Fraserville	Jos. Deslauriers	75
Fontaines (Riv. du Loup Pt.).....	J. A. Fontaine.....	75
Victoria	40

KAMOURASKA.

St. Louis	W. Blais	150
Le Bels.....	J. R. Le Bel.....	100
Temperance	Miss Deschenes	60
Ward's.....	Mrs. Thomas Ward.....	50
Langlais House.....	Miss M. Langlais	40

ST. THOMAS.

Montmagny	Louis Letourneau	40
Hotel du Gouvernement.....	F. X. Bernier.....	40
Hotel St. Louis	Zephirin Belanger.....	30
Mad. Cotés	Madam F. Côté	20
Hotel du Peuple	F. X. Lamonde.....	20

LEVIS.

Kennebec	James Lawlor.....	75
Terminus	L. M. Blouin.....	40
Levis	Mathias Gregoire.....	30
Intercolonial.....	Joseph Begin.....	25

QUEBEC.

St. Louis	W. E. Russell	500
Russell House	" "	200
Albion	Jos. Francoeur.....	200
Florence	B. Trudel	175
Henchey's	H. Henchey.....	100
Mountain Hill House	E. Dion & Cie.....	80
Blanchard's	Mde. Pelletier.....	35
Quebec	P. Dery.....	30

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS
ANTIGONISH.		
Central House.....	Bruce Hal	50
Cunningham Hotel.....	Mrs. H. E. Cunningham	50
Smith's.....	H. C. Smith	30
Randall's.....	Mrs. W. Randall.....	20
MULGRAVE.		
Sea Side	P. A. Grant	50
Central.....	C. Whooten	20
Murray House.....	D. Murray	20
McLeod "	Mrs. McLeod.....	20
HAWKESBURY.		
American House.....	Mrs. Cameron.....	25
Farquhar "	F. McGinnis.....	20
HASTINGS.		
Chisholm House.....	Mrs. Chisholm.....	20
ARICHAT.		
Sea View.....	Mrs. Bosdt	20
MABOU.		
Murray House.....	Mrs. Murray.....	20
GRAND NARROWS.		
Grand	McDougall and McNeil.....	60
BADDECK.		
House	Frank Anderson.....	25
Telegraph "	J. Dunlap.....	25
NORTH SYDNEY.		
McLellan House	J. R. McLellan	40
Vendome	John Smith	35
Belmont.....	John McDonald	30
SYDNEY.		
Mckenzie House	H. R. Mckenzie.....	30
Clarke "	Mrs. Clarke	30
Private Boarding House.....	Mrs. Chas. M. Lorway.....	20

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